

PICTURE-PLAY

MAGAZINE

MAY-1922

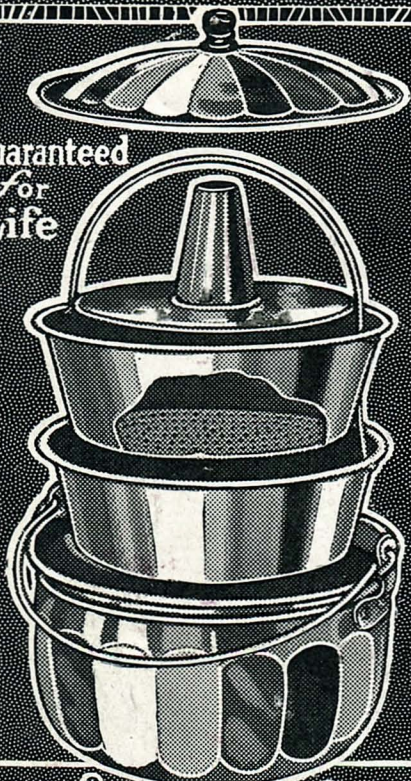
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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Gloria Swanson in
"Her Husband's Tadmek"
By Clara Beranger

Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story "The Laurels and the Lady"

Mary Miles Minter in
"The Heart Specialist"
By Mary Morison
A Realart Production

Marion Davies in "Beauty's Worth"
By Sophie Kerr
A Cosmopolitan Production

Betty Compson in
"The Green Temptation"
From the story, "The Noose"
By Constance Lindsay Skinner

May McAvoy in
"Through a Glass Window"
By Olga Pritzlau
A Realart Production

"Find the Woman"
With Alma Rubens
By Arthur Somers Roche
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Adapted from the play by Eugene Brieux

Constance Binney in
"The Sleep Walker"
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"Beyond the Rocks"

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George Melford's
"Burning Sands"
From the novel by Arthur Weigall
A man's answer to Mrs. E. M. Hull's
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TO WHOM DOES A MAGAZINE BELONG?



DO you ever wonder about that? The aims, the policy, every bit of material that goes into them is controlled by some one. Don't you wonder sometimes who that some one is?



Well, magazines are like people; there are all kinds. There is the kind of magazine, for instance, that is published principally to spread the personal views of its owner; such magazines usually deal with politics or business, though now and then you'll find a magazine of an entirely different sort which is dominated by its owner, which gives undue emphasis to the achievements of his friends, and features only unpleasant details about persons he does not like.

There is another kind of magazine—the kind that is an outlet for the views of its editor. He may be a highbrow, or he may be a lowbrow, but whatever his views, they are set forth quite sincerely as the only views worth having. One gets the impression sometimes that unless he likes what that editor likes, he is part of the vast nonintelligentsia which is retarding progress.

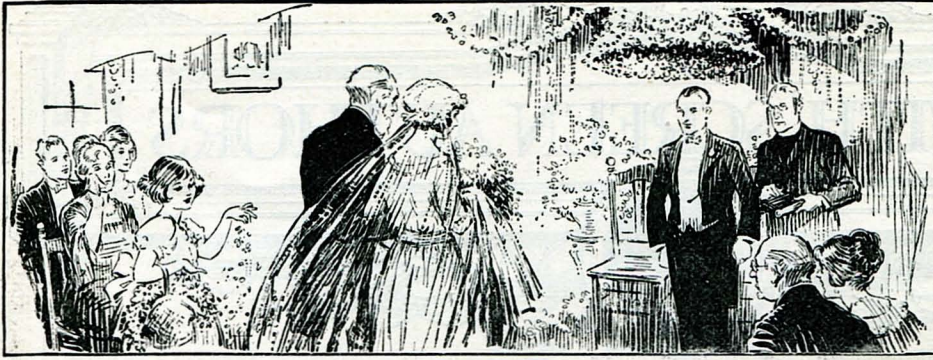
Then there is the magazine *that belongs to its readers*—the magazine that fills a real need. It is like a friend, because everything in it is frank and aboveboard and intimate. It doesn't try to deceive you—it tries only to talk about what is interesting to you, and if it ignores things sometimes it is because they seem too distasteful to talk about. And it doesn't tell you any wild, fantastic, sensational stories that are untrue; it finds enough true ones to amuse you.

This magazine belongs to somebody—and that somebody is you. It is not trying to teach you—to mold you—to guide you; it is just a friend that is in a position to see the things you want to see, and tell you about them. There is its "What the Fans Think" department, for instance; doesn't the liveliness and variety of that department show how genuine an expression of its readers' tastes the magazine is? There is "A Fan's Adventures in Hollywood," a veritable trip through wonderland seen as you would see it. There are Helen Christine Bennett's vitally interesting and informative articles, E. Lanning Masters' and Agnes Smith's sparkling observations from the heart of the motion-picture industry, Alison Smith's perfectly frank and unbiased reviews. Then for your more frivolous moments there is "Over the Teacups." As for interviews—only the people who are really worth while are interviewed for PICTURE-PLAY, and that is why the interviews are always pleasant ones.



PICTURE-PLAY's treasure chest monthly disgorges all that and more for you. Could a fan have a better friend? Could a reader find more enjoyment?





Some very embarrassing blunders are being made by the people in this picture. Do you know what they are? Can you point them out? Perhaps you are not quite sure. Perhaps you do not know the blunders to be avoided at the wedding. Then read the interesting article that follows and see if you can find out.

Can You Find the Mistakes in This Bridal March?

WHENEVER you meet a man or woman for the first time, you immediately form an opinion of him or her in your mind. You may not be conscious of it at the time but later when you think of that person you think of him as cultured or uncultured, well-bred or ill-bred, coarse or charming. It is a natural instinct in people to judge one another by action and speech.



One should be very careful to avoid the mistake that is being made in this picture. If you don't know what it is, read the questions listed in the accompanying article—and you'll probably find out.

rules of conduct that divide the cultured from the uncultured—the important little rules of etiquette that immediately betray the ill-bred. Whether we are admired as being well-poised and attractive or looked upon as coarse and ill-bred, depends entirely upon how well we know and follow the rules of etiquette.

How much do you know about the laws of good conduct? How much do you know about dance etiquette, street etiquette, wedding etiquette? Here's a splendid test for you. See how many of these questions you can answer.

Can You Answer These Questions?

First let us consider etiquette at the theatre. When a man and woman enter the theatre together, who precedes—the man or the woman? Is it correct form for them to walk arm-in-arm? When their places are indicated to them by the usher, who enters first, the man or the woman?

Which seat should the women take in a box, and which the men? Should the women remove their hats—or don't they wear any? What is the correct dress to wear to the theatre in the evening?



You should have no trouble in pointing out the error that is being made in this picture. If you aren't quite sure, read the rest of the article and see if you can't find out.

In making introductions which is correct, Bobby, this is Miss Smith, or Miss Smith, this is Bobby? Should you say, Mrs. Brown, may I present Miss Blank, or Miss Blank, may I present Mrs. Brown? Is a man introduced to a woman, or a woman to a man?

Who leads a wedding march? At which side of the clergyman is the bridegroom supposed to stand? How should the home be decorated for a wedding? Do you know why rice and slippers are thrown after the bride, why a woman who marries for the second time may not wear white, why a teacup is usually given to the engaged girl?

May a man ever take a woman's arm? What is the correct position for a man who is walking with two women, between them or on the outside? Is it permissible for a woman to take a man's arm?

There are hundreds of other questions we could ask you—important questions of everyday etiquette—important problems of conduct that confront you every day in your contact with men and women. The fixed rules of etiquette make it possible for people to know whether we are making mistakes or whether we are doing the thing that is absolutely correct and cultured. They are quick to judge us—and just as quick to condemn. We must know exactly what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions if we wish to make a favorable impression on those with whom we come in contact.

The Book of Etiquette Sent FREE

It is not necessary to associate for years with cultured people in order to learn the rules of good society and to acquire the polish and poise so necessary to success in social and business life. Any one can now quickly master the rules of good conduct. Into the famous Book of Etiquette have been gathered all the important rules of etiquette that men and women of good society must observe—that people of culture must follow.

The Book of Etiquette is widely recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. It has solved the problems of thousands of men and women. It has shown them how to be well-poised and at ease even among the most brilliant celebrities. It has shown them how to meet embarrassing moments with calm dignity. It has made it possible for them to do and say and write at all times only what is absolutely correct.

And this famous Book of Etiquette, containing authoritative information on all problems of everyday conduct, will be sent to you entirely free for 5 days' examination! You can have it free for examination simply by requesting it—and you have the guaranteed privilege of returning it without cost or obligation if you

are not delighted with it.

Have you ever wondered whether you were making a mistake or not, whether people were misjudging you, whether you were making a favorable or unfavorable impression? Wouldn't you like to be always sure of yourself, always calm and well-poised in the assurance that you were doing or saying the thing that was positively correct? Let the Book of Etiquette show you how you can do it!



Here is a mistake you would hardly expect anyone to make—yet it is made so very often! First read the article from beginning to end, and then see if you can find it.

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CHATS WITH SCREEN AUTHORS



Drama and Melodrama

Surprisingly few writers know the essential differences between drama and melodrama. Possibly, however, they are not to be blamed since not one in a hundred laymen is able to judge at all between the two types of plays. This is due largely to differences in viewpoint. To the uneducated laboring man the wildest thriller of the "ten-twenty-thirty" order is drama of the most real variety. Whereas the educated person is quick to dub it "rank melodrama." By the same token, the person who has branded the cheap production by its rightful name may be completely fooled by another melodramatic offering, luxuriously staged, and enthusiastically acclaim it as drama of the highest type; whereas in reality it may be more "mellow" than the production first mentioned.

"Turn to the Right," for instance, I am informed, was originally written as a satire on all the melodramas that had ever been produced, with every bit of "sure-fire hokum" injected into it that the authors could accumulate. To their intense surprise, their production was widely hailed as a powerful drama and proved an instantaneous success.

The salient contrast between the two forms of construction lies mainly in the fact that drama proposes to portray life as it is—from a serious and sober viewpoint—with whatever comedy relief it may contain merely incidental. Melodrama, on the other hand, may be classified as something which paints life in a more romantic, adventurous hue. It may include material that in other types of screen plays would be branded implausible. Also, whereas real drama concerns itself more with character delineation and situations which depend upon the psychology of the characters involved, melodrama has to do more with the workings of Fate and the things that happen to the characters, irrespective of their mental attitude.

Examples of melodrama are "The Sign on the Door," "The Thirteenth Chair." Shakespeare's great tragedies are examples of the other classification.

There are times, of course, when the two forms of photo plays come close to overlapping; indeed, a number of big successes, while sound from the dramatic standpoint, have been tinged with melodramatic action. The great public, as a rule, likes melodrama, just as it likes exaggerated romantic love affairs. And, although a certain class of critics profess to frown upon this form of entertainment—concerning which they generally know less than those who advocate it—there will always be a market for virile melodrama, well written.

The Historical Drama

The use of historical events as a basis for photo plays is bound to be more or less tempting to the average photo dramatist. Especially since "Passion," "The Three Musketeers" and "Orphans of the Storm" have proved such smashing big successes, have ambitious photo playwrights worn out innumerable typewriter ribbons and added to the electric-light bills by working feverishly upon plays in which the characters fight their way through revolutions, massacres, and other turbulent episodes from the history of this poor old world. In a majority of instances, they are wasting their time and money.

Aside from the fact that producers almost invariably intrust work of this sort to staff writers, it is exceedingly difficult, even if he could sell it, for the free-lance writer to construct an effective historical drama, because of the vast amount of minute research work that it demands. Moreover, most writers forget that a mere weaving together of certain authentic occurrences is not real drama. Such events may, in truth, be used as a background for the drama itself, but the material must be leavened by the imagination of the playwright to the extent that he makes vivid, living *human beings* of the historical characters he is attempting to delineate. While at first glance this may appear an easy thing to do, it is in reality one of the most difficult. As a general rule, the writer of photo plays would best avoid historical drama and confine his efforts to characters gathered from contemporaneous life, woven into plots that he himself has created.

Subtitling the Synopsis

I am often asked the question, "Is it permissible to insert one's own subtitles into one's photo-play synopsis?" That is not a question as easy to answer as would appear. Certain scenario editors are strongly opposed to this "subtitling" of synopses, since rarely are the author's own titles used in the completed picture. At the same time there is another side to the question which, in all fairness to the photodramatist, must be considered. If the insertion of subtitles while writing the synopsis renders it easier for the writer to express himself—in other words, to "get over" his story—then by all means he should use them. In fact, any mode of handling ideas that tends to freedom in the expression of the writer's ideas should not be discouraged; provided, of course, that he tells

Continued on page 10

Just what *are* the requirements of Scenario Writing?

[Thousands are asking that question as the motion picture industry calls for more, and yet more, stories. The answer is on this page.]

BRIEFLY the requirements are these:

- [1] Creative imagination (*such as successful fiction writers manifest;*)
- [2] Dramatic instinct (*to a higher degree than conventional fiction requires;*)
- [3] The story construction technique of the studio.

The first two rank as *Talents*. You are either born with them, or without them. No human agency can endow you with either. The third is an *accomplishment*. It can easily be mastered by home training. It is useless without the two talents; and, for screen purposes, the two talents—creative imagination and dramatic instinct—are useless without screen technique.

In short, *natural ability to think out and tell a human, dramatic story is useful to the screen only when written in the language of the screen*. And literary skill is not required for scenario construction. Writing style cannot be transferred to the screen.

A test for you—and what it may mean

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation, encouraged by leading motion picture producers, is conducting a nation-wide search for creative and dramatic story-telling ability. By a remarkable psychological questionnaire test, which is sent free to any serious man or woman who clips the coupon on this page, natural aptitude for screen writing is discovered—often among people who had never even suspected its presence. This questionnaire, which was prepared by H. H. Van Loan, the well-known photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, formerly of the Northwestern University faculty, is a searching, scientifically exact analysis of the creative qualities of mind. Through it scores of men and women,

in all walks of life, have had opened to them the fascinating and well-paid profession of screen writing.

Persons who do not meet the test, are frankly, and confidentially told so. Those who *do* indicate the natural gifts required for screen writing may, if they so elect, enter upon the Palmer home training course. This course equips them in every detail, to turn those talents to large profit. The Palmer plan is actively inspirational to the imaginative mind; it

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Author and Screen Authority
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Editor and Publisher, Photoplay Magazine

stirs the dramatic instinct to vigorous expression. So stimulating are the forces brought into play for screen dramatization, that the Palmer course has become a recognized aid of incalculable value for authors who write for the printed page; and for men and women everywhere whose field is creative, its effects are immediate. Primarily, however it is for the screen.

\$500 to \$2000 for a single story

The Course, and the questionnaire test which must be passed before enrollment is invited, sprang out of the desperate need of the motion picture industry for original stories. The Educational Department of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation was organized for the sole purpose of developing new writers for the screen. The Corporation, which exists primarily to sell photoplays to producers, must train new writers in order to obtain stories to sell. The producers are now paying from \$500 to \$2000 for original stories by new writers.

Above are the simple, sincere facts. This advertisement is just a part of the Corporation's search for talent worth developing. It is not an unconditional offer to train you for screen writing; it is an offer to test you absolutely free, in your own home—to test you for the creative and imaginative faculties which you *may* have, but are not conscious of. When you have passed the test, if you pass it, the Corporation will send you, without obligation, a complete explanation of the Palmer Plan, its possibilities, its brilliant success in developing screen writers, and an interesting inside story of the needs of the motion picture industry today.

Will you give an evening to this fascinating questionnaire? Just clip the coupon—and clip it now, before you forget.

**PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Department of Education, Y-5
124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.**



PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

NAME

ADDRESS

.....



\$10,000
a year and more
has come to men
through reading
this little Book.
Send for it to-
day.

Free! The Book that Brings Amazing Jumps in Earnings

THIS wonderful book has shown hundreds of men the way from small pay jobs to magnificent earnings. It has brought bigger money than they dreamed possible to men in all parts of the country, engaged in all lines of work. Suddenly, as if by magic, they have stepped up to big positions that pay them five, ten and fifteen times as much money as they ever made before.

For example, Charles A. Berry of Winterset, Iowa, who has been a farm-hand at \$50 a month, now reports earnings of over \$1,000 a month. C. W. Campbell of Greensburg, Pa., writes that his income for thirty days is \$1,562 and George W. Kearns stepped from a \$60 a month job to earnings of \$524 in two weeks.

Just One Step From Small Pay to Big Money

What these men and hundreds of others like them have done, you can do. Their good fortune came to them in an amazingly easy way through the help of the National Salesmen's Training Association. They have found their success in the great field of Salesmanship—the biggest paying, most fascinating branch of modern business. They are all Master Salesmen now—yet a short time ago they had never had a day's selling experience.

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The same opportunity that brought them such great, sudden success is now open to you. The same remarkable little Book that showed them the way to big money is offered to you absolutely FREE! Simply mail the coupon today. In addition you will read how you too can easily become a Master Salesman in your spare time at home—and how the Free Employment Service of the N. S. T. A. will assist you in securing a Sales position as soon as you are qualified and ready. Just mail the coupon—NOW.

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Please send me free the Book that brings amazing jumps in earnings. Also Free Proof that I can become a Master Salesman and information about your Free Employment Service and list of business lines with openings for Salesmen.

Name

Address

CityState

Chats with Screen Authors

Continued from page 8

his story strictly from the picture angle. In the event that subtitles are thus used, the photo playwright must remember that they should be kept to a minimum. Few subtitles run over fifteen words, and none of them should be employed when terms of action will serve the purpose.

Another War

Old Man Mars never lays down. When he can't use the manly exponents of poison gas, et cetera, to start something, he turns to other gaseous methods of excitement, such as doping professional reformers into the belief that big profits are being overlooked in newer fields. And thus it has come that the film industry not only has an unholy war upon its hands, but also every person, who, in any manner, has to do with the motion pictures has come under fire, and necessarily must fight for self-preservation. This is entirely true of the writer, for he is first to feel the effect of some of the most astounding laws ever laid down to make sane man wonder why he doesn't slip into the bomb habit with the rest of the wild-eyed fanatics.

The "don'ts" of the self-appointed enemy reach much farther than the complacent public is led to believe. Gunshots, bandits, sex stuff, and the like are supposed to be the things which have caused this wave of destructive legislation against films. If these "big guns" of the censor seekers were all of the list, there would be nothing to the matter. It easily could be fixed. But a survey of the thousand-and-one scenes eliminated from films by senseless censors here, there, and yonder are so asinine as to be laughable. But they are not humorous to the author, who sees his field of endeavor narrowing almost to the stopping point by minds just as narrow.

The manufacturer and his affiliated organizations are fighting. Some one, whose name has slipped our memory, has said something about the pen being mightier than a "Big Bertha." The knights of the quill are in a better position than any other divisions of the craft to give the professional reformer such a run for his money that he will be glad to dive for the old cellar, even though the old cellar is dry.

Author, your brain child is in danger!

Johnny, get your gu—pen!

ARTHUR MURRAY INVENTS NEW EASY WAY TO LEARN TO DANCE

Quicker, Easier, Costs Less than
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Arthur Murray, America's greatest teacher of social dancing, has invented a remarkable new method which enables anyone to learn all the newest ballroom steps at home in one evening, at very little cost. No music or partner needed. So simple even a child can learn quickly. 60,000 have learned to dance by mail. Your own success is guaranteed.



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A WONDERFUL BOOK—read about it! Tells how easily Stories and Plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't DREAM they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to win! This surprising book is absolutely free. No charge. No obligation. Your copy is waiting for you. Write for it now. Just address
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We make you expert in all branches, such as muscle strap mud pack, dyeing, marcel, skin work, manicuring, etc. Earn \$40 to \$75 a week. No experience necessary. Study at home in spare time. Earn while you learn. Authorized diploma. Money-back guarantee. Get FREE book, Oriental System of Beauty Culture, Dept. 55, 1000 Diversey Blvd, Chicago

\$500.00

"EMPTY ARMS" Prize Contest

THE Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photoplay, "Empty Arms," inspired the song "Empty Arms." A third verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one submitted a prize of \$500 cash will be paid.

This contest is open to everybody. You simply write the words for a third verse—it is not necessary that you see the photoplay before doing so. Send your name and address on a postal card or sheet of paper and we shall send you a copy of the words of the song, the rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this photoplay. It will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

Write postal or letter today to

"Empty Arms" Contest Editor
World M. P. Corporation
245 West 47th Street, Dept. 692A, New York, N. Y.

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Through This Wonderful New Method You Can Now Learn to Play
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"HOW did you ever do it? Where in the wide world did you ever learn to play so quickly?"

This is the question that thousands of my students have been asked and are being asked daily.

With my wonderful easy print and picture lessons for beginners, their progress has been nothing short of astonishing. Not only their friends, but they themselves, were amazed at their sudden ability to play or sing. With this accomplishment they have been able to achieve greater popularity than they ever thought possible. And you can do the same.

Even if you don't know the first thing about music, don't know one note from another—with this new method you can easily and quickly learn to sing or to play your favorite musical instrument. *And all in your spare time at home—without a teacher!*

To those who are not acquainted with my system this may sound like a pretty strong statement. Yet I stand ready and willing to back up every word of it.

I have taught music to over 250,000 men, women and children in all parts of the world. Just think!—over a *quarter of a million graduates*. Their thousands of grateful letters to me, only a few of which are reproduced here, will convince you better than anything I could say, of the true merit of my system.

My method removes all the discouraging drawbacks and entangling hindrances of the old way of learning music.

There are no dull and uninteresting exercises, no agonizing scales, no tortuous finger gymnastics, no reprimands from a cross or impatient teacher. Nor is there any need of joining a class, pinning yourself down to certain hours of practice, paying a dollar or more per lesson to a private teacher.

All these obstacles have been eliminated entirely. In their place you are given delightfully clear, easy and interesting lessons, which make every step as simple as A, B, C. You take lessons in the privacy of your

own home with no strangers around to embarrass you. And you may practice whenever it is most convenient for you.

So easy is my method that children only 10 to 12 years old have quickly become accomplished singers or players. Also thousands of men and women 50 to 60 years old—including many who have never

before taken a lesson—have found this method equally easy.

And my lessons are just as thorough as they are easy—no "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind. I teach you the only right way—teach you to play or sing by note.

Think of the pleasure and happiness you can add to your own daily life once you know how to play!

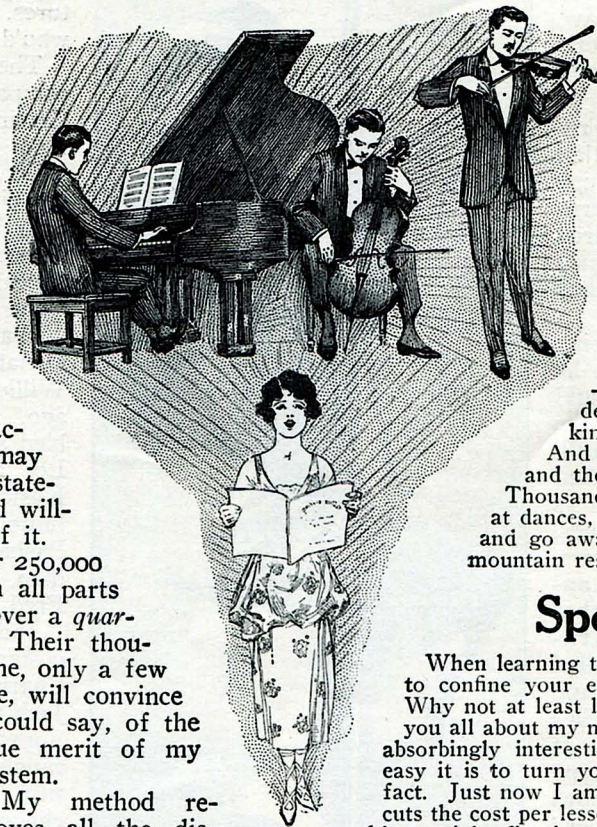
Think of the popularity you can gain—for players and singers are always in demand at social gatherings of every kind.

And think of the good times you can have and the money you can make.

Thousands of our students now play in orchestras, at dances, etc. Many have orchestras of their own, and go away each year to play at the seaside or mountain resorts. Why can't you do the same?

LEARN TO PLAY ANY INSTRUMENT

Piano	'Cello
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THE VERDICT!

Since I've been taking your lessons I've made over \$200 with my violin. Your lessons surely are fine.—Melvin Freeland, Macopin, N. J.

My friends all think it wonderful how I learned to play in such a short time. I regret that I didn't hear of your school long ago.—Mrs. W. Carter, 220 Cass Ave., St. Louis.

I want to tell you how delighted I am to have found a way to learn music. I shall sing the praises of your school to every one I meet.—Susan J. Almy, 500 W. 144th St., New York.

I am more than satisfied with the lessons. They are much better than a private teacher. I certainly admire the way you take pains to explain everything in them. I wouldn't go back to my private teacher if I were paid to.—Julian L. Piccat, Stepeny, Conn.

Special Offer

When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine your enjoyment of music to mere listening? Why not at least let me send you my free book that tells you all about my method? I know you will find this book absorbingly interesting, simply because it shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact. Just now I am making a special short-time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—send your name now, before this special offer is withdrawn. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. No obligation—simply use the coupon or send your name and address in a letter or on a post-card. Please write name and address plainly.

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535 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.**

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," and particulars of your special offer. I am interested in the following course:

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(Name of Instrument or course)

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City..... State.....



What's Happening in the Studios



Where your favorite motion-picture players are and what they are doing.

FRED NIBLO, who directed Douglas Fairbanks in "The Three Musketeers," will have charge of the production of "Blood and Sand," the Ibañez picture starring Rodolph Valentino. John S. Robertson was originally selected for this important assignment, but Mr. Robertson couldn't finish "Spanish Jade," which he was filming in Europe, in time to start the new picture on schedule. This production, which has Bebe Daniels and May McAvoy in the principal feminine rôles, is expected to be one of the most pretentious specials of 1922. Valentino, in the picturesque rôle of a bull-fighter, will probably add to his army of adorers—no, the word is not too strong—all those lady fans who have not already succumbed to his exotic charm in "The Four Horsemen" and "The Sheik."

Speaking of "The Sheik," the remarkable success of this production seems to have started a regular deluge of pictures featuring love in the burning desert. Vitagraph has acquired the American rights to the French production made in Algiers which they are calling "The Sheik's wife." A large number of natives and Arabian horses appear in the film. Not to be outdone, William Fox has gone and purchased the picture rights to the sequel of "The Sheik," by E. M. Hull, the author of that novel. It is called "The Shadow of the East," and is said to be as exciting as its forerunner. But that's not all—Famous Players, who produced "The Sheik," have announced that they will film another story about the same character, written by Arthur Weigall, and called "Burning Sands." And Vitagraph will release a foreign picture under the title "The Sheik's Sister." It looks as though this "desert-love" type of story will get the same assiduous attention as did the once-new "mother" theme.

Douglas Fairbanks made such a hit with the fans as *D'Artagnan* that he's decided to make another costume feature, dealing with the period of the Crusades and the early history of England in which he will play *Robin Hood*. The temporary title of the picture is "The Spirit of Chivalry," and Doug promises that it will be even more elaborate and dramatically stronger than "The Three Musketeers." Which may seem a bold statement, but knowing Doug—well, we'll see. Alan Dwan, who directed Fairbanks in several of his early pictures, will handle the megaphone.

For the benefit of Betty Blythe admirers—if you see the picture "Fair Lady" advertised, know that this is the Rex Beach production formerly called "The Net"

which brings Miss Blythe before the fans for the first time since "The Queen of Sheba." These changes in titles are likely to be confusing when one doesn't keep up with all the movie news.

Our latest addition to starland is "Bull" Montana, who will be featured in a series of two-reel comedies. Of course, you all know Bull—he has probably caused more shudders and nightmares than any other person on the screen. Besides his other accomplishments, it seems that Bull has a fine sense of comedy which these two-reelers will give him a chance to display. We haven't heard whether a leading lady is to figure in these pictures, but we actually know a girl who'd love the job.

The latest actress to announce a company of her own is Dolores Cassinelli who has been absent from the screen for some time.

David Powell, who has been making pictures for Famous Players at their London, England, studios returned to this country recently to appear opposite Gloria Swanson in "The Gilded Cage."

Wallace Reid will make "The Dictator," the stage play in which Willie Collier starred a few years ago. The producers have assembled a cast which will include Lila Lee as leading woman, Theodore Kosloff, who is becoming quite celebrated as a character actor, Kalla Pasha, the big Mack Sennett comedian, Alan Hale, Walter Long, Fred Butler, and Sidney Bracy.

Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels will costar in "Val of Paradise." Charles Ogle, Alec B. Francis, and Jack Carlyle have been selected for important rôles. Bebe plays a ranch owner's daughter in this picture, but she'll probably have a chance to dress up before the final fade-out. You can just about count on Bebe's wearing at least one silken outfit in five reels.

Charles Hutchinson finds his own name very useful for title purposes. His last serial was called "Hurricane Hutch." After racking their brains for an appropriate name for Charles' latest spine-chilling chapter play, Pathé finally decided on "Go-get-'em Hutch" as the perfect title. Marguerite Clayton has the peaceful rôle of the heroine.

"Samson," the Henri Bernstein story, will be screened by Fox, with William Farnum playing the rôle of the strong man, and Myrtle Bonillas that of Delilah.

Edna Purviance, who has been Charlie Chaplin's leading lady ever since



Bert Lytell's address between pictures is—Yacht Diana, somewhere on the Pacific.

New Discovery Explains Why Hair Turns Gray

Science Shows How Any Man or Woman Can Now Quickly Restore Hair to Its Own Original Color

GRAY hair is simply hair without color! Science has discovered that if a certain natural process in the root were not affected by worry or by advancing age, the hair would never become gray, but retain its natural color throughout life.

A remarkable new discovery now makes it possible for the original color of the hair to be restored quickly and easily through a simple, natural process. Hair acquires its color (blond, black, brown, auburn, etc.) from the presence of coloring matter or pigment in tiny cells found at the root of the hair. This coloring matter is given off at the tip of the papilla, enters the root, and is dissolved in tiny corpuscles in the middle layer of the hair. The process is known as pigmentation. (See diagram.)

Gray Hair Not Always a Sign of Age

Gray hair, which is regarded by many as an indication of approaching age, is simply due to the absence or loss of pigment in the cells. That explains why one woman may be gray at thirty while another retains the lustrous color of her hair until extreme old age.

As long as the process of pigmentation continues, the hair remains black or brown or whatever the original color happened to be. But as soon as this process is affected by advancing age, or by shock, worry or illness, the pigment supply lessens or fails—and no coloring is sent up into the hair. The result is that the hair becomes streaked with gray. This gray does not indicate a change in color. It indicates an absence of color, and unless this condition is corrected, the hair will soon become entirely gray.

The Only Way Color Can Be Restored

If only one hair in your head is gray, it is a danger signal. The cells of pigmentation need nourishment and stimulation. If the hair is streaked with gray, instant action is necessary, otherwise the hair will lose all its color. If the hair is entirely or almost entirely gray, there is only one way to restore it to its natural color—and that is by stimulating the cells of pigmentation so that they function properly and supply the hair with natural coloring matter.

The ordinary hair "restorer" is a dye or tint that merely colors the gray hair artificially. It makes the hair coarse and brittle and artificial color gradually wears away. But Tru-Tone, the wonderful new

scientific discovery, actually restores the true color of the hair by strengthening and nourishing the pigment cells so that they once more function normally and supply the hair with natural coloring matter.

Wonderful for Thin, Falling Hair; Guaranteed Harmless

It was only after countless laboratory tests that Tru-Tone was discovered. It is a pure, delicately scented powder that you dissolve in water. It is positively harmless and will not injure the most delicate hair. In fact, Tru-Tone will make your hair glossy, thick and beautiful at the same time that it restores it to its natural color.

Tru-Tone is not a dye, or a stain, or a tint. It does not act on the hair at all, but on the tiny pigment cells that supply the hair with color. These cells can supply the hair with only one color—and that is the natural color. If your hair was auburn originally, Tru-Tone will restore it to its true auburn color. If it was blond, or brown or black, Tru-Tone will restore it to the exact shade and lustre it had in youth.

Take Advantage of This Special Free-Proof Offer

Why Gray Hair Is Simply Hair Without Color.



The hair shaft (A) springs from a tube-like depression in the scalp called a follicle (B). The bulb (F) rests on a tiny tip of tissue called the papilla (H). The color of the hair is due to a pigment given off at the tip of this papilla. When sickness, worry or shock interferes with this pigment supply the hair becomes gray. To restore it to its natural color the pigment supply must be restored through a natural process. In the diagram B is the root, C the oil gland, D the root sheath and G the fat cells. Study the diagram and you will see for yourself why there is only one scientific way to restore the color of hair.

any money. And don't send a sample of your hair—Tru-Tone acts alike on all hair; it restores it to its own natural color. Just send the coupon—but be sure to do it at once.



Mail Coupon Now!

When the postman delivers Tru-Tone to your door, give him only \$1.45 (plus postage) in full payment. This is a special introductory price—Tru-Tone ordinarily sells for \$3.00. You may send money with your order if you wish. If after a fair test you are not delighted with results, if Tru-Tone does not restore your hair to its original color, simply return what is left of it and your money will be refunded at once.

Clip the coupon and mail it now, before you forget. Bear in mind that this is a free-proof offer; the test of Tru-Tone need cost nothing if you are not absolutely delighted. Act NOW! Domino House, Dept. T-235, 267 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Domino House,
267 South 9th St.,
Dept. T-235, Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a \$3.00 carton of your Tru-Tone. I will pay the postman \$1.45 plus postage. Although I am benefiting by the special introductory cut price, I am nevertheless purchasing the first carton with the absolute guaranteed privilege of returning it after a fair trial and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole and only judge.

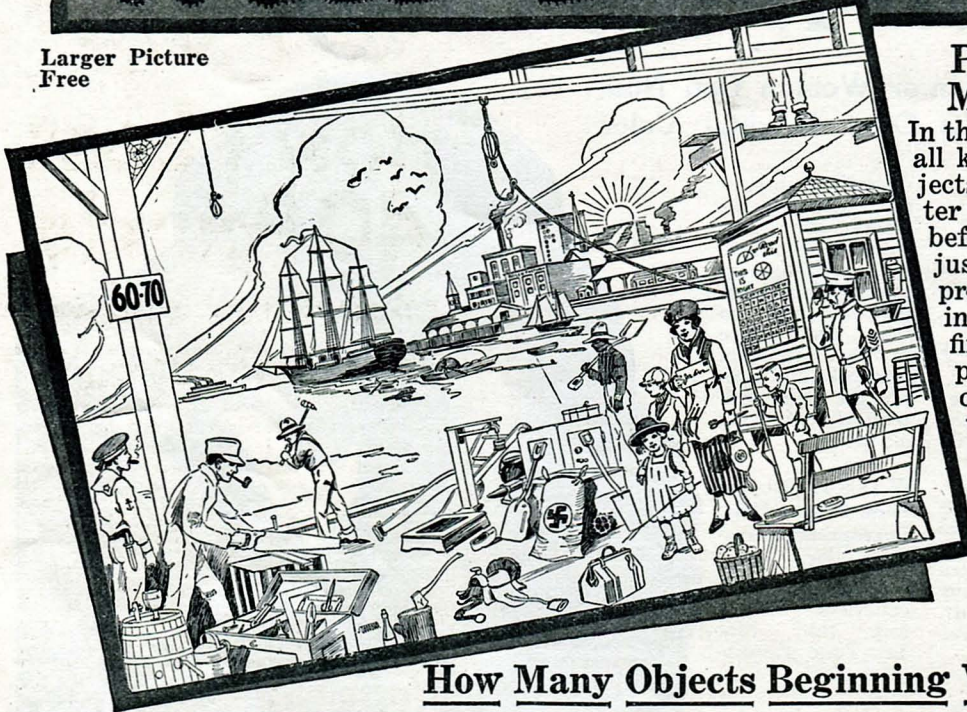
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If apt to be out when postman calls then send remittance right with this coupon.

Win \$1000.00

Larger Picture
Free



Pleasure, Profit and a Money-Saving Bargain

In the picture shown here you will find all kinds of objects and parts of objects whose names begin with the letter "S." A very pleasant evening is before you, and who can tell, it is just as likely as not to prove mighty profitable. The person who sends in the nearest correct answer wins first prize; second best, second prize, etc. In addition to the fun of answering the puzzle there is a wonderful opportunity to get a genuine Ell Dee Cedar Chest at an exceptionally low price. As an extra special inducement for you to buy an Ell Dee Cedar Chest, we are offering three \$1,000.00 prizes to the persons who send in the three nearest correct answers to the picture.

How Many Objects Beginning With "S" Can You Find?

Follow These Simple Rules

1. Any person who is not an employee, or relative of any employee of Lisle Daniels & Co., Inc., may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.
2. All answers must be mailed by April 15th, 1922.
3. Be sure to have your name and address written plainly and number your words 1, 2, 3, etc.
4. Only words found in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use obsolete, hyphenated or compound words. Use either the singular or plural but where the plural is used the singular can not be counted, and vice versa.
5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects. An object can be named only once. However, any part of the object may also be named.
6. The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of names of visible objects shown in the picture that begins with the letter "S" will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style or handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winners.
7. Candidates may co-operate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.
8. In the event of ties, the full amount of the prize will be paid each tying contestant.
9. Three well-known business men, having no connection with Lisle Daniels & Co., Inc., will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes. Participants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive. Webster's New International dictionary will be used as authority for all words by the judges.
10. All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether you purchase any merchandise or not.
11. The announcement of the prize winners and the correct list of words will be printed at the close of the contest and a copy mailed to each person making a purchase from Lisle Daniels & Co., Inc.

Money Back Guarantee

We guarantee Ell Dee Cedar Chests to be absolutely satisfactory in every way. If on arrival you are not perfectly satisfied return the chest at our expense and we will refund your money together with any express or freight charges you may have paid. (Signed) LISLE DANIELS & CO., INC.

USE THIS COUPON

LISLE DANIELS & CO., Inc.,
Dept. 530, St. Paul, Minn.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find my answer to the "S" Word Picture and \$15.00 for an Ell Dee Cedar Chest. If no money is enclosed just enter my answer for the \$50.00 prize and send your free catalog.

Name
Town
Street
State

Look closely at the picture and pick out objects like saddle, satchel, ship, etc. You can use parts of objects like stirrup on the saddle, strap on the satchel, sail on the ship, etc. It's a test of skill and you have as good an opportunity of winning as anyone. If your answer is awarded first prize by the judges you will win \$50.00; but the purchase of an Ell Dee Cedar Chest makes your answer eligible for the three big \$1,000.00 prizes.

ELL DEE CEDAR CHESTS

Every home needs a good cedar chest. Fine furs, woolen blankets and good clothes need protection from moths, and there is nothing better than a dust-proof, moth-proof Ell Dee Cedar Chest. These chests are built in our own factory by skilled workmen and are sold to you at the lowest possible cost. In our special Ell Dee Cedar Chest at \$15.00, we are giving you the utmost value for your money. Quantity production enables us to build this chest at the lowest possible cost and you have only to see the chest to be convinced that it is one of the most exceptional bargains you ever bought.



PRICE ONLY \$15.00

THREE BIG \$1,000.00 PRIZES

The purchase of an Ell Dee Cedar Chest at \$15.00 makes your answer to the picture eligible for the three \$1,000.00 prizes. You need a good cedar chest, so why not purchase an Ell Dee? It is made of genuine Tennessee red cedar, the highest priced cedar and best protection from moths obtainable. Fitted with lock and ball-bearing casters. It is one of the handiest and most attractive pieces of furniture you can have in your home. It is big and roomy—just the right size for the average family—40 inches long, 16 inches wide and 18 inches high.

Everybody Join In—Costs Nothing to Try

Anybody can answer the picture, without it costing you one cent, and if you win first prize we will pay you \$50. That is pretty good pay for a few hours spare time work. However by purchasing an Ell Dee Cedar Chest for \$15.00 you may win \$1,000.00. If you need a cedar chest here is your opportunity to get one at a very reasonable price, and if your answer to the picture should win first prize you will get \$1,000.00.

Catalog of Big Money-Saving Bargains Free

Send for our catalog of money-saving bargains. If you already have a cedar chest probably there is something else in our catalog that you need. A \$15.00 purchase of merchandise from our catalog makes your answer to the picture eligible for the big prizes. A purchase of \$5.00 or more worth of merchandise makes your answer eligible for a \$500.00 prize. Send for catalog today.

Mail Your Answer Early

Get your answer in early, and when you order a cedar chest state whether you want it shipped by express or freight. We recommend shipments by express, because it costs very little more and you get much quicker service. Order now—our guarantee protects you.

Lisle Daniels & Co., Inc.

Successors to Minnesota Pen Co. & Winter-Robbins Co.
ST. PAUL, Dept. 530 MINNESOTA

THE PRIZES

	If a \$15.00 Cedar Chest Is Ordered	If No Chest Is Ordered
1st	\$1,000.00	\$50.00
2nd	1,000.00	25.00
3rd	1,000.00	20.00
4th	250.00	15.00
5th	125.00	12.00
6th	75.00	10.00
7th	50.00	5.00
8th	40.00	3.00
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What's Happening in the Studios

Continued from page 12

she started in pictures several years ago, will soon be the principal stellar light in a series of feature productions. Charlie himself will sponsor the new company.

"Nice People," the stage play in which Francine Larrimore starred, will be screened as a William De Mille production, with Wallace Reid and Bebe Daniels in the cast.

Harold Lloyd will give the fans who can't see enough of him a chance to watch him just as long as they would any feature star, for he's going to make a five-reel picture called "Grandma's Boy." This will be the first production in which Harold will register pathos—not much of it, you know, just enough to lift the picture out of the purely comedy field. Another innovation will be the absence of the famous "specs" in some of the scenes, where Harold doubles as his own grandfather. Mildred Davis will also step out of her usual character to play a downtrodden Cinderella in this picture.

After reviewing all the fair sirens of the motion-picture world the Fox company finally selected Estelle Taylor to play the rôle of the vampire in their second production of "A Fool There Was." Lewis Stone, Marjorie Daw, Irene Rich, Wallace MacDonald, and Mahlon Hamilton are the other important members of the cast. According to Emmett Flynn, the director, the new version will be more subtle than the original one, as the obvious type of heart-breaker portrayed by Theda Bara several years ago has become as old-fashioned as the gowns she wore in the picture.

Florence Vidor's next picture will be "The Real Adventure" from the story by Kitchell Webster. It will be directed by her husband, King Vidor, and will have Clyde Fillmore and Lilyan McCarthy in the cast.

The latest Ernst Lubitsch production to be shown in this country is "The Loves of Pharaoh," which is said to be his biggest and most artistic picture. Emil Jannings, who first became known here for his work in "Passion" and "Deception," plays Pharaoh; Paul Wegener, who appeared in the title rôle in "The Golem," has an important rôle, as has Harry Liedtke, who will be remembered as the leading man in "Gypsy Blood." The only important member of the cast who has not been seen here before is Dagny Servaes, who plays the rôle of the beautiful slave girl whom Pharaoh makes Queen of Egypt.



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"Before I tried your great discovery my weight was 168 pounds. My blood was bad, my heart weak, I had sour stomach and sick headache always. I went to different doctors but I got worse instead of better until I tried your wonderful method. I am now in perfect health and my blood test is 100% pure. I had begun to get wrinkles but my flesh is now firm and free from a single wrinkle. I have a fine complexion now and I weigh only 128 pounds, which is my normal weight."

Mrs. Hazel Vermilya, Bloomington, Ind.
(See photographs of Mrs. Vermilya above.)

Mrs. Vermilya's remarkable experience is but one of many similar ones. Within the last few months over 300,000 men and women have been shown how to reduce to normal weight and secure the slender, supple figures of youth through this amazing new discovery—all without painful dieting, baths, massage, rolling, exercise, medicine or discomfort. Many letters have been received from them reporting rapid reductions of from 25 to 75 pounds. They also tell of the great improvement in health and the wonderful improvement in their complexions.

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ACTUAL photograph of green Shetland drop-stitch sweater, edged with silk, after nine washings with Ivory Flakes and proportionate wear. Garment and letter from original owner on file in the Procter & Gamble offices.

To Wash Wool Sweaters

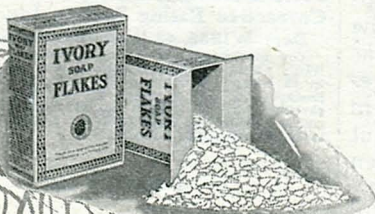
Pour a quart of boiling water over two tablespoonfuls of Ivory Flakes, add three quarts of cold water, and whisk up a thick suds. Immerse the sweater carefully, and press it gently under water, to remove the dirt. Do not lift garment from the water and do not rub. When clean, lift it from the suds on a towel and put it through three rinse waters of the same temperature as the suds, each of which contains enough Ivory Flakes to make the water milky. Always use towel in lifting sweater from bowl.

After final rinse, place sweater in dry towel and pat out the excess moisture, or run towel and sweater through a loosely set wringer. Dry garment flat on thick towel, away from sun or strong heat or cold. Turn it frequently, and keep pulling it into proper shape, according to a paper pattern cut before garment was washed.

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—and her friends said it wouldn't wash

THE original owner of the green drop-stitch Shetland sweater in the photograph was advised not to purchase it, because it "wouldn't wash".

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The Calendar of Past Performances

As Revealed by Johnson Briscoe.



1—1911—MONDAY.—Bryant Washburn was making a valiant try for the theatrical Hall of Fame, being an ambitious light in the cast surrounding George Fawcett in "The Remittance Man," a new play in the last throes of existence, at the Garrick Theater, Detroit, Mich.

2—1895—THURSDAY.—The falls of Niagara, world-famous, added another touch to their distinction, for within their hearing a new baby entered the world, one of the feminine persuasion, destined to receive homage from every civilized quarter of the globe—in short, Norma Talmadge.

3—1906—THURSDAY.—Harry Carey was thick in the theatrical fray, qualifying as manager, star, and author, in something called "Montana," in which his portrayal of *Jim Graham* was considered more or less of a masterpiece, opening this date at the Grand Opera House, Harrisburg, Pa.

4—1904—WEDNESDAY.—Douglas Fairbanks, as magnetic then as now, was creating roars of laughter as that happy, carefree, son of the sea, *Jack Jolly*, in the melodramatic idyl, "Two Little Sailor Boys," which had just opened a New York engagement, at the Academy of Music.

5—1914—TUESDAY.—Elaine Hammerstein was an enchanting figure as *Florence* in "High Jinks," then current at the Casino Theater, New York, and from the animation and enthusiasm with which she played one would never have guessed that she didn't care for the spoken drama.

6—1905—SATURDAY.—Eugene O'Brien was a new face in Broadway theatricals, contributing his histrionic bit to the infinitesimal role of *Fiorelli* in "The Rollicking Girl," which this night concluded the first week of an all summer's stay at the Herald Square Theater.

7—1910—SATURDAY.—Nazimova was upon the top crest of popular favor as an actress of Ibsen roles, her fourth excursion into his plays being as *Rita Allmers* in "Little Eyolf," in which she was starring most successfully, at the Thirty-ninth Street Theater, New York.

8—1907—WEDNESDAY.—Harrison Ford was all aflutter, in a state of great hectic excitement, for this night he made his bow for the first time before the theatergoers in London, appearing there, supporting Robert Edeson, as *Ross* in "Strongheart," at the Aldwych Theater.

9—1895—THURSDAY.—In the city of New York an actress, Caroline Harris—in private life Mrs. Alfred Barthelmess—gave birth to a lusty baby boy, and little did she dream that he was destined for such fame as has since come to Richard Semler Barthelmess.

10—1920—MONDAY.—Mary Hay, soon thereafter to cast her matrimonial fortunes with those of the aforesaid Richard Semler Barthelmess, was a gay, blithe spirit in the Ziegfeld Nine O'Clock Follies, delighting all who heard her sing "The Orchard of Girls."

11—1914—MONDAY.—Alice Joyce and Tom Moore stood up before Justice A. M. Wolfe, at Jacksonville, Fla., and said "till death us do part"—but as they have subsequently repeated these same words with other matrimonial partners, it's not so important.

12—1917—WEDNESDAY.—Texas Guinan was leagues removed from her screen bill-hart-sort-of-heroines, this date, at the Collingwood Opera House, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., warbling away as prima donna of "A World of Pleasure," and quite some warbler she was in those days, too.

13—1914—WEDNESDAY.—Irene Castle, with her husband, the late Vernon Castle, was making a whirlwind tour of the country in modern dancing exhibitions, packing to the doors this night the Music Hall, Cincinnati, an edifice with a capacity of 3,600.

14—1906—MONDAY.—Ralph Ince was endeavoring to bring the proper note of sincerity to the character of *Jim Judson* in "Old Isaacs from the Bowery," at the American Theater, New York—and only a few weeks before he had been supporting Richard Mansfield!

15—1911—MONDAY.—Dorothy Dalton was a shining light of Atlanta, Ga., where she was holding forth at the Lyric Theater as ingénue of the Schiller Players, and this day she enchanted all with her portrayal of *Bess Van Buren* in "The Charity Ball."

16—1908—SATURDAY.—Ethel Clayton was nothing if not ambitious, attempting a new role every seven days, with the Sherman Brown Stock, at the Davidson Theater, Milwaukee, Wis., where this date she did full justice to the part of the heroine, *Dorothy Nelson*, in "Strongheart."

17—1906—THURSDAY.—Courtenay Foote had not then brought his five feet eleven inches to the screen, being a highly decorative figure in the London production of "Raffles," in which he played *Viscount Crowley*, then current at the Comedy Theater in the British capital.

18—1908—MONDAY.—Milton Sills knew that acting was a very serious business, and he did his utmost to be convincing as *Jean LaTour* in "Falling Leaves," an unsuccessful drama, which this date saw the light for the first time, at the Lyric Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

19—1906—SATURDAY.—Dorothy Gish was energetically contributing her mite to theatrical affairs as *Lillian Newton* in "The Coward," at McVicker's Theater, Chicago, Ill., and we hope she kept the notice of her work which read, "Little Miss Gish was surprisingly sure, accurate, and easy."

20—1907—MONDAY.—Henry Walthall, a popular favorite even then was a romantic, convincing figure as young *Tom Carter* in a new play, "At the Rainbow's End," which the late Ralph Stuart offered at the Yorkville Theater, New York.

21—1903—THURSDAY.—Undoubtedly the matinee girls of Providence, R. I., were in a state of pleasurable excitement, for were they not enabled to gaze upon our own Thomas Meighan, at the Empire Theater, where he was disporting himself as *Bertie Cecil* in "Under Two Flags?"

22—1915—SATURDAY.—Sylvia Breamer, with the U. S. A. an unknown land to her then, was an ambitious Australian actress, this very night opening at the Criterion Theater, Sydney, in that diverting melodrama, "Under Cover," in which she scored a hit.

23—1914—SATURDAY.—Kenneth Harlan, having just closed his season as *David Bartlett* in "Way Down East," sailed upon this date for Galveston, Texas, with a group of players, under the old Solax brand of pictures, their objective point being Mexico.

24—1906—THURSDAY.—Robert Warwick was a handsome and dignified senator, *John Rutherford*, in "The Wife," at the Orpheum Theater, Reading, Pa., and the enthusiastic, worshipful girls turned out in full force, you may be sure of that.

25—1907—SATURDAY.—Bessie Barriscale was vastly satisfied with life at this particular moment, as she had just made her professional bow before the London theatergoing public, appearing at Terry's Theater as *Loney Mary* in that backyard classic, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

26—1906—SATURDAY.—Charles A. Murray temporarily laid aside the comic capers which have won him fame and fortune and, aided and abetted by Nellie Mae Hamilton, he entered upon the state matrimonial, in Indiana, in the town of Muncie.

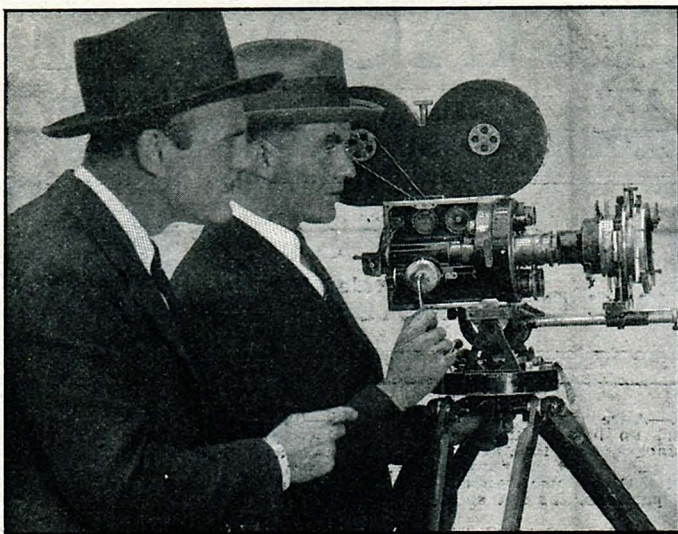
27—1905—SATURDAY.—Earle Williams was in fine fettle, for was he not entering upon a long summer's engagement, this as a member of the Belasco Stock Company, at the Columbia Theater, Portland, Ore., beginning operations as *Lloyd Calvert* in "The Heart of Maryland?"

28—1917—MONDAY.—Constance Binney was thrilled with life—for she was an actress, with a whole week's experience behind her—as *Lucy Delancy* in "Saturday to Monday," which settled for a week's stay at the Belasco Theater, Washington, D. C.

29—1911—MONDAY.—Alice Brady was qualifying for vocal honors behind the footlights, enjoying her second Broadway engagement, entering with vim and spirit into the part of *Hebe* in "Pinafore," which this date opened a summer engagement at the Casino Theater, New York.

30—1903—SATURDAY.—Dustin Farnum was laboring valiantly as a leading man in Buffalo, N. Y., where this night he played *Harry Glyndon* in "The Black Flag."

31—1901—FRIDAY.—No doubt Ruth Roland deserved the billing, "The Peer of All Child Artists," this day at the Chutes Theater, San Francisco, Cal.



Here is Sam Wood, production manager at Lasky's, giving a screen test to Marilyn Boya.

IN my journeys about the studios in Hollywood I frequently stumble on a little corner in which a few people are working. The inevitable camera is there, the inevitable lights, and one or two girls and men in costume, but no scenery, no sets, no anything else. My guides invariably hustle me past these little corners with the explanation:

"They're just testing out a few people there."

"But," I exclaimed on one of these occasions, in my innocence, "why so much of it? When people pass for the screen at first, isn't that the end?"

Broad grins met this query. And I found out after inquiry that screen testing is a steady occupation, a never-ending affair, and that the girl or man who passes at first has to continue to pass all along the line.

I confess I did not know this when I wrote the article on "Breaking Into the Movies." I thought when a girl or man passed the first tests, some degree of safety was insured. But the girl or man who breaks in has to continue to be tested until stardom arrives, and sometimes even then!

No two producers, directors, or actors to whom I have talked have ever agreed as to what constituted a screen test.

"What do you do to people?" I asked.

And the replies were, in most instances, vague enough. So I asked to sit through a series of tests to find out for myself. I went to Goldwyn's, because Mr. Goldwyn had just announced that he wanted new faces for the screen, and every girl within five hundred miles of Hollywood promptly went to the Goldwyn studio. I saw a number of tests of these girls. What the studio did to them was just this. It made them up, dressed them in elaborate evening clothes, gave each a fan to handle, and sent them through this routine.

Each girl passed down a corridor and walked slowly

What is a

It is the first step toward getting a foothold as a movie star. It shows how such tests are made, and reveals many surprises.

By Helen

down a flight of steps, a long flight. At the bottom of the steps she paused. She stood in a hall. On her left was a closed door.

"Some one," the director informed her, "is talking on the opposite side of that door. You can hear, but not very distinctly. You recognize the voice; it is the voice of some one you like. Show that. Then move nearer the door to hear better. You can hear well now. You like what is said; it amuses you. But the talk goes on; now something is said that you do not like, you can hardly believe it, you listen closer, you become angry, you are half tempted to open the door and confront the speaker, but you decide not to. You are hurt and disappointed, and you return upstairs to think it out."

Girl after girl went through this test and of all I saw just one showed any promise of interesting any one who looked at her. The rest of the girls looked passably well, and acted fairly well, but no one cared a

thing about them. I had heard directors talk about "screen personality" for a year, but until I saw those tests I never knew what it meant. I felt sorry for just one girl, and I found out later that she was the only girl in this group who had passed the test successfully.

"That was just a test for photographic quality," my guide assured me. "You can't get much notion of acting ability in a test like that."

That is the first thing they test for at the studios, photographic quality. And this doesn't merely mean that you, in your home town, take a "good picture." The still-camera man is kind and poses you at your most favorable angle, but when the motion-picture man gets hold of you he poses you in every conceivable angle, makes you turn your head right and left, raise and lower your eyes, throw your head back

and bend it forward, and look over each shoulder. A test is a merciless thing. Even experienced actors wince at tests and nearly every one remembers vividly the story of the first test passed.

When Theodore Kosloff came to the pictures he was a great artist, a dancer, and a pantomimist. Cecil B. De Mille gave him his first test. The camera was ready, and De Mille, knowing he was dealing with an experienced person, said tersely:

"Happiness." Kosloff bounded across the studio, his hands outstretched and his face joyous.



Some time ago May McAvoy was given the "youth-and-age" test. Here she is as a little girl.

Screen Test?

tion-picture actor or actress. This article tells exactly ing and interesting facts in connection with them.

Christine Bennett

"Very nice," said De Mille, "only you are clear out of camera range." Kosloff tried again and again, but every time he expressed emotion he went out of the camera. Finally he sat in a chair and tried to limit himself to expression. But he could not do it.

"Oh," he cried, "I cannot, I am a failure!"

But he could and he did after many trials, as his success on the screen has shown.

Jacqueline Logan, who was a "Follies" girl before she came to the screen told me that her first test made her look a fright.

"Coming from the stage," she said, "I felt sure I knew how to make up. I wasn't nervous, because I had my contract signed and with me, but I did want to make good. So I came out and did just what I was told, which wasn't much.

"The director just told me to seem disappointed in some one whom I knew—a man—and then he asked me to flirt a little. If I hadn't had my contract signed, I think he would never have taken me. First my make-up made my face look dirty, and my eyelashes were made up so heavy they looked as though they had gobs of coal on them. Then I talked—the director said I could—and my mouth seemed to be working madly. When I turned about I turned so fast the camera just got a flash, and worst of all I flirted apparently right with the camera, that is with the people looking at the screen! I was scared when I saw that test, for I knew how much I had to learn."

Colleen Moore, who is now one of the most fluent weepers among screen actresses, met her Waterloo in her first test when she was asked to cry.

"I just couldn't feel teary," she said. "And I was only fifteen. I thought and thought of something sad, but it didn't seem to work. I had always admired Charlie Chaplin, and I began to think of him. And by and by I thought of him, dressed, for the street, and wearing a tie with big polka dots in it. That tie didn't suit Charlie. It made him look grotesque. I hated it. And two big tears rolled down my cheeks to the delight of the director



Marilynn, who is facing the camera on the opposite page, admitted, after it was over, that being tested was not very enjoyable.

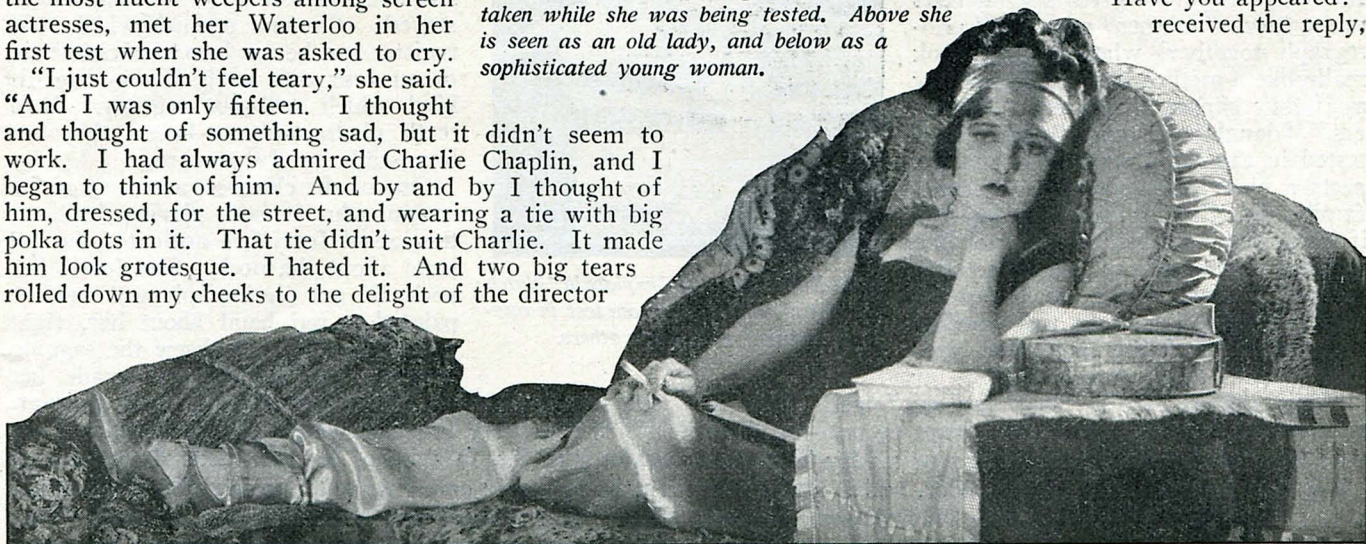
testing me. It was a funny thing to make any one cry, but it helped the test."

When May McAvoy tried to get into pictures no director would give her a test. She went from casting director to casting director and came away jobless. But she didn't stop believing in herself. She knew she would do well if she got a chance. So one day an acquaintance told her of a little commercial firm who wanted a little girl to pose for a picture advertising a brand of sugar.

"There's a chance," said May. She hunted up the commercial firm. It was a small part; she had to be a little girl and come to the grocery store and buy the brand of sugar to be advertised. But she did it, and the first casting director who asked wearily, "Have you appeared?" received the reply,



Here are two other photographs of May McAvoy, taken while she was being tested. Above she is seen as an old lady, and below as a sophisticated young woman.



"Yes, and if you will just send for the film to ——— you can see it."

And on the seeing of it, Miss McAvoy received her first engagement.

But this is but the beginning of screen testing. After you have had a little experience in screen acting you will be sent for to be tested out for engagement after engagement.

No less than seven directors told me that "such tests are the cruelest things in the world," but all of them admitted giving them. When people are needed for a particular picture the casting director will send for those who may suit and they are tested out in the make-up for the part to be played, often in actual scenes from the picture to be made.

If you read the story by Helen Klumph about Monte Blue in last month's PICTURE-PLAY you will recall her vivid description of the way in which Griffith made Monte Blue submit to such a test before his entire company to see whether or not he was fitted to play the part of *Danton* in "Orphans of the Storm." I fancy that it was not a very pleasant experience for Mr. Blue, for he knew how many actors had been tested and rejected before his turn came.

When James Young directed Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy," he tested out thirty-six girls before he chose Virginia Faire to play the leading part. Miss Faire had done small parts before, but this was her first lead. She won it fairly. In a test of this kind it is most important that the actress can make herself respond to the director, that she can sink her own personality into the part and that she can wear the clothes of the part as if they belonged to her. When she and the leading man are chosen they have to be tested to be sure that they look well together. Then all the other actors in the principal parts are tested out to see how they group.

Harold S. Buquet, assistant director for Allen Holubar, gives special tests to see how a "mother" and "son" photograph together, whether they look really like a mother and son, or merely as if they happened to meet. "Mothers," "daughters," and "sisters" are tested in the same way. No one expects a close resemblance in a screen family, but the family must look as if it has some connection, and not like a group of strangers picked off a street corner. No one in the world can tell how people will look in reference to each other, and all particular producers make tests of this kind.

Some studios give a "youth-and-age" test. That is, they take an actress whom they want to use—or think they want to use, and make her up as a very little girl. They then make her up a little older, and a little older until at last she is an old woman. Having photographed her in action in all these "ages" they know pretty well

how youthful and how aged a part she is able to play convincingly.

All studios test for "make-up" and "lights." The tests for the latter are about as hard on the actor as group tests. For the lighting for a picture which uses a star is built for the star, and if you don't show up well in the light that is arranged for him or her you can go out and find a job with some one whose lights—so to speak—are yours. When George Fitzmaurice made "Experience" he had to choose lovely girls who would go well with Marjorie Daw's brown-haired beauty. Fifteen girls were tested out before Betty Carpenter's blond beauty showed well enough in the scene between *Hope* and *Youth* to warrant her being engaged. And as for make-up

I have it on the word of no less a person than Mr. Leon Goodstadt, casting director for Lasky's, that there is no telling what make-up will do, if you are clever enough.

"Nobody bothers what an actress looks like when she comes to take a test. What the director is concerned with is how she looks to the camera. And actors and actresses who are camera wise look odd enough at times—and ugly enough. If you have

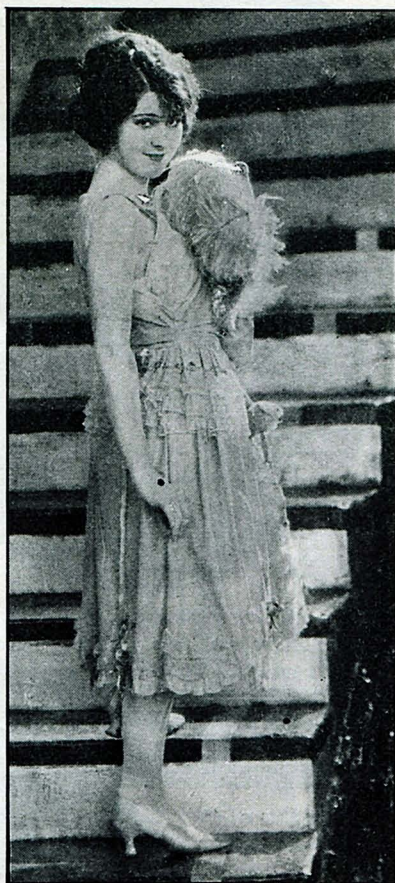
any gold on your teeth or have gold teeth, they must be painted with white enamel." A long time ago a very famous actress came from New York and financed her own motion-picture company. It was when camera wisdom was shorter than at present, and at any rate the famous actress refused to be tested; she *knew* she could act. It happened that they made several hundred feet of film before she opened her mouth wide enough to show much of her teeth. And when she did, the effect was horrible. The teeth did not register. For some unknown reason they just did not photograph, except in a faint, hazy way, and the famous actress appeared toothless. When she saw the rushes that night she simply closed the company and went back to New York. But had she been wiser she might have stayed. Camera enamel which will register can be used on artificial teeth, or on your own teeth, if they are the kind which will not register. Gold teeth photograph as holes; they are impossible to the camera.

One of the cleverest actresses of the screen who is still playing leads at the age of forty-five originated the red band about the neck. She found her neck did not photograph well and she painted a red band about her, right under the chin. It threw the sagging muscles into shadow and made her

look years younger. The red band is now popular. Not only women but men use it. When Douglas Fairbanks gets fat, in spite of his strenuous days, he puts on the red band and diets until he can take it off again. Puffy eyes are painted green all over the upper lids, and under the camera the puffiness does not appear.

THIS IS THE FIRST

of a series of articles by Helen Christine Bennett dealing with different phases of screen acting which are likely to be experienced by those who are just breaking into the profession. Readers of Picture-Play Magazine need no introduction to the author, who for years has been nationally known as an investigator and a writer of frank, sincere and authoritative articles that have appeared in many of the leading magazines. You will find the succeeding articles in the series as informative and interesting as this one.



Patsy Ruth Miller won her place in "Watch Your Step" through a screen test in competition with many others.

A nose that is bulbous or too broad can be made thinner by red lines on either side of the center bone, which is further accented by being painted white. Just suppose for one moment an actress with the red band, red on the sides of her nose, and a white line down the center, green upper eyelids, and perhaps abnormally red cheeks to hide high cheek bones—a curious and not alluring spectacle, but under the camera, a beauty! Hair matters a good deal more in tests than it used to. Many directors object to wigs and test carefully if wigs have to be used. Knowing this prejudice one high-salaried actress who plays “heavies” keeps her hair in a constant state of change—and her engagements nearly permanent. She dyes to meet any occasion and can fit almost any lead. Her hair has been golden, Titian, and black, all this past year. There seems no end to this matter of finding out what the camera will do. The new eyelashes which can be gummed on, and which look awkward enough on the street, photograph beautifully, and any girl can now have a lovely set of lashes without make-up; if she knows how to put her bought ones on.

Novices are afraid at first to resort to such make-up, but they soon learn by watching other people. And, as I said, no director pays any attention to your looks—except on the screen. One director, Cecil B. De Mille, even makes himself over into a camera. When a picture is to be made and the cast is ready, costumed and made up, they are marched out to the door of De Mille's office and he comes out wearing a huge pair of goggles. These goggles have the same effect as a camera lens, they take out color. Through these he surveys and criticizes the cast and orders such changes as he thinks should be made.

When De Mille first became interested in Gloria Swanson's ability as a screen actress he objected to her nose. He didn't like it; it was an irregular feature and too prominent. So it was proposed that Gloria submit to an operation and have a part of her nose removed. This being a serious matter even for so intrepid a person as a motion-picture actress it was finally decided to make one picture with the nose as it was. And when the picture came it was realized that Gloria's nose was the thing that made you remember Gloria! The despised feature was a screen asset. No one said a word more about removing any portion of Gloria or her unforgettable nose.

If tests are hard on most of the screen actors, and they certainly are, they do help in the discovery of a few. For hunting for a job and giving up the time to go through test after test only perhaps to fail in half a dozen, not through any fault of your own but because the star's lighting is not for you or you don't group as a “daughter” with the mother picked out is hard and discouraging work. But sometimes a lead is picked up on a test! When Mary Pickford made “Through the Back Door” she needed a juvenile lead. Because she was interested in him she had tests made of a young man who up to this time had very small parts indeed. And Johnny Harron's tests came out so well that he got the part and has been playing good parts ever since. In the making of “Whims of the Gods” there was a need for a girl to play a Chinese part. The director had seen a young girl in a picture who might possibly do, but he had not liked her at all in the part. He decided to test her. And Winter Blossom won a principal part which will establish her for some time to come.

When it comes to emotional rôles, tests are strenuous. Thomas Ince has one which is used at his studio as his favorite, his supreme method of testing an actor



Photo by Woodbury

Virginia Faire was chosen from among thirty-six girls who were tested for the leading rôle in “Without Benefit of Clergy.”

or actress. If you want to try out your screen ability, try it in front of a full-length mirror.

It is the same for either a woman or a man but has two distinct endings. Usually you have to go through both. Here it is. You—man or woman, come home feeling happy, full of life and spirits—“pep,” the director put it. You have a gift for your wife—or husband—under your arm. You expect to find him here. You enter, look about, and see no one. You have a faint premonition of something wrong; the house is too still. But this passes. You move lightly about, taking off your coat, et cetera, and call your husband. No one answers. The premonition of the wrong returns. Then you go about the room a little way and chance upon a note placed in a conspicuous position. You take the note, but the premonition returns stronger, and you drop the note. You reassure yourself—your husband has just gone out. You open the note and read:

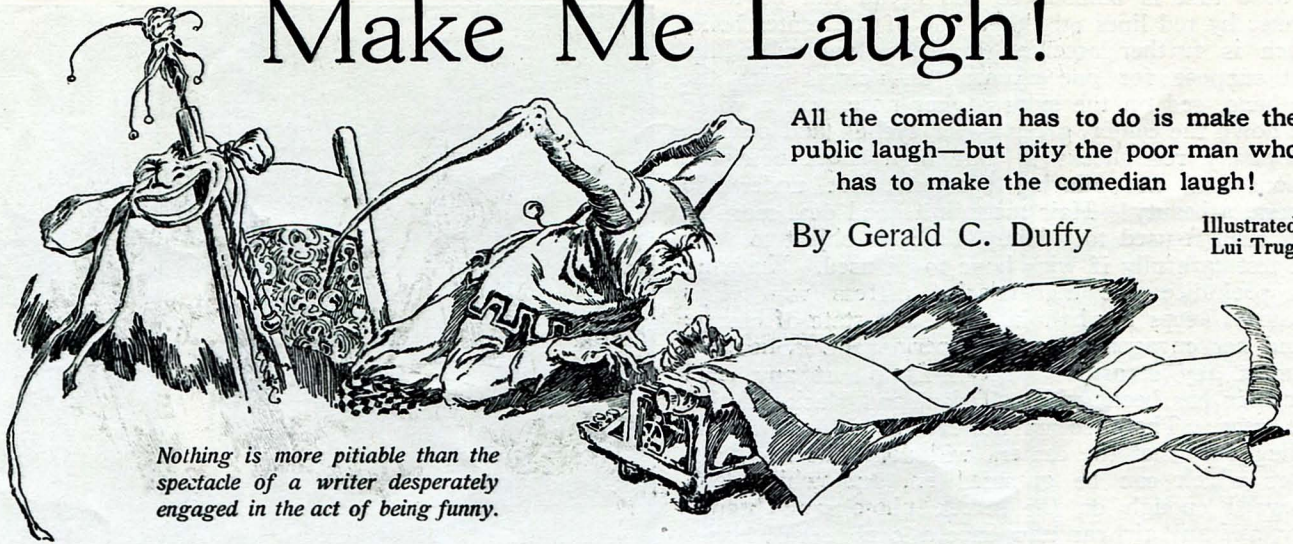
The note tells you:

Ending 1. That your husband is tired of you and has killed himself. You almost faint, pull yourself together, stagger toward a couch in a dark corner, and become aware of something lying there in the shadow. You shrink back in horror as you look at the lifeless body of your husband. Then shrieking, in hysterics, you throw yourself upon it.

Ending 2. The note tells you that your husband is

Continued on page 96

Make Me Laugh!



Nothing is more pitiable than the spectacle of a writer desperately engaged in the act of being funny.

All the comedian has to do is make the public laugh—but pity the poor man who has to make the comedian laugh!

By Gerald C. Duffy

Illustrated by
Lui Truggo

I AM a piece of emery paper.

In the dark passage of life the everyday man must see the occasional glimmer of something light. The motion-picture comedian is the flaring match which supplies lightness and brightness.

But a match unstruck is useless. There should be emery paper to ignite it, to bring out its illuminating qualities.

I am the emery paper, or, more literally, the man who writes the funny stories—I assert, maintain, and insist that they *are* funny stories—and I am fast being worn to a point of flat worthlessness by constant contact with the match.

Nothing is more pitiable than the spectacle of a motion-picture writer engaged in the act of being funny, for his task is a strange and difficult one.

This is not because it is difficult to make the public laugh. The people who go to pictures respond readily enough to anything humorous, and they are especially responsive when they go to the theater. They go there for the avowed purpose of giving their sense of humor regular exercise. The picture house, to the average man and woman, is a sort of public mental gymnasium.

But, strangely enough, the comedian is invariably devoid of a sense of humor! Comedy scenarios are to him like the old jokes that his wife has told over and over again for years at every opportunity, and always in his presence. He is sick of all of them.

Moreover, as you know, one of the surest recipes for tickling an audience through the eyes is to make the comedian the brunt of some extremely distressing misfortune. It is this fact that produced the now aged but always satisfactory comic situations of lathering the star's face with pie custard, of dropping him awkwardly into pools of mortar, and of scrambling uncooked, archaic eggs in his hair. They are sure-fire laughs for the public.

They are jokes on some one. But they are jokes on the comedian, and it is ridiculous and dangerous to imagine that the comedian is going to consider them humorous inspirations.

Yet it is this person, this morbid-minded comedian, that the comedy scenario writer must make laugh. If he says a script is funny it is generally accepted as

funny—and I assure you that it undoubtedly is! But if the star's verdict is unfavorable the author is scowled upon as an impostor by every one from the studio manager to "props." He is in peril. So every time he writes a scenario it is precisely the same as though he were betting his job that he can make the comedian laugh. And the odds are against him.

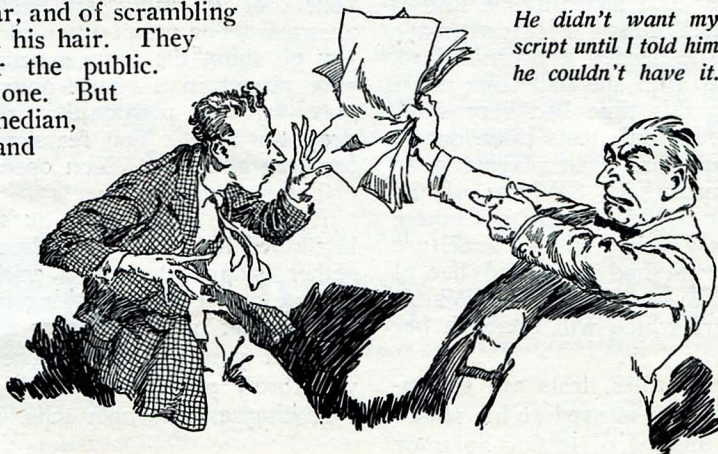
By means of illustrating just how discouraging it is I shall cite incidents, true and typical, that occurred a few months ago. A picture I had written for a popular comedy star had just been released with astounding success. I had spent one week writing it and three weeks arguing with the studio powers to produce it. They had pronounced the story tragic and called me insane.

I took back the manuscript, and that night I showed it to another comedian during dinner. He put it beside his plate while we were eating our soup and in the course of our consummation of dessert he handed it back, still unfolded, and told me that he thought it was great. He meant the dessert, but the next day I told the studio manager that I had another offer for the picture and asked him to give it to me if he was not going to produce it. He rumbled for a moment and then exploded. What right had I to be showing everybody their stories? It wasn't mine, it was theirs. No matter how bad it was, it was theirs. No, I couldn't have it. He walked sulkily away from me and went directly to the comedian's dressing room. After a secret conference I was informed that they were going to take a chance on the script.

As I have said, its instantaneous success was astounding.

The studio manager and the comedian could not understand it, but they were forced to admit it. I was internally effervescent. Nothing could stop me now; they would have to listen to me. So, with a whirling, tearing, reckless spirit I attacked another idea. I told no one what it was. My confidence in it was undisturbed by previous experiences. *This* idea I was sure of, and I let myself go.

He didn't want my script until I told him he couldn't have it.



A professional humorist really enjoys the refreshing sorrow and solemnity of a cemetery.



It carried me through situation after situation like a runaway horse carries a child through fields and over fences. For days and nights I worked, pausing only at intervals when laughter made writing impossible. At last I finished it. I read it over. It overwhelmed me. I am not recounting this with conceit; I am recording my emotions as I felt them; emotions not of egotism but of triumph. To the comedian's dressing room I went with my cameo of comedy, my masterpiece of absurdities. Superiority was in my eyes as I handed it to him. Putting it in his coat pocket and slinging a golf bag over his shoulder he left the lot, without comment.

For three days, in order to relax, I permitted the mountains to absorb me as coffee does a lump of sugar. I camped and hunted and fished, but I did not doubt—and I did not go near the studio. My intention was to stay away until the story had been read and the eager comedian, foreseeing another sweeping success, was anxious to start production and was seeking me. Then I would walk in, with the pomp and grandeur of a general returning from war.

After three days I was too impatient to wait any longer. My back itched for the friendly slaps I was certain would descend upon it. I left the mountains and went back to the studio. Approaching the dressing rooms, I saw the comedian emerge from his doorway. My script was in his hand! He saw me and came up to me. I noticed that he looked unhappy. Something within me told me that he had not even read the story. He stood a moment looking at me as a sultan would look upon a one-time favorite who had grown aged and wrinkled.

"Is this funny?" He waved the scenario sacrilegiously.

I punctured him with eyes brimming with disgust.

"I suggest that you stop playing golf long enough to read it and find out," I said.

"I just finished reading it."

"Oh!" I did not speak the word; I gargled it.

"Is it funny?" His insistence was malicious; he seemed to be trying to force me to incriminate myself.

"I think it's funny," I answered evasively.

He glared at me as though I had insulted him. "You do," he said, withering me. "What's funny about it?"

"Well—I—well I think the *ideas* are funny."

"Oh—the *ideas*—I must have missed them. I didn't notice any ideas when I read it."

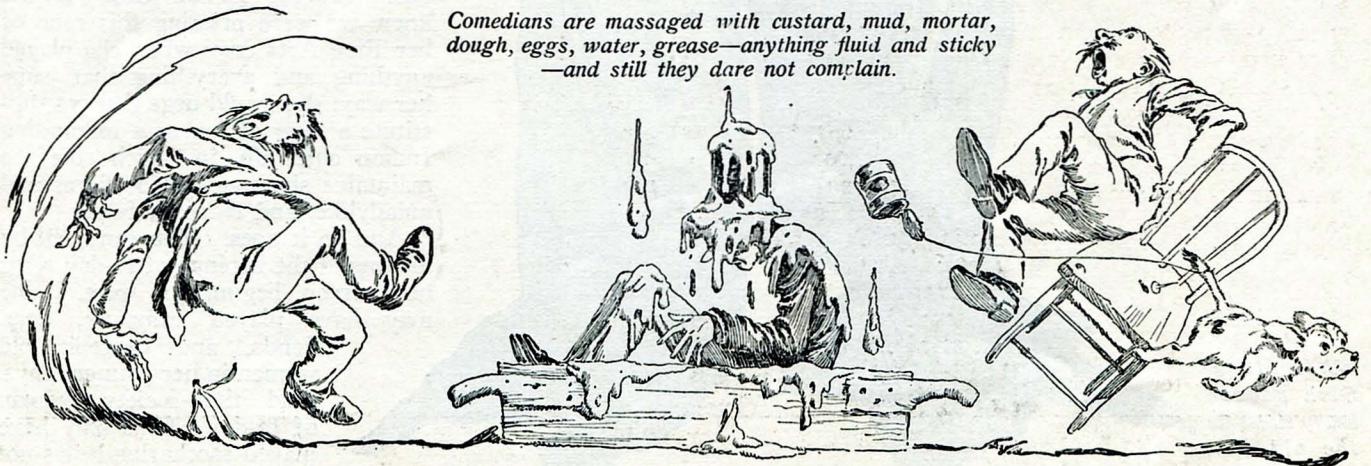
My heart fell with a thud against the wall of my stomach. Argument was as futile as hope. Still I could not help repeating timidly:

"I think the *ideas* are funny—and I know they're there because I put them there."

"Then why didn't they make me laugh? If they're funny I'd laugh at 'em, wouldn't I? Well, I didn't laugh. I don't care what you think—this *isn't* funny. Don't think any more. The trouble with you is that when you get thoughts I have to suffer from 'em. Most people can think, and if they're crazy their thoughts just float away on the wind and don't annoy anybody. But you—you write 'em down—and you give 'em to me—no matter how painful they are. Now take this and put it away and forget it. And come over to the dressing room and I'll give you an idea I've got. You can write it up to-night and we'll start shooting day after to-morrow."

[Continued on page 100]

Comedians are massaged with custard, mud, mortar, dough, eggs, water, grease—anything fluid and sticky—and still they dare not complain.



Do You Re

A glimpse at the amazing screen pasts of

By Helen



When Mae Murray wore lots of clothes.



When Gloria Swanson was almost natural.



When Lillian Gish played heavy sirens for the old Fine Arts Company.



THEY seem like relics of the Dark Ages, don't they, these portraits of film favorites taken before they found their fortes? There is Mae Murray, for instance, who seems to have been a rather buxom lass at one time when in a Universal film she really wore such conventional garb. The piquant Mae later on left most of her cocoon behind her when she emerged, the Broad-

way Butterfly of films. And Gloria Swanson! In her prepeacock days, as a Triangle player, she was almost natural—and almost commonplace. And to-day we have in her our foremost exponent of luxury and glamour. As for Lillian Gish—if she knew we were printing this relic of her Fine Arts days when she played anything and everything that came her way, she would urge that we substitute a view of her as a marauding Indian chieftain, in which rôle she maintains she was just as fierce and unladylike, and twice as funny.

And so it goes. You can't tell by looking at the ingénue of to-day what her screen beginnings were. She may have played vampires, dope fiends, and decrepit old women in her younger days. And the society woman of to-day's films may have played saccharine belles not long ago.

member?

some of our most popular players.

Ogden

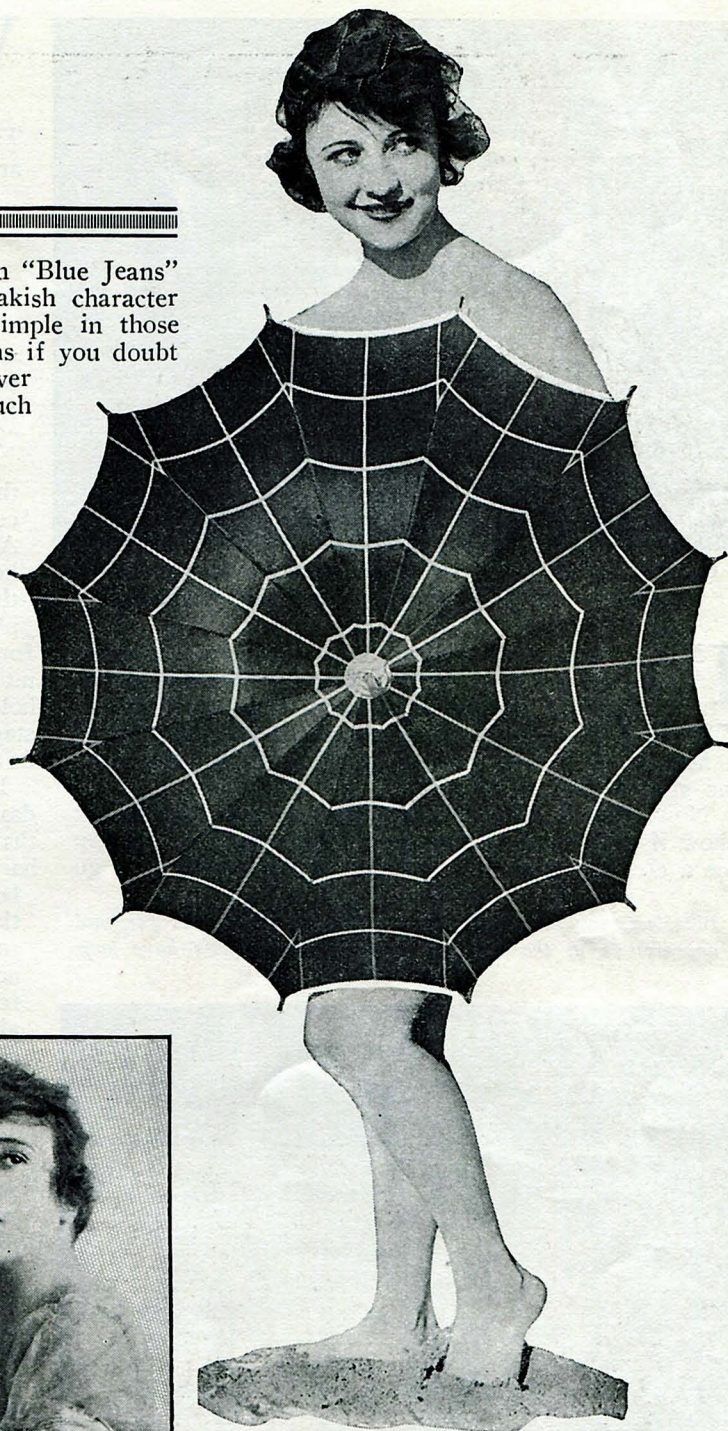
HERE we have Viola Dana before she found in "Blue Jeans" that her greatest success lay in rather freakish character parts. She was sweet, and oh! so very simple in those days! Contrast it with one of her latest photographs if you doubt it. And Constance Talmadge! To think that she ever looked like that, so serious and ungainly, and with such



Photo by Apeda

When Viola Dana was sweet and oh! so very simple.

a haughty air. Laugh at it if you wish; you won't laugh half as hard as the effervescent Constance will. Perhaps she was considered a fashion plate even in those days, but it hardly seems possible. As for Betty Compson, whose smile was the greater part of her costume, then, she still has the same charm—and added depth. These players hadn't stepped far from the ranks of mediocrity then—but the spark was there—and look where they are now. Perhaps herein we should find hope that from the so-so players of to-day will emerge others who are destined to take rank as the great stars of to-morrow.



When Betty Compson's smile was the greater part of her costume.



Photo by Carpenter

When Constance Talmadge was ungainly and wore a haughty air.



Can you pick Tom Mix out of this crowd? The picture was taken when he appeared at a New York theater.

IN a certain musical show on Broadway—I'd mention the name of it if I thought they'd give me a couple of passes—a pertinent question is asked: "Where does the cloth in your stocking go when there's a hole in it?" The answer is, "The same place your lap goes when you stand up."

Now, there's another question they can put in the show if they want to, and they don't even have to give me a credit line on it. "Where do the movie stars go

Bill Hart, you see, has the good sense to make his personal appearances in the costume with which the fans have long associated him.



When Stars Ap

They are all doing it now, you know, and this art is an entirely new set of experiences which the play

By Emma-

when they aren't on the screen?" Only the answer would have nothing of humor in it—unless you consider humor in the more subtle sense of the word. "They make personal appearances."

The indoor sport of personal appearancing has swept the cinemites off their camera footage. It has become as prevalent as the flu, as popular as pay day. A few—a very few—of the most mezzo-browed stars hold aloof from the epidemic of breaking out from the screen. Their alibi is that it cheapens a screen player in the estimation of the audience. But one is forced, from the point of the dispassionate onlooker, into the belief that most of these conservatives are withholding their presence from the personal-appearance stage for one of two reasons: they know they would be a failure, or they haven't had an offer.

Because, optimistic as are the leading journals of the day, the fact remains undisputed by those who know, that the motion-picture industry has been having a hard time of it for some time now. Production has been slowed down almost to a standstill. Many of the biggest companies have stopped work "temporarily," salaries have been cut in half, leading ladies are leading lives of enforced idleness. Those who formerly rode in upholstered Marmons furnished with all the comforts of home, including a Victrola and a cellarette, are speeding modestly to work—or to look for work—in a neat Henry Ford, camouflaged so as to resemble a rakish-looking bullet on wheels.

The motion-picture players, as a rule, do not save. They had to live up to a certain amount of press agenting, and many of them were constantly in debt, despite the enormous salaries they drew down in their palmy days. But at that it was a gay life, and an easy one. Good actors practically named their own figures for the weekly check. What did a few debts matter? Next week there would be another check, and after that another one—so on, ad infinitum. The motto of both producer and player was, "Who cares for expenses? We've got lots of them!"

But there came a deadly halt. Work stopped with a sickening thud. And the butterflies of the screen were dismayed at the prospect of either selling their platinum garter buckles, or going back to the humble beginnings from whence they rose. The few who had had friendly relations with old Pa Stage, parked their grease paint and glycerin tears, and went back to the old homestead for a season on Broadway. Those who were not so fortunate, emulated Micawber and waited for something to turn up.

What turned up was the personal appearance. The exhibitors, having had their ear to the ground, heard the melancholy tramping of unemployed footsteps, and they resolved to profit thereby. They did, and they have. For where is the fan in all this country who will not sacrifice the price of a table-d'hôte dinner in order to see his or her favorite player—"In Person?"

I do not wish to give the impression that all the stars who now tread the boards of the Personal Ap-

pear in Person

cle—an unusually interesting one—will reveal to you
ers undergo in their efforts to entertain the public.

Lindsay Squier

pearance Circuit are doing so because of financial difficulties. Far from it. There are many I could name who have had the good sense to cache a little currency in the stone crock under the hearthstone, and who, in consequence, are not embarrassed by the sudden slump of business. Even these thrifty ones find it to their advantage to step out of the screen and give curious and adoring fans an opportunity to gaze upon them unhampered by the black and white of the flickering celluloid. For usually the compensation compares very favorably with what the star was accustomed to receiving for his or her screen work. And the publicity value is enormous, to both exhibitor and star.

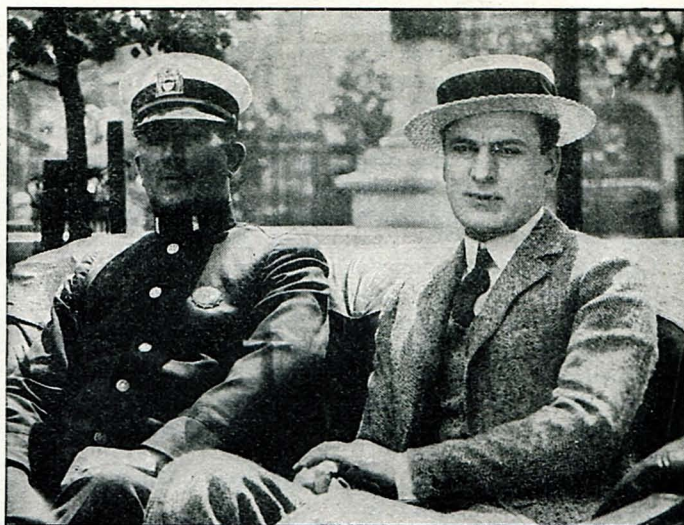
And there is not, at present, the least bit of stigma connected with the personal-appearance idea. There used to be. In the high-powered days when every screen player was a "star," it was not considered quite *comme il faut* to appear personally before an audience, unless charity or patriotism were the instigating motives. It was in the same class with riding on a street car, or answering one's fan mail one's self. It simply wasn't done. But necessity put a stop to that attitude. Some of the stars had to do it. Others found it convenient to do it. Others had always wanted to do it. Personal appearing became the popular pastime of filmdom. It continues with unabated fervor. "Everybody's doing it now."

The new sport has its peculiar aspects. I discovered some of them while trouping through Boston, Hartford, and New Haven, with Louise Fazenda, who, having been bitten by the personal-appearance microbe, was contracted to appear thrice daily in her gingham dress and Sis Hopkins pigtails, in order to gratify the curiosity of those who had seen her Mack Sennetting upon the screen.

It would seem, just at first thought, that the fans would expect nothing of their favorite screen players other than a "personal appearance" in the strictest sense of the word. Most of the stars are admittedly not Thespians. They lack the stage training, the voice, the technique of extemporaneous speaking. Their art has been a silent one, and as such, it has sufficed for their admirers. But curiously enough, the average fan takes nothing of this into consideration. He demands that the star not only appear, but do something amusing. He wants his money's worth, and is likely to consider himself cheated if the screen player fails to put on a real entertainment.

The property man of the Bowdoin Square Theater in Boston told us this quite candidly, even brutally, as we, Louise and I, waited in the wings for the finish of the comedy picture which preceded her entrance.

"Most of 'em fliv," he announced nonchalantly. "We've had a dozen of 'em here, and the audience give some of 'em the razz. Yeah; can y' imagine it? A star that the management pays five hundred bucks a week to, walks out and says t' the audience, 'I am so glad to see you all, and I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year'—can y' imagine that?"



Thomas Meighan, on his way to make a personal appearance at a Cleveland theater, was given a police escort.

I read consternation upon Louise's grease-painted countenance. Not that she had any reason to be alarmed. She has the good fortune to be funny at a minute's notice. She had a rich fund of comedy experience with which to regale the people out front. And a movie parody on a popular song, "put over" only as a real *comédienne* can do it. Nevertheless, she looked worried. "Who all have been here?" she wanted to know.

Betty Blythe appeared on the stage of the Lyric Theater, in New York City, and presented a gold watch on behalf of William Fox to Miss Dorothy Winter, who won it in a contest held in connection with "The Queen of Sheba."



"Well, there was Virginia Pearson, she was in a one-act play. There was Kathlyn Williams, she talked about pitchers, and her experiences with animals. Monty Love done some imitations of Dickens' characters, and Mildred Harris done a fancy dance. They got by, oh, sure. But some of the others never done nothing except tell the audience howdy."

"What *does* the audience expect of a movie star?" Louise demanded. The prop shook his head.

"God knows," he remarked feelingly.

I have heard Louise's question, and the prop's earnest ejaculatory reply echoed many times since by movie stars themselves who have stepped out of their celluloid settings. What *does* the public expect of a star? No one knows, not even the public itself. But it does expect something. And is intensely disappointed if it doesn't get it.

In the good old days it was not thus. When Clara Kimball Young pioneered on the Personal Appearance Circuit several years ago, it was not necessary for her to put on an "act." The public was overwhelmed, speechless with delight, just to have a glimpse of her. Just to hear her say that she was glad to see them all. It was the same with Warren Kerrigan, Anita King, Dorothy Dalton. But the novelty has worn off. The public still flocks to see the screen favorites in person, and any exhibitor who engages the services of a movie star for such a purpose is absolutely sure of "standing 'em" during the entire week. But the stars have found to their astonishment that something more is required of them than just to appear. Gradually a new technique is coming into being—the art of the personal appearance. Its aim is to please the public. For practically every screen player is honest in his or her desire really to give value received to the audience. Some admit frankly that they will "fall flat," that they expect to, and that they do not care. The weekly check is all that matters to them. But most of them are genuinely eager to arouse the audience's interest, sympathy, applause. And to that end they resort to many expedients—tricks of the new trade.

Dress is one of the main assets toward winning the fans' favor. For the average movie admirer has become accustomed to regarding the people of the screen as the rare and exotic flowers of the garden of humanity. The public has its illusions, and it demands that they be preserved. It does not wish to think of Elsie Ferguson in a gingham apron, or visualize Bill Hart in evening clothes. I could mention three stars of the feminine gender who, in making personal appearances, have had the good taste—but the poor judgment, to wear tailored suits, or modest and conservative evening dresses, and whose reception, in consequence, has been cold and utterly devoid of enthusiasm.

"Clara Kimball Young brings fifteen trunks of gowns with her!" proclaimed the headlines of a Western newspaper. "Hope Hampton to glitter with priceless gems

at personal appearance!" "Betty Blythe will wear famous Queen of Sheba costume!" "Louise Fazenda appears in quaint costume made famous in comedies!"

No chance for disappointing the fans there. Because their illusions are carefully wrapped in cotton wool, and handed back to them on a silver tray.

I saw Hope Hampton do a personal appearance. As advertised, she really did glitter with gems. Her throat was strung with pearls, diamonds and rubies, and her arms were barely visible through scintillating circlets of jeweled bracelets. The gown she wore was strictly in keeping with the rest of the display. It was a gown to delight the heart of every woman in the audience, to entrance the eye of every man. She sang an aria from a grand opera, told a funny story, reminisced about how she got into pictures. It really didn't matter what she said or what she did. She filled the eye, she retained the fan's illusions as to how a motion-picture star should look.

She got over.

Mabel and Hugo Ballin made a personal appearance at a cinema temple in New York. Both of them are charming people, with really interesting things to tell about the motion-picture industry. But she wore a rather severely cut, and absolutely conservative gown of black velvet. She was really a very pretty picture against the gold back drop. But she was not sensational. After the first patter of applause which followed her entrance, the audience sat back puzzled, respectful, but plainly disappointed. What? A movie star, and thus unadorned? It didn't seem reasonable!

You see, a motion-picture star, when appearing

on the screen, has the tremendous advantage of make-up, carefully arranged settings, proper lighting, and a sympathetic rôle in which to act. When appearing before the audience, all these aids are suddenly missing. The star comes out before the audience completely stripped of all illusion except, perhaps, that which can be created through elaborate gowns or costumes which pictures have made familiar. They have to depend on personality alone. It would be difficult for a stage star to arouse any enthusiasm under such circumstances. And when it is taken into consideration that the average screen player has never had any practice or need for speaking before an audience, it can be understood how really difficult is the task of making a successful personal appearance.

"Rows and rows of faces!" said Bebe Daniels to me once. "Looking at you! Each one saying, 'Oh, you're a screen star, are you? Well, what can you do? Go on, entertain me!'"

The stars who can offer something in the way of entertainment are sure of a welcome, and of a hearty burst of applause at their exit. Betty Blythe, for instance, does not have to depend on her beauty, or even on her Sheba costume for a "hand." She possesses a voice which was intended, before the movies silenced

Continued on page 90



Douglas MacLean didn't seem to mind appearing in person in Washington—nor did "Miss Washington," a beauty-contest winner, who appeared with him.

THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

Another "Ten Best Pictures"

Recently we printed a list of pictures which The Observer had selected as the ones which he, personally, believed to be the ten best pictures of 1921. Now we were perfectly well aware of the fact, before this list appeared, that a very large proportion of the motion-picture fans would disagree with it, radically and violently, just as we felt sure that another not inconsiderable group would applaud our selection.

And so we are very glad to print the following letter from Miss Trix MacKenzie, who writes us from Atlanta, Georgia, giving a dissenting opinion:

In your March issue you gave a list of the best pictures of the year, and I firmly believe you have chosen the ten worst releases of 1921. How any one can find pleasant entertainment in such movies as "The Golem" and "The Old Nest" is more than I can see. They might be recommended as excellent sleeping medicine. I don't believe the general public likes these morbid pictures, as I know they did not draw at all well. Why do the critics insist upon making so much of the heavy, gruesome films, and trying to do away with the cheerful, really interesting type of motion picture? I hope the producers and stars of these latter movies will not be induced to cease making the public laugh, for the silver sheet would certainly have to change its name if we had to depend on such pictures as you mention for recreation. I would prefer a funeral, which would be lively in comparison.

Here is my list of the ten best pictures, and for the benefit of the fans who agree with me I would like you to publish it in your next Observer. They are, in order of their importance:

The Wonderful Thing.....	Norma Talmadge
The Sheik.....	Rodolph Valentino
Lessons in Love.....	Connie Talmadge
The Affairs of Anatol.....	Wallace Reid
Love's Redemption.....	Norma Talmadge
Molly O.....	Mabel Normand
Wedding Bells.....	Connie Talmadge
Two Weeks With Pay.....	Bebe Daniels
Don't Tell Everything.....	Wallace Reid
The Speed Girl.....	Bebe Daniels

We wish to add that we think Miss MacKenzie's list is, from her point of view, very well chosen, and that it will meet with the approval of a great many of her fellow fans.

The Movies as a Target

The wave of sensationalism set loose by the yellow press throughout the country following the murder of William D. Taylor was an interesting example of the workings of American journalism on one of its periodical sprees.

The facts, up to the time these pages were sent to press, were simply that a man was murdered, and that no clew or motive could be found. Had there been no mystery connected with the crime it is very doubtful that it would have attracted much more than passing notice, nor would the papers have been concerned with any save the persons directly involved.

But the public loves a mystery. The sensational press knows that. The disappearance of Dorothy Arnold,

the unsolved Elwell murder, these were kept on the front pages day after day for months, since cases of this kind, instead of ending once the facts are printed, give the opportunity to write endless columns of conjecture, in which terrible things are broadly hinted at, in which old stories, hitherto passed about only by gossip mongers, are dragged into print, under the flimsy pretense of bearing on the case in point.

Moreover, using the movies as a target is still a novelty for the yellow press. The scandals of high society and of the ultra rich have been worked over and over in the Sunday supplements until they have jaded the palates of the sensation seekers. So have most other kinds of scandal. But there have been very few crimes which concerned persons of any consequence in the motion-picture industry. And even the most sensational newspapers have to have some sort of news event as a peg on which to hang their exposures, even though the *known facts* of the news event—as in the Taylor case—had no bearing whatever upon the "conditions" that the press so zealously revealed.

The Effect of the Late Exposures

But though the yellow press may soon forget the subject of Hollywood morals, over which it has been so agitated of late—and it will forget it unless something happens which will blow the lid off again—the effect of the recent wallowing in sensationalism will be more lasting. Those who know how much there is that is fine connected with motion pictures will discount the slanders. But the prejudiced foes of motion pictures, who know little about them or the people connected with them, will be glad to believe the worst. It is a pity that on this account the great majority of decent-living, hard-working, kindly, and altogether lovable persons connected with the making of pictures will have to suffer because a small, but by no means inconsequential element connected with the industry, lived and acted in Hollywood in such a way as to make possible this agitation which, distorted, exaggerated, and venomous though it was, was not without any foundation.

There Are Some Bad Conditions in Any Town

There is, however, nothing surprising in the fact that some motion-picture persons should be unconventional in matters of morality. Evidence brought out in the divorce trial of one of the most prominent bankers in the country a few months ago indicated that his private life had certain aspects quite as startling as any supposed to exist in Hollywood. We do not cast the cold eye of suspicion on all bankers nor turn from them in loathing, on that account. Nor do we regard all professional baseball players as crooks because a group of them was once found to be in league with a set of gamblers. You can find bad people and bad conditions in any town.

What the Police Records Tell

The best argument we have seen in refutation of the exaggerated and sensationally faked stories about Hollywood is the report recently made by George K. Home, former chief of police of Los Angeles, now in charge of the Hollywood district. He says:

The best index to the moral character of a community is its police records. Our police records, covering this district with its seventy thousand people, including the people employed in its twenty-two motion-picture studios, show that:

In the last ten years there has been no murder in Hollywood. In the last five months there has not been an arrest for peddling narcotics.

In the last five months the Hollywood police have received no complaints from any residents of any wild party being held within the precincts of Hollywood, and have not been called upon to raid a single home or apartment.

Arrests for felonies average less than three per week, and half of these arrests are made at the request of outside communities.

Hold-ups and crimes of violence are practically unknown in Hollywood.

Of the persons arrested by our officers for offenses other than violation of the traffic ordinances, for many months past, not a single one has been actually employed in the motion-picture business.

In the face of these facts, it seems nothing short of criminal that unprincipled newspaper space writers should be allowed to send out their lurid and ridiculous stories.

We print this because we have a shrewd suspicion that it may have not been considered as good "copy" by a good many newspapers that have been screaming about what a terrible place Hollywood is.

Now, in Conclusion

One thing more and we shall dismiss this subject. Let the foregoing comment serve as our opportunity to emphasize the fact that our mission is to print interesting, amusing, informative, and clean stories and articles about all that is worth while connected with the motion-picture industry, and to that end we shall concern ourselves in the future as we have in the past. We can find enough that is wholesome to more than fill our pages each month, and we know that is what you want to find in them.

Another Difference of Opinion

As long as we continue to have screen plays based on stories that first appeared in books or magazines the controversy will continue as to whether or not the producers are justified in taking liberties with the original versions. Some time ago this subject was taken out and given another airing when Miss Fannie Hurst publicly objected to the changes that had been made in her novel, "Star Dust," when it was made into a starring vehicle for Hope Hampton, in return for which the producers brought suit against Miss Hurst because of her remarks.

Whatever the merits of this controversy may be it is interesting to note that the fans seem to have decided that the film version of "Star Dust" was quite satisfactory so far as they were concerned, judging by the reports of the way in which it was received throughout the country.

"The Sheik" is another example. There was scarcely a critic who did not comment on the manner in which the picture departed from the original story. But thousands of fans rose in indignation and proclaimed it a perfect production.

Naturally the producers usually try to aim their pictures at what they believe is the taste of the average fan, rather than at that of the critical minority. It will probably be a long time before the ideals of the critics will ever be realized.

Hail the Valentino!

And now we have Rodolph, Rodolfo, or Rodolf—depending upon the latest bulletin from this new star's press agent—Valentino. A tango dancer, a player of bits who first smote the hearts of the women fans in "The Four Horsemen," is now rated by the experts—and, what is more important, by most of the fans—as the greatest star in motion pictures.

Perhaps that isn't just the way the experts phrase it. They say "the greatest property," meaning the star who has in him the greatest opportunity to bring in what the theater men call "the gross" at the box office.

Valentino has been as quick a success as Douglas Fairbanks was in the early Triangle days when two pictures made him for a time the most popular man in America. "The Four Horsemen" and "The Sheik" were enough to establish Valentino just as "The Miracle Man" and a couple of Cecil De Mille's pictures established Tom Meighan.

The "insiders" predicted little success for Valentino after "The Four Horsemen." He was all right in tango parts, they said, but he was too delicate looking and there was something the matter with his profile, and goodness knows what all had to be done in the way of lighting him properly.

But the public fretted not about his profile nor about the difficulties attending the lighting, if there were any. They said, "That boy for us!" and lo! the first thing anybody knew, the people who paid the money to get in to see him were talking as much about him as they ever had about Bushman or Costello, in the old days.

So now the fans are agitating the question as to whether Valentino is more this-and-that than Wally Reid, and there's a great to-do over it.

It is especially embarrassing to far-seeing forecasters who have been telling you all about the coming stars and who never once had a thought about Valentino. The Observer, for instance, is supposed to give you the very insidest information from the studio feed box, but he failed to give a tumble to Rodolph.

Which shows that the public sometimes moves of its own accord, without waiting to be piloted by observers.

Will Hays at Work

Will Hays is now on the job of doing something to make the motion pictures more to our liking. He was reported to be getting one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, but later reports indicate that the figure is somewhat smaller.

There seems to be a lot of conversation as to whether or not the motion picture, through Mr. Hays, is going into politics. If a man buys a boat must there be a great discussion as to whether he will put it into the water? Of course the motion picture is going into politics. It has been forced into politics by politicians. They're hot after every prosperous industry for campaign contributions, they want to tax everybody who won't kick about it much, and they are willing to spend a great deal of time these days discussing motion pictures.

Will Hays will no doubt have a number of duties, but one of them will be to talk back to the politicians who have been playing with motion pictures.

We hope he will also work to eliminate whatever political propaganda—usually in the way of slides and short films—the politicians in various districts have thrust upon theaters. Nothing makes us rage more than a film, shot upon the screen of our neighborhood theater during election time, showing a local candidate for Congress in his home, with his dogs, chopping wood, shaking hands with laboring men, and at work in his office.

Do the Stars Answer Fan Letters?

That is a question that many fans ask, and here is the answer in full, together with some suggestions as to what kind of letters they usually do not answer, and what kind they often do reply to.

By Edwin Schallert

IF you are a typical movie fan you surely have written fan letters to your favorite stars—letters in which you have poured out your inmost thoughts and feelings, in which you have expressed to the best of your ability all the pent-up admiration, or even fondness and devotion for your screen idol, and in which you have reached out yearningly for some sign of recognition of that devotion in the form of an answer.

Perhaps in answer to one or another of these letters you have received a reply which you have read over and over, displayed proudly to your friends, and then have put away among your most treasured keepsakes. Possibly some of your letters were unanswered except that you were sent a photograph. But as likely as not in many cases you were deeply hurt to receive no reply at all. I am going to try to tell you the circumstances governing the handling of a star's mail, to explain why it is that you cannot always get replies from them, and what kind of letters are the most likely to get replies.

Any fan who stops to think must realize that no star of great popularity could possibly answer personally all of his or her fan mail. Mary Pickford, for example, receives as many as

ten thousand to twelve thousand letters a week, the handling and answering of which requires the constant efforts of a secretary and three assistants, at a cost, incidentally, of about fifty thousand dollars a year. This seems at first incredible, but if you will estimate and add up the salaries, postage, and the cost of photomailers, stationery and above all, the photographs, which are asked for in the majority of the letters, you will find that the figure is not too high.

In amount of mail received, Charlie Chaplin, of course, like Mary Pickford, has a very high record—or at any rate, he had when his pictures were released more frequently than now. In his special filing cabinet for unusual letters—particularly those from odd places—are letters from practically every bit of inhabitable territory in the world. Norma Talmadge receives about one thousand letters a week, William S. Hart has hundreds of correspondents—mostly young boys; Dorothy and Lillian Gish spend about twenty thousand dollars a year on their fan mail; M-e Murray annually gives away twelve thousand dollars' worth of photographs. And this is typical of all the big stars.

It must be pretty obvious, first of all, that you are more likely to get a genuine personal reply from one of the younger—the newer—stars or from one who has not yet attained the topmost pinnacle, than from one of those mentioned for example in the preceding paragraphs. No matter how much they appreciate their

No one gives more assiduous attention to her fan mail than Alice Calhoun, the Vitagraph star.



Agnes Ayres is methodical in handling her fan mail as in everything else.



fan letters, you can hardly expect the actors who have been prominent for several years to devour and answer these tributes with the zest that they felt when they first received the written applause from their unknown admirers. And even if they wanted to, there would be too many other demands on their time. And yet even the greatest stars—most of them, at least—read and still answer, personally, certain types of fan letters which I shall describe later.

But, as I said before, you are much more likely to draw an answer from one of the younger players such, for example, as Alice Calhoun. Probably none of the present-day stars is more conscientious about answering her fan mail than she is. She and her mother answer every letter personally—that is every letter that is more than a request for a photograph.

And if there is any doubt in your mind as to the real interest and enthusiasm with which these younger players receive your letters you should have been with me when Colleen Moore was talking to me recently about the old days at the Fine Arts studio.

"There was a greenery back of the old Fine Arts lot and there we girls used to sit and discuss our hopes and our plans," she said. "Pauline Starke, Bessie Love, Mildred Harris, Carmel Myers, Winifred Westover, and I—that was usually the group, though frequently Lillian or Dorothy Gish, Alma Rubens, or some of the other Fine Arts girls would join us.

"Naturally our fan mail was discussed a lot. Most of us were receiving three or four letters every other day or so. Bessie Love had just done some pictures with Douglas Fairbanks, so her fan mail was heavy. My, how we envied her! When she showed us her daily mail of fifty or more letters, we simply gasped. We would sit and talk about Lillian Gish and her mail—she got them by the hundreds and had to have a

secretary to help her. Then some one would speak about the rumor that Mary Miles Minter had five secretaries to handle her fan mail. Then we would all solemnly swear that we would never be so cold-blooded, that we would always take care of every bit of our fan mail and answer every letter—ourselves.

"I'll never forget my first fan letter. It was from Missouri, I remember, and on yellow paper. I answered it at length—wrote pages and pages. The thrill of that letter was almost the greatest thrill of my life.

"In short dresses and with our hair hanging, we would dream of the day when we would get letters by the hundreds—or even by the dozens. There was Connie Talmadge, too—she used to get only a few letters, until 'Intolerance' was released, and then her mail began pouring in.

"Things are a little different now with all of us. I have tried to keep my promise that I would handle all my fan mail myself, and I have almost succeeded. I simply have to have help, of course. Mother and father help me read them—one of the three of us reads every letter I receive—and then my secretary helps answer them. I love to get criticism. I have overcome many faults because some one really interested in my work pointed them out to me. One's fans really serve as a

wonderful assistant director."

Now before telling you what kind of letters are likely to be answered, I am going to tell you what ones are most likely not to receive the star's personal attention. When a letter begins "As you are my favorite actress I should like to ask you to send me—" There is no need for the secretary to read further. She has merely to drop the letter into a box marked "Requests for Photographs." In many offices unless a quarter was inclosed the letter would be dropped instead into a

wastebasket, for reasons which will be explained later on. There are many other types of letter that reach the same sad end. One is the type that begins, "I am a poor widow woman with—" Actors are the most charitable people on earth, but their secretaries know that appeals for help that come by mail from strangers are too likely to be from impostors to be trusted. "You are the only woman that I have ever really loved." Away goes that one. "Mamma would spank me if she knew that I was writing to you, but—"

The secretary may read through this out of curiosity, but she is not likely to hand it over to a busy star.

What sort of letters, then, will reach the star? Why, naturally, those which could be expected to interest him or

A LITTLE COMPETITION

For months Rodolph Valentino has been the sensation of the screen world. No other star has been the recipient of such enraptured attention. But now there appears on the scene a competitor for his honors—in the person of Ramon Samoniego, leading man in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Like Rodolph Valentino, Ramon Samoniego has been given his first big opportunity by Rex Ingram. Ingram believes that he is the screen sensation of to-morrow. Don't you want to know him? Margaret Ettinger will introduce you through the pages of our magazine next month. In one of her clever "Impressions" she will give you an insight into the personality of this interesting newcomer.



The type of the star determines the type of the fan mail; Gladys Walton, of Universal, appeals most to wholesome young girls.

her. They are the letters, and there are not many of them, that show an *intelligent* appreciation of the actor's work—not merely an overflow of unrestrained emotion—which can mean very little to the person receiving it—but a thoughtful token of understanding which touches a responsive chord of sympathy in the heart of the person to whom it is addressed.

"I have received so many beautiful letters," Lillian Gish once said to me, "from people I have never known—and whom I probably never can know. And I cannot tell you how much they have meant to me."

Not every one can write a letter of this sort. But there is another type of letter that is just as effective and almost as much appreciated. Perhaps you have guessed what it is from what Colleen Moore said. It is the sort of letter that makes some intelligent comment, and, if possible, criticism, of some picture—preferably the most recent one—in which the star has appeared. Suppose that, near the beginning, it contains something like this: "In the scene in 'The Broken Door,' where you are reading the letter from your husband, and you suddenly turn to a window that looks out over the meadows and stretch your arms in a gesture of longing and despair, I couldn't help wondering why you didn't hold that pose a minute longer. It seems to me it would have been more effective."

Almost any star would read such a letter through to the end, and very likely she would show it to her director, or the person who edited the picture. It might easily happen that the writer had hit upon one of her favorite scenes which had been cut short. If so, she probably would write and tell you so, and your letter might be the beginning of an interesting friendship. For every one in the picture industry realizes that after all it is the effect of the picture *on the audience* that counts, and when a star feels that she has found a person who instinctively feels what her capabilities are, or who senses what could be improved in her pictures, she will want to hear from her again. Naturally, friendships of this sort are more likely to be developed during the early part of a star's career than later on.

Now to tell you why some of your letters went unanswered, and why some of your requests for photographs were ignored. The reason is simply that the cost of handling and answering fan mail has become an actual burden to most of the stars, in many cases too big a burden to be carried. The few who, like Miss Pickford, receive the larger part of their pictures' earnings, believe it to be worth what it costs, and can afford the cost of a staff that can handle their fan mail properly. Those who work for a company which relieves the stars of the trouble and expense of answering fan letters are likewise fortunate. But there are many

Leatrice Joy is one of the younger players who still autographs all her pictures sent out to fans.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Thousands of unhappy wives and grass widows are said to have written to Mildred Harris at the time of her divorce from Charles Chaplin.

others whose salaries are not commensurate with the demands made upon them for photographs, personal replies, and the like.

The one thing that has made the fan mail such a

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You Wouldn't Accept a Substitute

And so Madge Kennedy has been persuaded to bring her inimitable sense of humor back to the screen.

By Barbara Little

SHE is an unassuming, retiring sort of young person—quite unnoticeable among the striking-looking women at the Ritz at tea time—and yet if you were there and she was pointed out to you, you would probably ignore the butterflies of fashion thereabouts and focus your attention on Madge Kennedy. For quiet, little Madge Kennedy holds a place in your hearts that no one has been able to usurp.

Reputations die quickly in motion pictures; the star who stops production is soon supplanted in the public's heart, if not entirely forgotten. But not Madge. Because the rippling humor which she brought to the screen was unique—and because, try as they can, no one else can quite come up to it, no one has ever filled the place left vacant when she left pictures a year ago to return to the speaking stage.

And now she is coming back to you—coming back in her own productions, which will be made at the rate of only two pictures a year, under an arrangement by which she expects to be able to exercise the greatest care in selecting her stories and casts. She will be free to supervise the finished productions and see that when they come to you everything will have been done to try, at least, to give you Madge Kennedy at her best. In the old five-reelers, based most of them on poor stories and made hurriedly, Madge made an enviable reputation. Now she is going to see how much better entertainment she can offer under more favorable conditions.

When I met her at the Ritz at tea time one afternoon when her company had just been formed, and asked her to tell me about it, her reply was characteristic



Photo by Kenneth Alexander

Madge Kennedy lives up to the tradition that all really good humorists are serious people.

of the bubbling good humor that is hers in real life as well as in pictures.

"If you are going to interview me, you might better look up all the interviews that have ever been printed with people who've launched their own companies," she assured me. "I'm sure our feelings are as much alike as people who are about to start for the north pole or take up vegetarianism. We all feel so earnest and responsible — a n d scared. We feel as though we'd suddenly taken the weight of the world on our shoulders. But if I can only make a picture that will live up to my idea of what a picture should be, well—" She paused for breath.

"I just wish you would," I told her. "And then I wish it would make you act a little bit conspicuous. There's a flapper over there who is simply nobody, and she's making everybody stare at her simply by wearing a brilliant red hat. Now why don't you—"

But what's the use? That girl and her red hat have no place in Madge Kennedy's philosophy. It is what goes on inside Madge's head that makes her fascinating,

not what she puts on the outside.

She has a big surprise in store for you in the story she is going to make first. It is a famous old romance, one for which many players have tried to buy the screen rights. Perhaps you find it difficult to visualize the farcical Madge in lavender and old-costume drama. Well, you won't have to, for though it is a costume romance she is going to play in, you will forget the costumes and the manners and the spirit of olden times and see only Madge in one of the most irresistible,

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Favorite Picture Players



FLORENCE VIDOR can afford to follow her triumphs in "Hail the Woman" with a picture called "Skin Deep," for every one knows that couldn't refer to her beauty. Hers is an inner radiance that exalts even a sordid story.



INSTEAD of supporting stars in Famous Players-Lasky pictures, Kathlyn Williams ought to be starred in one called "By Popular Request," for her large and loyal following constantly asks for more of her

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser



Photo by Campbell

IF you saw Cosmopolitan's "Just Around the Corner," you need no introduction to Sweden's popular favorite, Sigrid Holmquist. And if you missed that, you can soon mend the omission by seeing her in "My Old Kentucky Home."



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

FIRST Helene Chadwick specialized in thrills, then she won her laurels as a sparkling comedienne, and now she is developing real dramatic power. "The Sin Flood" and "The Dust Flower" are two of her Goldwyn successes.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

PAULINE STARKE combines the years of an ingenue with the skill of an old trouper, and her recent record contains many fine achievements. Her next appearance will be in "The Shaughraun," a Vitagraph special.



CLAIRE WINDSOR brings a touch of delicacy and a feeling for beauty and good taste to the screen that is unique. She recently graced Goldwyn pictures—and now we are to see what she can do under the direction of Marshall Neilan.

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

KATHERINE MacDONALD'S career is an almost unbroken series of unworthy vehicles. A less charming star's popularity would languish and die under such auspices, but Katherine is still, apparently, holding her own.



AFTER sharing honors with Rodolph Valentino in "Moran of the Lady Letty," Dorothy Dalton fares forth again as a lone star in "The Cat that Walked Alone." No one needs to be told that she is as vivid as ever, for, of course, no one misses seeing a picture the romantic Rudy is in.

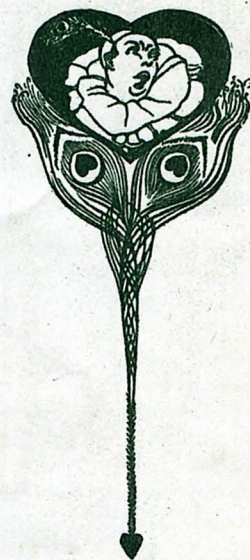


Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

The Indiscretions of a Star

The true story of the romantic and adventurous experiences of a popular star.

As Told to Inez Klumph

CHAPTER VI.

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

BARRY STEVENS and I were sitting in the balcony of the ballroom at the Commodore Hotel, in New York, when he told me the next of his escapades. It was at a private showing of a big feature production, and all movieland was there in its best clothes—piquant little Mae Murray, Mabel and Hugo Ballin, Corinne Griffith and her husband, Norma Talmadge and hers—every one, in fact.

We sat in a corner where we could look down on the gay throng. And just before the lights went out and the picture went on, Barry picked out a girl who was talking to Charles Bryant, Nazimova's husband, who was East on business for his talented wife.

"There's the girl I'm going to tell you about this evening," he said. "That stunning dark-haired one. I know she's not pretty; she's just striking looking. When I first met her she was the funniest-looking little thing, sort of wispy, and straggly haired and pathetic looking. She's made herself over, and made one or two other people in the meanwhile.

"She came out to the Coast with one of the stars whom you'll recognize when I tell you that she had the worst temper in the movie industry and got away with it by calling it temperament. She hailed from St. Louis, but had Russianized her name and her looks, and nobody dared to question her accent or her mannerisms. She made this girl's life miserable—I'll call the girl Sarah Grant. She had to run errands, and stand being publicly insulted and privately abused, and led a dog's life generally. She was supposed to be a private secretary, and do publicity as well, but in reality she did everything but scrub floors.

"Nobody could do anything to help her, either, because that made the star so furious that things were worse than ever for Sarah. All we could do was urge the girl to leave, and then have her answer 'But I can't—I need the money!' She did need it, for she was supporting her mother and educating her brother, but she could have earned as much in some other way, and worked less hard.

"Quite unintentionally I brought on the storm that ended her job. I knew I was doing a fool thing, but I felt so sorry for the poor kid—"

"Who was probably about two years older than you were," I interrupted. "Any one would think you were an old man."

"Anybody'd think I was to see the pictures that were taken of me at that stage of the game," he laughed.

One of the great difficulties of being a fascinating hero on the motion-picture screen is that the public expects a man to live up to that reputation in real life. And so, as his conquests on the screen multiply, his every action in real life assumes undue significance. People misconstrue ordinary acts of graciousness as signs of budding romance, and a popular hero gets into no end of difficulties as a result.

"I hate that side of it," frequently remarks Barry Stevens, the name the popular star of this narrative has assumed to hide his own. "I'm just an ordinary man like the rest, and the only reason girls like me is because they are so used to having the scenario fixed that way. I'm not to blame for it."

But Barry is to blame for much that happens to him, for he is one of those uncalculating souls with a real talent for walking head-on into compromising situations. And he is so amused at the way people always misinterpret these "Indiscretions" of his, that he has decided to tell you the real inside story of some of these affairs, and see if the irony of them doesn't amuse you, too. He is giving the real facts of the case to Inez Klumph month by month, and she is recording them here for you. Last month he told how his name came to be linked with that of Nadine Malory, one of the cleverest and most charming girls in comedies. This month he exposes another of his "Indiscretions."

"I looked a million. Funny that somebody doesn't print a bunch of the photographs that were taken of us all at that time. You should see the ones of the Talmadge girls—and Lillian Gish's; she was buxom compared to what she is now! Well, late one afternoon, at the studio, I saw Sarah Grant hanging around, looking all forlorn, and asked her what she was going to do that night. Everybody was going to a party that was being given on one of the sets, to celebrate the finishing of a picture, and I thought perhaps she was going, too. She wasn't; her star was to go off on a location trip at six o'clock, and she was going to stay home and autograph about a million photographs, and mail them, and do a couple of publicity stories.

"Say, listen here," I told her. "I'll help you do that stuff—you should see me autograph pictures; I do all my own, and speed's my middle name. Then I'll take you to the party."

"She didn't think she ought to do that, but I insisted, and she was so starved for a little bit of fun that she couldn't resist my urging. Finally she said she'd do it, so as soon as her star had departed with a husband and three maids in tow, we beat it for the studio cafeteria, had some beans and coffee, and tore off to the star's house in my car.

"I spread the photographs on the floor in the living rooms, hall, and dining room—all over the first floor, except on the porch. That way I could sign 'em and leave each one to dry just where it was, while I signed the next. If you blot those rotogravure reproductions, the signature doesn't show. The first time I forgot and used my own writing and name—imagine 'Yours sincerely, Barry Stevens,' scrawled across a very décolleté photo of the Russian lady. But soon I got the hang of it, and the work went slick. Sarah Grant had her typewriter on a desk in the library, and when I crawled in on my hands and knees to do the pictures on that floor she was just about through.

"I've got a cute dress to wear to-night," she told me; nobody ever showed any interest in her, you see, and she was like a babbling brook when I urged her to go on. "It's black taffeta"—I think that's what she called it; anyway, I know it was black—and it's trimmed this way."

"And then, just as she got up to show me how the trimming went, a ghastly thing happened. The front door banged open, and in stormed the Russianized star from St. Louis, stamping down the hall and into the library right across her own photographs, with the ones I'd left to dry blowing around her like leaves in a wind-

storm. And there she found us—Sarah Grant, looking like *Little Orphant Annie*, showing me how her silly dress was draped—she was holding up one side of her skirt, I remember—and me on my knees, signing the star's name with a flourish to a picture that would never get by the censors if she wore it on the screen nowadays.

"I can't remember what she said—I wish I could! She forgot her Russian accent, and stormed at us in pure St. Louis, with a touch of lower East Side New Yorkese. She looked marvelous, of course, in her sable coat and Paris hat—but her face became so distorted with rage that her beauty was all lost."

"I seem to have heard that the lady was rather fond of a certain young man whom I'm calling Barry Stevens," I remarked. He flushed painfully, and scrooged around on his chair so that his face was turned away.

"You hear all sorts of things!" he answered disgustedly. "There wasn't any truth in that. Anyway, she raised Cain, while Sarah Grant shrank down in her chair, shaking with terror, and I knelt there on the floor like a fool, too stunned to say anything. But finally, when the things she said to Sarah became unbearable, I cut in.

"That'll be about all," I told her, getting to my feet, with one of her photographs still in my hand. 'Get your wraps on, Sarah,' I said, to the girl, and then, to the other woman, 'This will be about all, I think—Sarah's coming with me.'

"She can't—she works for me—she has no money!" she raved.

"I'll get her a job—I'll see that she's taken care of," I answered. 'You've treated her like a dog long enough; now she's coming with me.'

"Sarah was more frightened than ever, but she ran upstairs and got her hat and coat—old ones that the actress had given her after she'd worn them in a picture—and, as the melodramas put it, we went out into the night together.

"We didn't go to the party; we had to find her a place to stay, and I had to talk things over with her and convince her that there were just as good jobs in the sea as had ever been caught. So after we'd got her a room at one of the hotels we went for a walk, and along about twelve o'clock, realizing that I was starved and that she probably was, I suggested that we have something to eat. The nearest place was the railway station, so we dropped in there and had coffee and hot sandwiches, sitting on the high stools at the counter. And that's where the funny part of this yarn comes in."

CHAPTER VII.

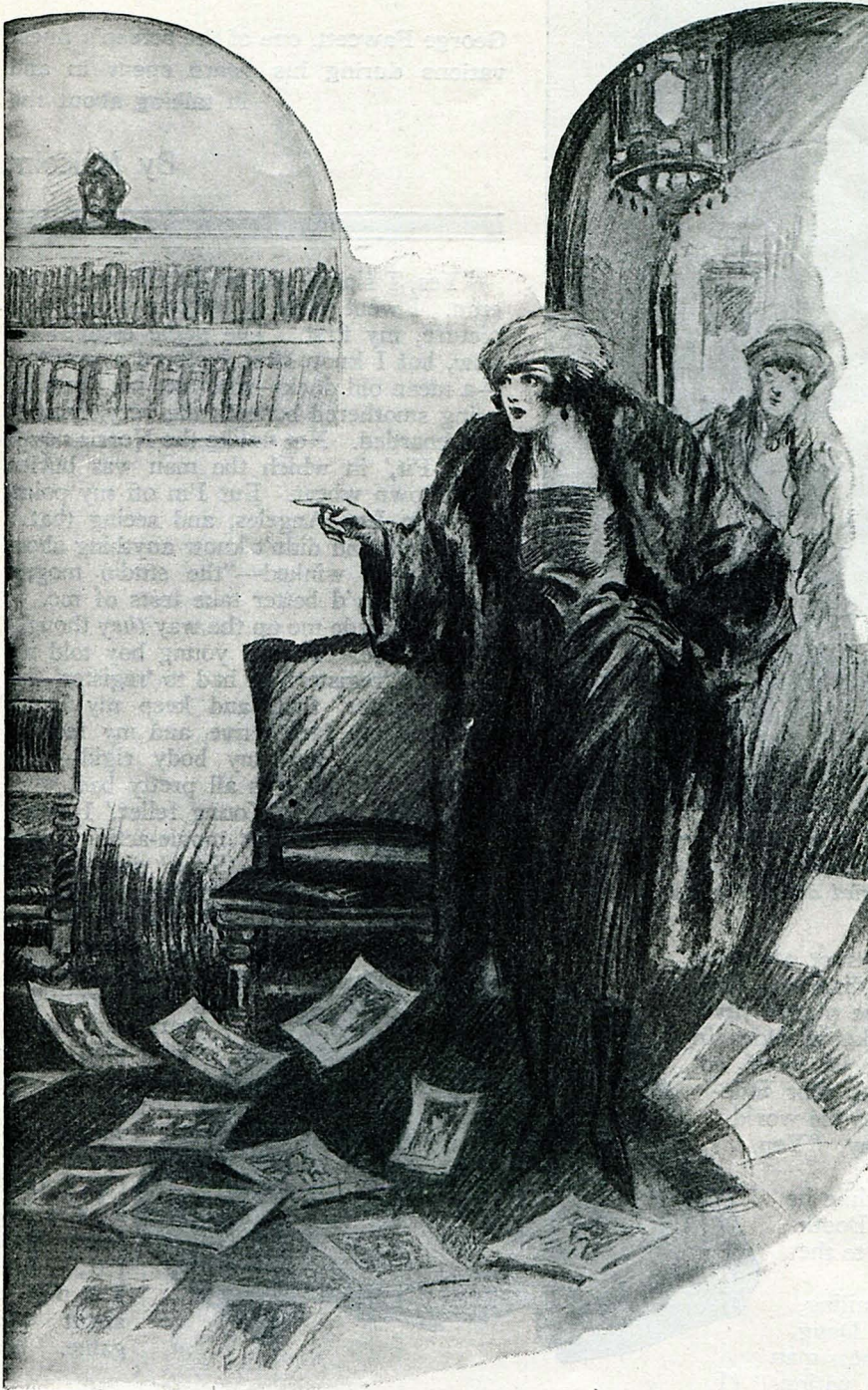
Just at this part of Barry Stevens' story, they stopped the picture for a brief intermission, and friends of his,



There she found us, Sarah looking like "*Little Orphant Annie*" and me on my knees writing her name on a giddy-looking photograph.

finding him out in our corner, crowded up to chat for a moment. I looked at them, and at those others on the floor below—most of the women were beautiful, all were exquisitely dressed; most of the men were good looking, and all of them showed in their appearance what sort of life was theirs. It's a precarious existence, this working in motion pictures; one year you're on the top of the wave; you've made a big picture, and every one is offering you positions, interviewing you, raving about you. A year later you may be down and out, and perhaps you'll never get back.

And the true life story of nearly any of those folk would have made a thrilling novel, I knew. Just at a glance I saw a girl who had been taken out of an insane asylum to play a small part; she wasn't violently



She was so mad she forgot her Russian accent and stormed at us in pure St. Louis with a touch of lower East Side New Yorkese.

insane, just mentally deranged. The young chap who was assistant director of the picture found that as she did what she was told to do in her scenes, she seemed to work with a clearer mind. He worked with her right along, got her engagements after that one, and when he became a director himself, gave her a good part. She improved steadily, as under his guiding she played the part of a normal woman. Finally, convinced that she was cured, he married her. She's never done anything startling in pictures, but she works in them right along, and he and she are devoted to each other.

Near them was a man who was a good deal of a rounder before he went into the movie game. He'd always had lots of money, and thrown it in all directions. He was drunk most of the time, had no sense

of responsibility, no consideration for others.

He'd tried his hand at two or three kinds of business, and hadn't made good in any of them. He went into pictures to back a chorus girl who persuaded him that she'd be a big success. She wasn't one, and he was so stubborn that he wouldn't acknowledge that he'd failed until he'd lost all his money.

When he was down and out, his money absolutely gone, there was nothing for him but to start in at the bottom. He haunted the offices of the casting directors, sat on the extras' benches outside the studios, took any work he could get. Nobody had any use for him—he was just a waster. But sitting around that way, he got an idea for a story for the screen. He couldn't get it out of his head. Curiously enough, it was a very simple thing, but it had a good deal of spiritual beauty, and a big sense of power about it, somehow.

He couldn't get anybody to listen to him, when he tried to sell it, though. They just laughed at him. Then he tried to get some one to back him and let him direct it himself, but he failed there, too. He was just about desperate, he told me, ready to kill himself, when he got acquainted with a girl one day, when he was working as extra in a big mob scene.

He told her the story, and she was interested. She urged him to go on with it, and finally, after they'd met two or three times more and talked it over, they agreed to put all they had into it. He was to direct it, and she was to play the lead.

They hadn't any money, but they both began to work harder, saving everything they could, with a vain sort of hope that somehow they'd get what they needed. She began to get small parts, and to become known by some of the directors. And with each bit of work that she did, each thing that she learned, she felt that she got that much nearer playing the rôle that she wanted most of all, that of the lead in his picture.

He was just dubbing along as an extra. Then one day good fortune hit him. The chorus girl whom he had backed had found some one else to put up money for her, and was trying the movies again. She looked him up as soon as she reached Los Angeles, and offered him a position with her company. He took it, interested the man who was backing her, and from him got money enough to make his own picture.

Of course, if this story finished as it should, the picture would have brought fame and wealth to him and the girl who had worked with him, and they'd have been married, and lived happy ever after. But it didn't turn out that way. He did give her a chance to play the

Continued on page 86

An Actor with

George Fawcett, one of the screen's finest variations during his years spent in and in talking about the

By Malcolm



This picture, though taken from a production in which he appeared with Dorothy Gish, might have been an off-stage snapshot of George Fawcett. The smaller pictures show him in varied character rôles.

THEY say that youth alone can attract attention on the screen. George Fawcett disproves that. It has been many a year since he played juvenile rôles; he has a couple of furrowlike wrinkles in his face; rather a grizzled old veteran, he could not be termed handsome. But he possesses that indescribable, utterly elusive quality that makes the world smile at mention of his name, and say, "Yep, George Fawcett is *all right*."

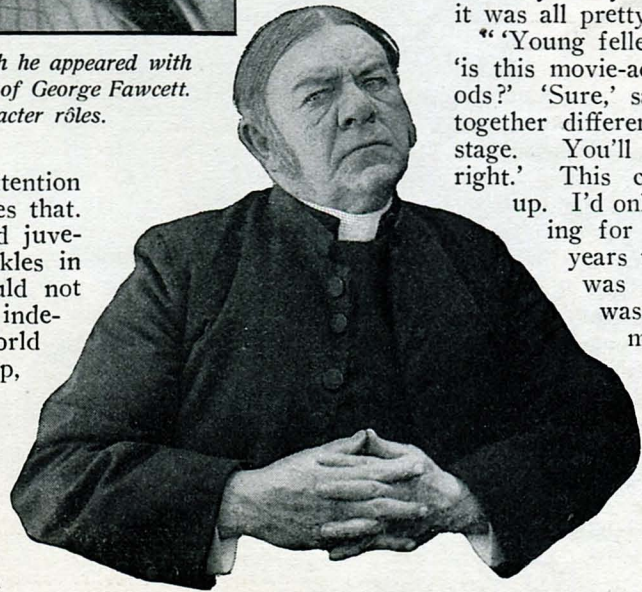
I talked with him a few weeks ago while he was in town with "The Wren," the Booth Tarkington play which marked his return to the speaking stage.

Jovial, genial, broad-faced, and smiling, Fawcett looked like Bacchus in tweeds. Doug Fairbanks twenty-five years hence, a business man with a sense of humor, Ireland a free nation. (I think he must be Irish, though I neglected to ask him.) He's the sort of man, in brief, who puts you completely at ease, who makes you feel, after you have talked with him for ten minutes, that you have known him all your life. An easy, natural talker, he apparently delights in conversational calisthenics. His attitude toward speech in general seemed almost to be, "Pick your own topic; I'll do the rest!" And, more to the point, he did it well.

As the man who helped make Triangle-Fine Arts the memorable organization that it assuredly was, it was natural to expect interesting things from him. I told him as much.

He appeared to be mildly flattered. A good-natured, pudgy hand waved his thanks, at the same time deprecating what I had said of his work.

"Pshaw! It's all in training," he said bluffly. "I've been at this sort of thing so long it's just grown to be second nature with me.



"Yes, I s'pose you might call me a veteran. I went West in 1915 to do a special picture, my first. The name escapes me now, but I know that I played a profiteer—a mean old duck—who met his death by being smothered beneath the very meat he had hoarded. Not unlike the Norris novel, 'The Pit,' in which the man was buried in his own wheat. But I'm off my point. I got in Los Angeles, and seeing that I was green and didn't know anything about acting"—he winked—"the studio moguls decided they'd better take tests of me.

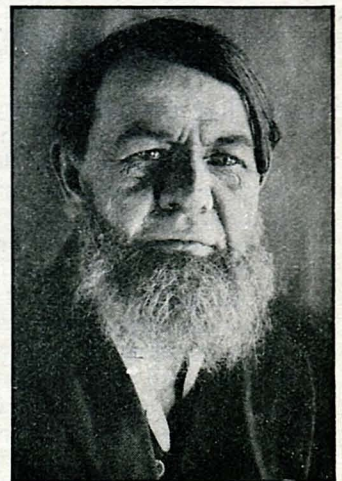
"They made me up the way *they* thought I should be. Then a young boy told me I was to 'register.' I had to 'register' this and 'register' that, and keep my hands still, and my face active, and my feet so, and my body rigid—well, it was all pretty bad.

"'Young feller,' I asked, 'is this movie-acting methods?' 'Sure,' says he, 'altogether different than the stage. You'll learn all right.' This cheered me

up. I'd only been acting for twenty-five years then, and I was glad there was hope for me. But I wasn't satisfied that this lad knew all there was to be known about the game. So

I went to the best picture of the day—which is still the best—I think it was 'The Birth of a Nation.' And I watched the way Griffith's people acted. I saw at once that it was suppression all the time, repression, quiet force that put each scene across to perfection.

"Well, I had something to go by. At the studio next day, I made up just a trifle, went on the set when I was called, and acted as I decided it should be done. The



Something to Say

character actors, has made a good many interesting observations around the studios, and he is perfectly frank and outspoken making of motion-pictures.

Oettinger

young directing boy came over and asked me to make up. I thought this was as good a place as any to tell him where we stood, so I registered sternness and laid down the law.

"I'm an old trouper," I told him. "I've got a few ideas of my own about acting, and I'm sticking to them. If you want somebody to kick around and paint up like a barn, you'll have to look further." I finished the picture, and my name went up in the billing. But that's not here nor there——"

He had discovered that screen acting consisted of naturalness, magnified. The motion of the body had to be delayed considerably, and the play of emotion slowed down. "But all this talk of 'registerin' was plain bunk!"

Veteran that he is, George Fawcett has small patience with the great run of the picture directors of to-day. There isn't one in a hundred, he assured me, who could materially aid him in building up a characterization.

"That's why I free-lance, going from place to place. I like to be my own director—tell myself what to do and how to do it. And being called in specially, I get the chance, usually, to do that."

He has directed three pictures, too. And in the directing of one of them there hangs a tale of discovery. He was working on a Corinne Griffith picture—a newspaper drama.

"Newspaper stories are always deadly," he said, "but this one was worse than usual, I thought. So I wrote in a few changes, got them approved after much palavering, and worked them into the story. In rewriting the yarn, I inserted a new part, and for it I selected a young girl who'd never done anything much, but who looked good to me. It was Alice Calhoun. She was so good, incidentally, that her stuff was cut in the office for fear the star part would suffer. But Alice has since received her rightful recognition—a very capable little lady——"

Then he directed Constance Binney in what he termed was "only a program picture"—trite, I dare say, and conventional.

Among the directors, he thinks that Rex Ingram is the present outstanding figure.



"Griffith and De Mille and Stroheim are good men, of course, but their work isn't so remarkable as Ingram's when you consider the advantages they



One of the finest character bits ever seen was Fawcett's Major Duquesnois in "Peter Ibbetson."

have over him. Money means nothing to D. W. Time is merely something you get from watches, to C. B. And the other chap—well, any director that couldn't do something pretty big, in a year's time, with a cool million to encourage him, isn't a director.

"Ingram seems to have displayed an imagination that is foreign to all the rest. At one time I held high

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Over the Teacups

Fanny the Fan repeats the latest gossip about motion-picture players and even ventures to start some more.

By The Bystander

DON'T make excuses," I reproved Fanny. "When any one is as late as you are there isn't a valid reason in the world for it. Probably you met Dorothy Gish over on the Avenue and assured her that you hadn't anything to do but go wherever she was going, and——"

The gleam in Fanny's eyes told me that wherever she had been, it had been worth risking the loss of my friendship to stay there.

"Well, aren't you going to tell me about it?" I asked her, trying to sound more cross than interested.

"You just said you didn't want any excuses," she answered airily. "Come on back to that table in the corner and tell the waiter to bring me some orangeade and ice cream and——"

"But Fanny, it is simply raw out, and it's cold in here. Mabel Ballin came in a minute ago all bundled up in winter furs and even then she looked cold. You'd better have lots of hot tea——"

"I've just come from Spain," Fanny announced impressively. "And I'm still under the Spanish influence. Bring me lots of cold things. I've been in the land of castanets and haciendas and tortillas and enchiladas—oh, well, if you must know where I've really been I've been over at Mae Murray's studio. She is taking the last scenes of 'Fascination,' and that's a wonderful name for it.

"She was making some New York scenes to-day, but a little piece of Spain was just a few feet away, so we sat in the courtyard of a Spanish mansion and watched a New York ball from there."

"Ain't pictures grand!" I commented.

"You've been to see Louise Fazenda's vaudeville act," she accused me. "Emma-Lindsay Squier wrote that parody. I should think you'd steal your clever comments from some one I didn't know so well."

"All right," I murmured weakly. "I won't interrupt again."

"Mae Murray went to Cuba to get most of the exterior scenes," she rattled on. "But they had to build a duplicate of one of the houses in the studio to make some special scenes there. Can't tell you any more about the picture; it's secret. But just wait until you see it! She does a dance where she—but I can't tell you. I promised I wouldn't mention it to a soul.

"She has thirty of the best juvenile actors in pictures in one scene! If that isn't lavish I don't know what is. And she wears marvelous clothes. James Kirkwood was over at the studio. He's just back from Europe, you know, where he made 'The Man From Home' for Famous Players. And on the way over here I passed Nita Naldi looking

more marvelous than ever. I wish she'd play in something beside Selznick pictures, so that I wouldn't have to spend the better part of a day searching before I can find a theater where her pictures are shown.

"Her latest is 'Channing of the Northwest,' with Eugene O'Brien. They took some scenes of it at the tenth annual ball of the Israel Orphan Asylum at Madison Square Garden, and the poor orphans certainly ought to feel grateful to Nita. That huge place was simply jammed with people who went to get a look at her. Well, she's one who is worth it."

"Speaking of personal appearances——" I cut in.

"Reminds me of Lillian and Dorothy Gish," Fanny went on. "Have you heard about their trip to New Orleans? It was a triumph for both of them. Lillian is so modest that she hardly told me anything about it, but I knew from the impression it made on her that it must have been marvelous.

And then Pauline Taylor, one of the girls who met Lillian down there wrote and told me about it. She said that people simply thronged to the station to meet them, and then a brass band headed the procession to the City Hall, where the mayor gave the girls the freedom of the city. That's happened to stars before—but no other stars ever made such an impression on a whole city. For days the society page hardly ran an item that didn't feature them, and every night the theater was jammed. One of the foremost society women of New Orleans introduced them at the theater the last night and said, 'We have had screen stars visit New Orleans, who possessed beauty, some with intellect, some with charm, but never have we come in contact with any who possessed all these qualities combined as do Misses Lillian and Dorothy Gish.' Wouldn't you have loved to be there?"

"And speaking of Lillian——" I tried to edge in.

"Oh, yes, I know. She spoke up at the big Methodist church here in New York last Sunday night. Some of the people up there don't believe in going to the theater, but every year they invite Lillian to address their congregation. Can you imagine a greater surprise than seeing Lillian for the first time after hearing that mo-



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

*Nita Naldi, the statu-
esque vam-
pire of Sel-
znick Pictures,
brought in
many a dol-
lar for the
poor orphans
at a recent
charity ball.*

tion-picture actresses are loud, uncultured people? She is so much sweeter than any one else——"

Fanny was so enraptured talking about Lillian that she didn't even see Frank Mayo and his wife passing by.

"Frank Mayo's here," I told her. "And Bert Lytell's here, and——"

But you can't interrupt Fanny for long.

"They've both been making personal appearances," she told me, as though I hadn't been talking to Frank Mayo about it just the day before. "Last week they went up to Manchester, New Hampshire, and this week they're here in New York. Frank Mayo tries to arrange his personal appearances before eight-thirty or after eleven, so that they don't conflict with his going to the theater. And that reminds me—why not make up a tourists' guide to New York theaters showing which plays the visiting motion-picture stars liked best? Rodolph Valentino and Nazimova thought that 'Shuffle Along,' the negro show, was one of the best they'd ever seen, Harold Lloyd's favorite was 'The First Year,' and Frank Mayo swears by 'A Bill of Divorcement.' I'll continue this later when there are some more visiting celebrities. I suspect that Mildred Davis' favorite show was the 'Midnight Frolic,' because the costumes are so stunning.

"Speaking of Mildred—I like the way she maintains a discreet silence when people discuss whether or not she's engaged to Harold Lloyd. Still, it would be nice if she joined the ranks of the vehement deniers."

"The what?"

"The vehement deniers. Mary Pickford is the grand president. You remember, don't you, how she denied up until the last minute that she had any intention of marrying Douglas Fairbanks? And the active members at present are: Bebe Daniels who denies she is going to marry Jack Dempsey, May McAvoy who denies being engaged to Eddie Sutherland, and Colleen Moore who insists she is not engaged to John MacCormack. Then there's Marie Mosquini, too; she says that she is not engaged to Snub Pollard. Marjorie Daw used to belong, but now she admits she is going to marry Johnny Harron."

"That's all very well," I admitted. "But here comes Kathryn Spencer. Isn't she beautiful?"

"She's my idea of a plutocratic motion-picture player," Fanny whispered so hoarsely that they must have heard her out in the lobby. "You know she got a job in a Christy Cabanne pic-



Photo by Kenneth Alexander

Mildred Davis has gone back to the Coast to play opposite Harold Lloyd, and she is not telling whether they are engaged or not.

ture because she was so good looking and then she proved such a skilled actress that he gave her a leading part in 'At the Stage Door.' Every one around the studio was crazy about her, and her fan mail got pretty big, and exhibitors began asking about her. Every one was glad to see an ambitious girl get ahead like that and start making real money. And then they found out that she's really wealthy, has a rich husband and a big home in Gramercy Park and cars and all that. Some people have all the luck."

"Yes, don't they?" I started. "Mary Hay——" But I got no further.

Fanny was off.

"She plays only a secondary part in 'Marjolaine,' but she



Kathryn Spencer who plays in Christy Cabanne-R. C. productions is Fanny's idea of a plutocrat in pictures.

Photo by Muriella



Mary Hay brought new laurels to the house of Barthelmess when she returned to the stage recently in "Marjolaine."

Photo by Abbe

The Mojave Desert didn't live up to specifications when Mary MacLaren was there filming "Across the Continent" and she suffered terribly from the cold.

Photo by Melbourne Spurr



"Here's a notice that says Agnes Ayres complains because she has been weeping steadily for weeks in 'Bought and Paid For.' That's nothing; every one who saw her first star picture has been weeping ever since."

"I'm afraid you're getting catty," Fanny volunteered.

"Just your influence," I assured her sweetly. "And why cattiness should remind me of Mary MacLaren I don't know, except that I can't feel charitable toward any one who has a knitted dress just like the one I've been searching shops for. Poor girl, she's discovered that the Mojave Desert doesn't live up to its hot and dry specifications. She's been there making 'Across the Continent' with Wallace Reid, and suffered terribly from the cold."

"Have you heard about Charles Hutchinson?" Fanny started out with renewed enthusiasm. "He's about to

start a new Pathé serial and, yielding to the current fashion, picked one of his leading women from the chorus of a musical show. He asked two whole choruses to come down to the Hippodrome one morning, and out of about a hundred girls one was accepted. Lucy Fox plays the heroine of the serial, of course. Ethel Clayton's in town, looking prettier than ever. Her contract has expired, and she doesn't know what she'll do next. Texas Guinan and Jack Mulhall have come East, too, and Barbara Castleon is here making a picture for Fox. Oh—and have you heard about Marcia Manon? She's playing in 'The Masquerader,' but when she finishes she's going back and finish her course at agricultural college. Then she is going to farm. You know her health has been so poor that she has made only two or three pictures this last year—but won't it seem funny for the gay lady of 'Ladies Must Live' to go back to the land? Oh, well, no one seems to want to stay in Hollywood nowadays.

"Anita Stewart has finished her contract with Louis B. Mayer and is coming East. She may go abroad to make some pictures for a company of her own. Louis Mayer doesn't approve of stars any more, and I bet that's where the fans will disagree with him. He is going to make some of those so-called all-star pictures. I always wonder when I see an all-star picture advertised if there will be a single person in the cast that I ever heard of before. And my favorite dramatic criticism, which I saw applied to one of these all-star casts, was 'The cast was uniform; all were rotten.'"

simply walked off with the show. When she came on the stage the opening night stumbling over her mop, the audience just roared. Every one in pictures was there to applaud her—Miriam Cooper and Betty Blythe and oh, every one! She dances beautifully. I don't wonder that Dick Barthelmess simply beams with pride.

"Just about the time her show opened he had an awful streak of bad luck. His director got pneumonia, and they had to stop work right in the middle of a picture. The picture was 'Sonny,' and I for one don't care if they never finish it. I'd rather go to see 'Tol'able David' once a week the rest of my life than to see Dick in a sappy story like that one. Do tell the waiter to bring me something; I'm getting hoarse."

"I don't wonder," I said stiffly. "He'd better bring you a gag. Never mind, I'll read to you and perhaps that will soothe you. Here's a headline that says 'Vitagraph's productions will be heaviest in its long history,' but I don't see why they should brag about it. Give me Madge Kennedy who is going to try to make hers the lightest in history. And here's an announcement that Fox and Famous Players and Vitagraph are all going to put out sequels to 'The Sheik.' Some bright exhibitor ought to advertise 'Sheik Week' and make it a sort of convention. But what is 'The Sheik's Sister' without Valentino? I agree with you, nothing."

"Please," I begged of her, "say something agreeable. Talk about somebody you like."

"Anything to please, as the stars all say when they launch their own companies," Fanny began airily. "Alma Rubens is one of the most attractive girls I know. And I suppose you've heard the poor girl's had influenza, and production of 'Enemies of Women' has been held up because of it. She got up every day while she was sick long enough to make her Pekingese take a dose of aspirin, as she didn't intend that he should get stricken."

"When she was convalescing she found a new hobby—making dolls. They're like those bizarre French ones that the artists in the Quartier Latin make, but hers are real likenesses. The first one was Nazimova—Alma simply adores her, you know. And the next one she made was such a good likeness of Winifred Westover Hart that she sent it to her. I wonder if William S. will keep it in his dressing room. A doll in our Western hero's dressing room would be such a pretty touch!"

"Fanny, can't you be agreeable; talk about romances or something."

"All right." She brightened so noticeably that I knew she had a big surprise for me.

"It isn't any one who acts," she went on, with irritating lack of haste. "But it is some one loads of fans and players are interested in. It's Emma-Lindsay Squier. She was married one day last week to George Mark, a New York business man. It was a whirlwind affair. She just met him at Christmas time, though she'd known him when she was about four years old, and he simply swept her off her feet and married her. He's a war hero and has enough medals from participating in college athletics to reach from studio to studio and choke all the handsome young actors Emily has ever interviewed."

"I only hope he won't think of doing it," I offered. "I'm rather partial to some of them, particularly Dick Barthelmess and Glenn Hunter."

"Any one would know that from the way you're watching the door," Fanny replied. "Some day your head will get stuck around that way. At least that's what my little brother told me about practicing tipping my head back and trying to look like Mae Busch. And then I caught him looking cross-eyed like Ben Turpin, with never a thought of the consequences."

"Won't you be glad when Corinne Griffith gets back?" She sighed wearily. "First, she went to Florida, and now she's off in the Adirondacks making a wild Western picture. If we want any excitement I guess we better go to Madison

Anita Stewart has finished her contract with Louis Mayer and hopes to go abroad to make pictures for a company of her own.

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe



Photo by Ira L. Hill

Alma Rubens suspended work on "The Enemies of Women" to play an important rôle in "The Epidemic of Influenza," but she is back to normal now.

Square Garden to the dog show. E. K. Lincoln took a lot of blue ribbons with his Chows, and Hope Hampton's Pekingese tried to bite two or three people. You'll find all the motion-picture players you ever knew there.

"Rubye de Remer went in such a gorgeous creation she brought back from Paris, that one of the judges pinned a blue ribbon on the sable scarf she was wearing instead of on the dog he was judging!"

"I don't believe that," I retorted. "But I do hear that Rubye completely redevastated France. Let's go up to that gorgeous apartment of hers and ask her about it." And I had to run to catch up with Fanny.



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

Leatrice Joy is a very natural person in real life as well as on the screen.

CECIL DE MILLE said he was going to use a brand-new De Mille type in "Saturday Night"—not an artificial puppet who could wear clothes and look beautiful—not an extremist, but a girl who looked like a real woman—one who might have stepped out of any select drawing-room. The next time I heard about "Saturday Night," Leatrice Joy had gotten the job. Knowing Leatrice you would feel just that way about her—that she had paused for a minute or two in the round of a modern woman's existence to take a fling at pictures. She is so absolutely a real human being—not the least bit artificial. I have never seen Leatrice dressed extremely, but I can't think that she would look well garbed in any way save in up-to-date clothes, bordering a bit on the conservative. She has a stunning crown of blue-black hair, and she wears it most becomingly—so simply done, in fact, that you would never stop to question whether it was her own, whether it was really hair or some new sort of hat, perched grotesquely above her brow and encircling her head.

I had an appointment one Saturday morning to meet Leatrice at Trinity Auditorium, where she spends some hours each week, training with the Kosloff dancers. "Not so I can become a professional dancer," she told

Two Girls Step

They are Leatrice Joy and Edith Roberts, latest big production called "Saturday presented here will make you feel that

By Margaret

Impressions of Leatrice Joy:

Lilacs

The Maid of Orleans

Smilin' Through

And she told me:

It has always been my ambition to work in a De Mille production.

The road to success in pictures is an awfully difficult but a very fascinating one.

It is possible for any one to play leads on the screen if they are patient and do not expect things to come their way immediately.

me, "but so that I may become more graceful. I am learning how to walk all over again."

On this particular Saturday morning Leatrice had begged off from class. She was waiting for me outside of the auditorium. Snappy, as always, dressed in a black suit, black fur, and hat with a natty little veil, and Irish lace cuffs to set off the costume.

Leatrice, I must tell you first, has a well-modulated voice, with the trace of a Southern accent, which she acquired when she first learned to talk, down in New Orleans, and which she hasn't quite lost in her past five years' wanderings from coast to coast and from studio to studio.

Our Saturday-morning interview took place on a crowded street in the heart of Los Angeles. What I had really come to find out was something of Leatrice's life before she came into pictures and how she liked making pictures under Mr. De Mille's direction. She opened the conversation herself by saying "I am to do 'Manslaughter,' which is to be the production Mr. De Mille will make upon his return from abroad. Surely is a dream coming true." When I asked her why, curiously, she said:

"Long ago when I first went into pictures down in New Orleans"—she says it just that way—"I remember seeing Cecil De Mille pictures and wishing more than anything that I might some time have an opportunity to work in a production of his. The company I was with down there in the South was a little fly-by-night affair. My father had been ill for a long, long time, and it was imperative that I should do something to earn a living—but of course you don't want to hear my life's history." I assured Leatrice that that was exactly what I did want to hear about.

"But it is so ordinary," she objected. "I didn't come into pictures by any great chance. And no one suddenly picked me out of a crowd, acclaimed me the great beauty of the day, and gave me a job. As I said befo', my father was ill, seriously ill. I didn't know a single

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Into the Spotlight

and they shared the honors in De Mille's Night." The character studies of them you are well acquainted with them.

Ettinger

Impressions of Edith Roberts:

Daddy's Girl
White Camellia
The Sweet Girl Graduate

She told me:

The one story I have wanted to play in on the screen was "Lasca," which I made a year ago.

I am in love, but I shall not marry for a long time.

I love parties and dances and riding horseback.

I have been in pictures since I was twelve years old.

SHE was all huddled up comfy in the corner of a big divan before a warm, friendly fire, drawing a picture of a lady with a fan when I arrived. Now I might as well begin saying that I'm not going to refer to her as Miss Roberts, or even as Edith, but by the name that those of us who know her always call her—Edie.

She thought that I had just run in for a morning chat, for if she had suspected an interview was to ensue, the pencil sketch of the lady and the fan probably would have found an abrupt end in the near-by fire. As it was, Edie let me examine it closely enough and long enough for me to realize that she is quite a young artist. She was all athrill and alert about many things and I found she had been putting in a busy period since I had seen her last, some three months before.

"I loved playing the part of the laundress in Mr. De Mille's picture," she said in answer to my question, after we had finished talking of spring hats and the news about mutual friends. "I was petrified the first day on the set. I had stage fright so bad I could hardly move. But he's the nicest person in the world to work with—Mr. C. B. is. He was so patient with me and by the end of the first week he had me absolutely at ease. Did you hear about the party?"

I had not, but was eagerly willing to, so Edie told me of the most marvelous of entertainments given by Mr. De Mille to his entire company upon the completion of the picture. You would have thought to hear her tell it that you were listening to a youngster who had just attended her first birthday party. But by all accounts this was a party that would have dazed almost any one. It was held at Mr. De Mille's ranch home, some fifty miles from Hollywood. Every one motored out on Saturday afternoon and returned the following evening. There was a dinner, such as one reads about, in a dining room, such as one sees on the stage. There was a dance, with Max Fisher and his famous troupe of musicians giving the most O. K. syncopation for dancing. There was swimming in the outdoor pool—the



Photo by W. F. Seely

Edith Roberts is an enthusiastic youngster, whom you wouldn't credit for having lived her nineteen years.

most magnificent pool on the West Coast. There were gifts studded with rare stones and made of gold and platinum for the entire list of guests—both men and women! As a party it simply was in a class by itself, and every one had a most marvelous time. Edie's eyes were dilated to nearly twice their natural size as she told me all about it, and she ended up by saying, "Well, there just *never was* such a party!"

Edie's mother by that time had come in from doing the morning shopping. Mrs. Armstrong is her name, and she and Edie are inseparable. She wondered if Edie had shown me her collection of dolls. Well, then she must at once, so into the bedroom we went to see a display of manikins that would make any ten-year-old cry out with delight. Not being of that happy age, but appreciating dolls, nevertheless, I did exclaim. There was one, Edie's particular favorite—a little cannibal painted black from tip to toe. There was another which said "mamma" when turned to the left. There were kewpies and Chinese dolls, there were rag and celluloid dolls—there must be twenty in that group which occupies an entire corner of Edie's pretty room. "They are not the dolls I had when I was a little girl," she told me. "They have all been gifts, given me in the

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Just Off the Grill



A frank discussion of the trend of conditions concerning the making of pictures, and of how these conditions, affecting the producers and the players, are affecting forthcoming screen productions.

By E. Lanning Masters

A Bursted Bubble.

FOR the past year and a half a large proportion of the picture population of Hollywood has been subsisting mostly on hopes. Despite the slump of last year, the great majority of the film fraternity has steadfastly refused to face the fact that the "easy-money" days have gone.

But even a screen star can't maintain a quarter of a million dollar standard of living on nothing more substantial than hopes forever—and stay out of jail. And so Hollywood has been feeling the pinch of the antebellum readjustment of things to a much greater extent the winter that has just ended.

For some reason Mr. and Mrs. Public aren't exhibiting the energy expected of it in digging up the wherewithal for pictures. The comment of this Kentucky exhibitor is typical of the reports that have been coming into movie headquarters:

Business was two dollars better, wrote this exhibitor regarding a picture in which a popular star was featured, than on the corresponding night of the previous week, and although we didn't make expenses for the night, that extra two dollars helped a lot.

A theater owner in a large city, whose house costs thirty-nine hundred dollars to operate, stated recently that his receipts for the previous day totaled only eighty-nine dollars. According to another exhibitor, more than half the theaters in this country can be bought at the present time at less than their actual valuation.

The truth of the matter seems to be, as one motion-picture trade publication points out, that not since the days when "nickelodeon" proprietors borrowed chairs from the undertaker, and stopped the show when the chairs were needed for their accustomed purpose, has attendance at motion-picture theaters been at such low ebb.

As a result, the powers that be in the film world are trimming sails with the vengeance of a skipper in a typhoon.

"Time was," says a Hollywood film observer, "when, if a story called for a wazoo bird from Timbaktu, a special expedition was sent over to get it. To-day they change the script and substitute a parrot, canary, or old crow."

"Not so long ago," continues this cynic, "a well-known actor was attacked by a tiger. Seeing that the man's life was in danger, attendants shot the tiger. The animal was worth five thousand dollars."

E. K. Lincoln would be seen more often on the screen if he were not so much occupied by his 4500 acre estate in the Berkshires and his world famous prize dogs.



"To-day they would shoot the actor."

Pictures are going to cost a lot less than they have heretofore. Instead of million-dollar spectacles few of the productions this year will cost more than sixty-five thousand dollars, and the majority of them not more than forty thousand dollars.

Seventy-five hundred dollars is the top price now for the film rights for a novel or play. Two years ago, prices ranged from fifteen thousand dollars to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Players' salaries are less than half the old scale, and still going down. Studio facilities which once cost a king's ransom are a drug on the market. One New York organization advertises its studio to rent "at your own figure, or whatever you consider fair after looking over what we have."

Whether the cheaper pictures of the new era will be better than the extravagantly produced ones of the old days remains to be seen. It is merely a matter of the sincerity of effort put behind them. Money is the least essential element in the making of pictures.

One thing should result from the readjustment of values, and that is more evenly balanced casts. We should have many such aggregations as those in "The Affairs of Anatol," if that is any guarantee of quality, with, let us hope, fewer such stories as that atrocity.

Players who have refused supporting parts in the past are stalking them to-day. In Valentino's first starring vehicle, Bebe Daniels and May McAvoy both play supporting rôles.

Producers aver that there is to be less talk about "fewer and better pictures" and more action. They are convinced, for the moment, anyway, that not only must they make films more economically, but that they must turn out pictures of better quality to lure the public back to the box office.

Whether we know it or not, they know that you and I and several odd million other picturegoers have been on strike against a large part of the screen diet on which we have been fed, and it looks as if this strike were going to gain its ends.

More for Less.

Now let's consider the theater owners. What they want is not so much "fewer and better pictures" as it is more of them for less money.

While they are wondering how soon it will be before they will have to pass the hat, they charge that the producers are pocketing all the benefits derived from the retrenchments which have been instituted, and that, therefore, they are unable to lower admission prices.

How much truth there is in this charge is problematical, but the fact remains that something will have to be done, and done quickly, regarding admission prices, or the industry will find itself facing a situation paralleling that existing in Germany where one picture a month is the average family's program.

A theater owner in a position to know declares that not half the theaters in the United States have an admission price at the present time within the public's buying power.

The curtailment in the production of films is one of the factors that will tend to keep admission prices up. Our old friends, Supply and Demand, rule in the film world as in any other business.

The schedules of the producing companies for 1922 originally called for a total of 887 pictures. This has been slashed to 354 pictures—about one third the normal output.

With 17,824 theaters in the United States to serve, this limited supply will have a tendency to force exhibitors to bid against one another for the most desirable picture and so inflate their values.

To avoid this contingency, exhibitors are urging the producers to resume their original schedules. The theater owners are particularly anxious for Mary and Doug to abandon their policy of a limited number of special productions, such as "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "The Three Musketeers." Instead of placing from six hundred thousand dollars to eight hundred thousand dollars into such productions—the reputed cost of these pictures, respectively, the exhibitors want the Fairbankses to divide this investment among four pictures each a year. Chaplin is being besought to do likewise.

It is contended that we see too little of these stars—that the public would rather have them oftener in less costly productions.

I, for one, believe the theater men are right. How about you?

Falling Stars.

In the readjustment process that is taking place many faces are going to be lost to the screen.

Financial pressure is responsible for the failure of producers to renew contracts in some instances. Inflated egos in others, and loss of popularity in a few cases, due, all too often, to the inferiority of the productions with which these stars have been saddled. There are one or two producers who almost seem to have deliberately tried to kill off some of their stars by putting them in poor pictures or in pictures which were obviously unsuited to their personality or special talents.

The conviction of some producers that the public is tired of its old favorites is probably strengthened to a considerable degree by the fact that it is now possible to engage new personalities at from a tenth to a twentieth the salaries paid their former stars.

That most of the newcomers are without experience in life or in acting seems to make as little difference to these producers as it does to a chorus director. Youth and beauty are the only requisites.

These possible future greats are given two or three inexpensive productions. If they catch on, so much the better. If they don't another brood is incubated.

The business depression blew David Butler out of his own productions and into supporting Gladys Walton in "The Wise Kid," but he doesn't seem to mind.



By repeating this policy often enough, the producers figure that eventually they will be able to build up their fences on a basis much more profitable than any upon which they have operated since the days when a player's name was not even mentioned on the screen. Whether this system can be kept up indefinitely remains to be seen. Just at present some of the fans seem to resent it, judging by their comments in "What the Fans Think."

The exodus of long-time favorites is greater this year than at any time in the history of the industry. Among those whose film fate at the present time is on the knees of the gods, are:

Mildred Harris, who since the loss of the Chaplin cognomen, appears to have had little occasion to use her own at the bottom of a contract.

Anita Stewart, another former Mayer luminary, whose contract has expired, but who may produce pictures under the management of her husband, Rudolph Cameron, providing a satisfactory outlet can be arranged for them.

Ethel Clayton, who, it is rumored, has definitely decided to retire from the screen.

May Allison, who has sold her Beverly Hills home, and moved to New York with her new husband, Robert Ellis, where, it is said, she hopes to do stage work.

Earle Williams, whose contract with Vitagraph expires in the near future, and will not be renewed, it is understood, on its present basis at least.

Harry Carey, who, with Eddy Polo and Eileen Sedgwick, recently withdrew from Universal, and whose future plans at this writing are still problematical. Carey is one of the few in pictures who has saved his money and is able to star himself. Eddy Polo, the erstwhile acrobat, has similar ambitions.

In this list there should be included also some of the new constellations of the 1922 star shower, who, after several spluttering flickers, gave up the scintillating job, and resigned themselves to less conspicuous positions in the movie planetary system. Among this number are Barbara Bedford, Edna Murphy, Mary Philbin, "Lefty" Flynn, Miss du Pont, and Johnnie Walker.

Other stars still on the screen, but who are now playing supporting parts, include the following:

Tom Moore, Edith Roberts, Bryant Washburn, Bessie Love, Doris Kenyon, Frank Keenan, Conway Tearle, Henry Walthall, Louise Lovely, Sylvia Breamer, Carmel Myers, Mary MacLaren, Montagu Love, Louise Huff, Estelle Taylor, Marguerite Marsh, Fritzi Brunette, and Tom Santschi.

In view of the fact that a theatrical journal reports twelve thousand vaudeville acts out of work at the present time, the mortality list in the film business is by no means as appalling as it may appear.

Gone—and Forgotten.

Next to vice presidents, possibly no other personalities are swallowed up into oblivion so quickly as our film favorites.

A screen star's prominence depends not so much upon
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Back Where She Belongs

Pearl White has wandered far from the path of her triumphs, but she is headed right now and so all will be forgiven.

By Edna Foley

YOU can stamp sterling on an orange or put a gold tassel on a paper window shade and it won't be a mark of quality at all. The "Sterling" ceases to mean anything, and the shade doesn't shoot up and down the least bit better. Yet William Fox took the queen of serials and put her in five-reel pictures and expected her to make a hit. Five reels of maundering nonsense for the dynamic Pearl. What a waste!



Photo by Campbell

DO you remember her in the Fox features "Any Wife," "A Broadway Peacock," "Beyond Price?" Not with any pleasure certainly. But "The Perils of Pauline," "The Black Secret," "The House of Hate"—any of her Pathé serials; that's another story. Those were the days when Pearl White enjoyed world-wide popularity. And she is going to do it again. She is back with Pathé, and you'll soon see her in another serial.

A Fan's Adventures in Hollywood

A day in Chinatown, a visit to a millionaire's home, a smuggler's boat on the storm-tossed Pacific, and the wild, Western atmosphere of the Lasky Ranch in Hollywood all add to her experiences of making motion pictures on location.

By Ethel Sands

AS soon as I got settled in Hollywood I was curious to know just how they went about making the movies out here—if they did it any differently from the way they do in New York. I mean in the way of locations, for instance. Naturally, I expected to find many things different here, from all that I had heard and read about picture making. The first thing that I noticed was that the studios were not so pretentious as those in the East, though they have much larger grounds, many with lovely flower gardens. Moreover, each studio generally has a lot near by, on which are built the small outdoor sets that require just the front or side of a building.

But even with these open lots for outdoor sets they go out to distant locations a great deal. So when I went "on location" with five different companies, I saw incidentally such a lot of the country around Hollywood that now when I go to a movie made in California I can almost always recognize several of the scenes. When I get back home the movies will just bring me back here, and I'll forget that I'm away on the other side of the continent.

I think it's only natural that first I wanted to see something that lived up to the Easterners' idea of the woolly, Western country—as it's shown in the movies. Where were those places one sees in Bill Hart's and Tom Mix's pictures? Los Angeles or Hollywood didn't have anything to offer in that line. The only way to find them was to go on location with some company, so Arch Reeve saw to it that I went on a location trip with Jack Holt to the Lasky Ranch, to film some parts of "While Satan Sleeps."

We started off from the studio in a great big bus, something like the Chinatown and Coney Island busses they have in New York. I sat beside Jack Holt. I don't know of anything more interesting or exciting than going out with a big company. In the studios you usually feel as though you might be in the way, as any one who read Helen Christine Bennett's article on visitors can easily understand. But on a location it's different. Everything is so easy and informal that you feel as though you were one of the company. On a location trip every one in the company seems to feel as though they're out on a picnic, and you get acquainted much better than in a studio.

The script girl had been telling me about Jack Holt before I met him. She said he was awfully nice to know, that he was jolly and said such funny, clever things while he's working and among his friends, but as soon as strangers came around he drew right into his shell. And I did find him very quiet and reserved, but every new type of movie star is always interesting to me; I love to watch and study them.

He is so handsome—somewhat after the accepted "villain" type, being tall and dark, with dark eyes and a little black mustache. There is none of the actorish manner about Jack Holt, though; you would never even guess he is a star; he is so retiring. You wouldn't get any "schoolgirl crush" over him; he is the type of man that wins your admiration and respect. When I asked him how he felt now that he was a star and how he liked it, I wasn't surprised to hear him say:

"Why, I don't feel any different from when I was just a leading man. There is more responsibility, of course, but I tried just as hard to do my best before."

We had got well out into the country and had passed Universal City and were jouncing along over hills and rocky roads, when suddenly we turned off from the main road and in a little while we came to the queerest little village nestling among the hills. There were houses and castles and cottages of almost every description and country! For a while I was sure I was seeing another "Sentimental Tommy" village, and I wasn't far from right, for they were cottages built to represent "Thrums," only this time they had been used for Betty Compson's "Little Minister." The most imposing castle there had been in that picture, too.

We went along for quite a distance through this strange little town. It was the most thrilling thing to think that all those cottages and houses had seemed to millions of people all over the world like such real, livable homes, when they appeared on the screen, and now here they were just empty shells, carrying memories of famous stars and old picture plays, but that when some wizard like Mr. Lasky waved a magic wand, they would become transformed and would appear again in some new picture. It was sort of like an enchanted or bewitched village that might fall asleep or come to life again.



You would never guess that Jack Holt is a star, he is so retiring.



Even Buster Keaton's company get a lot of fun out of his pictures.

"This is what they call the Lasky Ranch," broke in Jack Holt. "All this land belongs to the Lasky Company, and whenever little villages or big outdoor sets are required they build them here where they have a clear background and where it isn't necessary to tear them down in a hurry. Later they change them a bit and use them for another picture.

"They have built the whole main street of a little Western town for the picture I'm working on now. In this film I play a crook that seeks refuge in this town and poses as a minister. I eventually reform, of course."

Just then we came in sight of the town. I got a great thrill with my first view of a regular wild West town—with its saloon, general store, sheriff's office, and what strongly resembled a New York pawnshop. I didn't know they had those in small Western towns, but I suppose they're a necessary evil in a place like that, too.

Crowds of extras attired in plain, simple costumes stood around and sat on the porches. It looked to me like a pretty nice job they had, sitting there in the sunshine out in the open with the view of the lovely surrounding country. They weren't called for work until Mr. Holt arrived. Then they took a scene in front of the church where one of the big men of the town starts trouble with the hero and said hero knocks him in the dust. Pretty, dark-haired Fritzi Brunette played the beaten one's daughter, and Sylvia Ashton was in the picture, too.

I was sorry I didn't have more time to stay on the Lasky Ranch, because it was the most interesting place to me, but I had to say good-bye to Jack Holt and leave the much more thrilling wild "movie" West for the unwoolly West city.

The next Western location was more natural, though; it was Chatsworth Park, where Buster Keaton was working. Neither of those places lived up to what the names suggested to me. I thought Lasky Ranch was going to be a big Western farm, with a lot of cowboys, and that Chatsworth Park would have lakes and flower beds in it, but it didn't. I went out there with Buster Keaton's father and his leading lady, Virginia Fox. How would you feel if a car called for you and you found a typical Indian

maiden sitting in the back seat all dressed in full regalia with a black wig, beads, moccasins, and copper-colored skin—made to look that way by red grease paint? Well, it was somewhat of a shock at first, but she turned out to be a real nice little girl who used to play in the Mack Sennett comedies. On our way out

to location, we passed a truckload full of Indians on the road bound for the same place we were headed for. I wonder what the poor tourists thought when they met them on the way. They must have thought it looked so funny to see Indians herded in a truck.

Chatsworth Park is used a great deal for pictures, but the companies have to pay so much a day for the use of it. Remnants of huts that were built for "Man, Woman, Marriage" remained scattered over the rocks, but for the most part it is just natural, rugged, rocky country. They showed me one high rock where Buck Jones' horse had got crazed

Teddy's master stands just outside the camera lines and tells him what to do.



with the height and had jumped off to his destruction.

We went up a winding road and came to where the company was encamped. Scores of "Indians" were parading around looking as if they were ready to scalp somebody, but instead were eating watermelon. We had passed a great many farms—I mean ranches—on our way out whose fields were so loaded with melons that they let you take all you want. A stout Indian brought Miss Fox and me two big slices of juicy melon, and it was so cooling and delicious that we didn't mind if we did get ourselves all sticky.

Buster Keaton was rehearsing some scenes and burlesquing "Custer's Last Ride" when we came along. Mr. Keaton was the first comedian I had ever met, so I was very curious to see what he was

like off the screen. His face is every bit as sad and melancholy looking, but he laughs quite often, which he never does in pictures. He's rather reticent, but outside of that, to my surprise, he seemed to be just a natural young man. Somehow I had expected comedians to be awfully "different" from other people. His handsome police dog which Constance Talmadge gave him was with him.

I got another surprise as soon as Mr. Keaton started to work, for, all of a sudden he changed from being an ordinary sort of person into his funny screen self! I watched him with my mouth open, I guess. There was a high rock which he had to clamber over with the Indians chasing him. He attempts to cross over from that rock on a sort of suspension bridge which was only two cables and a few short boards which Buster had to take from behind him and lay in front of him before he could proceed. The Indians attempted to grab him, but he just managed to escape their reach, and they shouted and growled at him like regular savages. In his hurry to get the boards in place he half fell through, and did all sorts of funny tricks. Below the camera line, men were stationed underneath



Teddy is very friendly, but petting from any one else doesn't mean nearly so much to him as a kind word from his master.

to catch him in case he fell, as there were several sharp rocks which wouldn't have been particularly soft for even a comedian to fall on.

His director enjoyed it immensely—he just roared laughing at Buster, which rather surprised me, as I didn't think a comedian's company could get so much fun out of it, but they do apparently. When I see "The Paleface" from my theater seat, I'm going to watch particularly to see if the audience gets as much fun out of it as the whole company and I did when we watched Buster Keaton work that day out on location in Chatsworth Park.

The next location was on a private estate in Pasadena where so many millionaires have residences. I had never seen a company work on a location like this before, though I had often heard that they use private homes for garden scenes and the like.

Marie Prevost looks just like a great big doll.

It was Marie Prevost's company this time. We had a little difficulty in finding the particular residence, but luckily we just happened to spy Miss Prevost's car swinging into one of the driveways of a big place, so we followed her in. When I caught a glimpse of Marie as she stepped out of her car I forgot all about the beautiful estate. She was all dressed for the character in the most exquisite pair of pajamas and dressing gown. They usually have rooms in the houses for the players to use as a dressing room, but apparently they didn't here. My first impression of a bathing beauty certainly was not disillusioning. She looked just like a big doll, really! Her brown hair hung in ringlets all around her face and in curls over her shoulders; she has big, round, gray-blue eyes, a regular rosebud mouth, and a cute turned-up nose, and you know how she's built—so perfectly rounded and just a nice size. Marie Prevost is about the cutest thing I ever saw—except Bebe Daniels.

Oh, and I mustn't forget her costume, which was just ravishing. I noticed how it was made, and if all my girl friends and myself included haven't one just like it, it won't be my fault. Her pajamas were baby-blue crêpe de Chine, and she wore a dressing gown of the same shade, only of satin with wide, thin lace at the sleeves, and all around the collar, down the





It seemed ideal to be going around Chinatown with Priscilla Dean.

sides and at the bottom. There was a spray of tiny pink and blue rosebuds down the front at one side and over the pockets. She wore pink quilted satin Juliets with swan's-down around the tops.

"I only had one day to buy my costumes for this picture, and I had to shop all over town before I found anything to suit. This was the prettiest one I could find," she told me when I got through raving about it.

I noticed the rest of the company then. Roy Atwell was appearing before the camera, and I was rather startled to see T. Roy Barnes in a long white night-shirt, bedroom slippers, and a vivid plaid dressing gown. By this time I gathered they were going to take night scenes, which, as you probably know are often taken in daylight, the prints being tinted later on. There was another famous actor there. He was no other than Teddy, the Mack Sennett dog. His master and trainer, Joe Simpkins, was with him. I had often wondered just how they managed animals before the camera, and now I had a chance to see, as they were taking a scene with Teddy and Mr. Atwell.

Mr. Atwell was supposed to be walking through the garden at night, when, unaware of Teddy lying stretched out and asleep, he was to step on the dog's tail lying across the path. Teddy's master stood just outside of the camera lines, and when Mr. Atwell came along Teddy lay perfectly still and never moved until his master shouted "Jump, Teddy—now, bark—bark!" and

then Teddy sprang to his feet and carried out orders in full. Mr. Atwell was supposed to try to quiet him, but the dog's barking was to bring Miss Prevost and Mr. Barnes out in the garden to investigate. Though Mr. Atwell took especial care not to step on the dog's tail too hard, it was rehearsed several times, and I thought it remarkable that Teddy knew what was going to happen and never moved or fidgeted until told to do so. He is wonderfully devoted to his master, and doesn't take directions from any one but him. Petting from any of the rest of the company doesn't mean anything to Teddy so much as a kind word from his master.

Then I watched Miss Prevost work for a while, and when I asked her if she likes doing these pictures better than straight comedy she told me she likes it well enough, but hopes to do something more dramatic some day. Funny, how they all say that.

The estate they were using was a most palatial residence with beautiful secluded formal gardens. The rich people who own these estates rent out the grounds to the moving-picture companies for sometimes as much as twenty-five dollars a day, as they have formed some sort of society where they contribute all money earned this way and use it for charity.

I wonder whether any of these people are movie fans? If they are, I envy them their beautiful estates—don't you wish you had a beautiful residence in Pasadena so that maybe your favorite film star would come to your door with her company and ask to use your garden for a picture?

You wouldn't expect Priscilla Dean to use any of those other locations I had been to, so when she took me around to show me the kind of locations her pictures call for, I wasn't surprised to find myself in Chinatown. We called for Miss Dean at her very attractive little bungalow where she was waiting for us and all ready to go. I had been longing to meet Priscilla Dean because I love to be thrilled, and I imagined she would be a thrilling type of girl. She didn't disappoint me at all as we rode off for Los Angeles' Chinatown. I had half expected her to be a more or less bold, daring type of girl, so I was rather pleased to find her so gentle and ladylike. She is slim and very girlish in her manner and appearance. Priscilla in real life is the most charming young person with very bright, dark-brown eyes and hair, and that flashing smile you all know. She told me of how the Chinamen had chased the company with a gun when they were filming "Outside the Law," because some of the Chinese have a superstition about being photographed, and consequently it is often hard to take pictures in Chinatown.

When I told her of how wonderful I thought she was in "Reputation," she said that's the kind of picture she likes to do best.

"I might go over to Europe," she told me enthusiastically, "and make several pictures. Probably Mr. Oakman will be able to go with me." That's Wheeler Oakman, her husband, you know.

Chinatown in Los Angeles is the oldest part of the city, and it certainly looks it, for it is different from any other part of the town with the old ramshackle buildings and narrow streets. We were no sooner out of the car and the camera was set up than we were surrounded by Chinese boys and girls who collected from all corners, keeping shy of the camera, however, but curious to see them taking moving pictures, as they thought we were. A good many of them knew Priscilla Dean, I'm certain, for they have movie theaters down there, too. Even the shopkeepers came out of their stores to watch, and in no time we were sur-

rounded. It was rather a thrilling experience to be down Chinatown and hemmed in by Orientals—what if some Chinese Lon Chaney should pop out on us, I thought! But then I remembered I was with Priscilla Dean, and from her pictures I knew she could handle bad Orientals quite capably. Besides, as soon as we stepped within range of the camera they got out of the way. So if you want to run the chance of being chased with a gun, just level a camera at some Chinese and they'll disappear like magic out of your sight as fast as they can.

After I got over my timidity, it amused me greatly to see that gang of curious Chinese follow us all around, and as soon as the camera man would ask them to stand still so we could get a picture of them as background—they all scrambled out of range. Shopkeepers would scoot into their shops only to reappear as soon as the camera was turned away. Even the kiddies will dodge. Two little Chinese flappers who appeared very Americanized when asked to pose ran away giggling like the rest of them. To such a movie-struck fan as myself, it seemed the most ridiculous situation. Can you imagine American youngsters running away from having their picture taken with Priscilla Dean? We went around looking in the funny little shops and watching the Chinese children playing their queer games. Finally, after a great deal of bribing, an old Chinaman let us use the location of his shop for a picture.

There's one thing in favor of using Chinatown as a location. The camera men don't ever need to worry about the pedestrians getting in the way of the little black box. But I'm glad I'm not a Chinaman. I wouldn't want to miss the thrill of having my picture taken with Priscilla Dean for anything!

It was Bebe Daniels who gave me an adventure that was the most novel, in the way of location trips. Bebe took me out to sea with her and as I never had much experience as a sailor on the briny deep you can understand what a thrill *that* was! Besides that, there was the added thrill of meeting Bebe. All movie fans can

appreciate what it must be like actually to see her in real life.

"Of course, as soon as you get out to Hollywood you'll want to see Bebe Daniels, won't you?" everybody said before I left the East. Well, I would have been a queer fan if I didn't for what filmgoer doesn't worship at her shrine?

"Have you met Bebe Daniels yet? You must be sure to do so," said every movie star I met as soon as I arrived in Hollywood. This sort of talk, together with my own enthusiasm, had me so worked up that it was almost impossible for me to get the usual appreciation out of anything I did, so impatiently was I waiting for the time when I could see Bebe.

I was only in Hollywood a little over a week when the opportunity came to go along with her on location to take some boat scenes for her new picture. It was necessary to make a very early start as it took two hours to get to San Pedro where we were to board the boat. I don't know why they call that Los Angeles Harbor when it is so far away from the city itself and takes so long to get there. Two girls came along in the car that called for me. One was the script holder and the other girl was Bebe's hairdresser. Oh, how grand to be a star and even have your own hairdresser to go along and attend you everywhere!

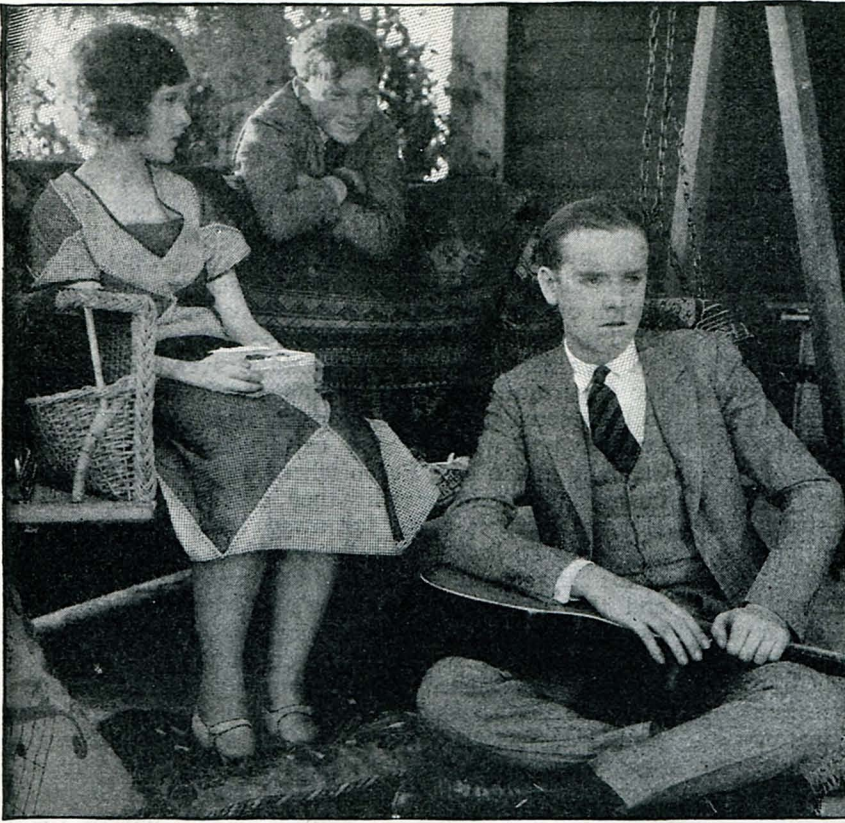
When we reached Wilmington, which is a short distance in the opposite direction from San Pedro, they were transferring a whole truck load of boxes to the boat which was quite a good-sized schooner. It was supposed to be a smugglers' ship, I learned. It was a boat used exclusively for moving-picture purposes and was rented out to all the different companies when their pictures called for schooners. But Bebe Daniels hadn't arrived yet, so I couldn't be interested in much of anything. And then her car drove up; and I was introduced to the same dark-eyed little Bebe we all know so well and to another good-looking, slender, dark lady who turned out to be Mrs. Daniels. They invited me to get into the car and sit between them until the boat

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They had to hold the cameras to keep them from being pitched over.

Oh, Boy!



Wesley Barry's grinning face is a welcome antidote for sentimental scenes.

I HATE that guy," Wesley Barry declared to me one day, pointing to a man across the table. "Some day I'm gonna be a director, so that I can fire everybody like him."

The man didn't seem greatly disturbed; he went on with his luncheon and talked amiably to the camera man near him.

"He's the assistant director," Wesley the obliging volunteered. "Every director has one so that there's some one around for the company to hate. Saves a lot of wear and tear on the director. He calls you early in the morning and does all the dirty work. Oh, how I hate him!"

"But how about the director?"

He gave me one withering glance. Those of you who have seen "Penrod" and remember the way he looks at Marjorie Daw know that distracted, don't-you-know-anything-at-all expression of his.

"Why the director's Mr. Neilan," he said with finality.

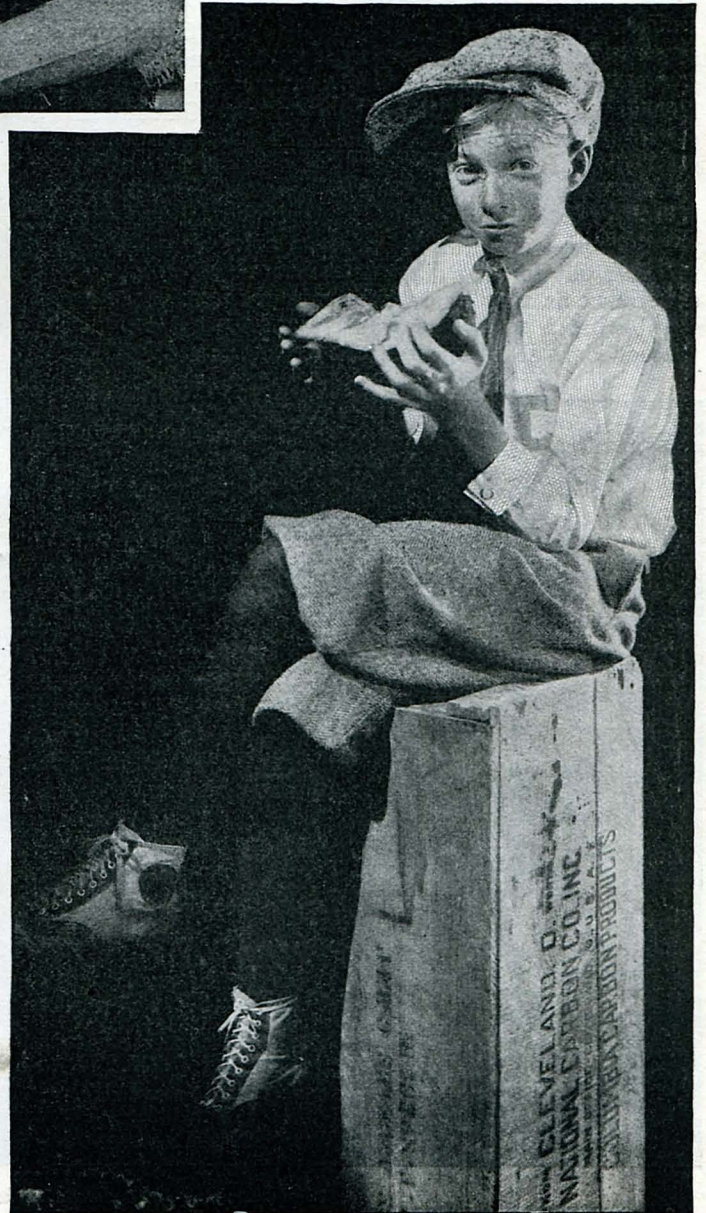
That settled it. You may have long admired Marshall Neilan's work, you may look on him as one of the most ingenious directors in the business, but until you have heard this twelve-year-old, freckled wonder speak of him you don't realize that he is the one perfect creation in a world that, seen even through the eyes of a boy who has had a sensationally successful career, is frequently wanting. Stumbling on that whole-souled devotion of his made me understand a little what it has meant to Wesley to play *Penrod* under his direction.

Marshall Neilan discovered Wesley Barry, you know, and has fostered his career every step of the way. He has kept an eye on his reading, seen to it that he got plenty of exercise and fresh air, and kept him playing with a crowd of boys in-

He isn't cunning little Wesley Barry anymore; he's a gawky, long-legged youngster, a real "Penrod."

stead of hanging around the actors and getting precocious and fresh. And the reward that has been promised Wesley through his years of hard work has been that he might some day play Booth Tarkington's *Penrod*.

If ever a part was made to fit an actor—or an actor born to fit a part—it would seem to be Wesley Barry and *Penrod*. But Mr. Neilan would not let him make the picture until hard training had fitted him for it, and until he had proved by playing the part on the speaking stage that he had really got inside the character. Even after that, the production was delayed for a while until Wesley should get more experience—and part of this



Of course that means Wesley Barry to all motion-picture fans.

By Helen Klumph

experience was gained when he was loaned by Marshall Neilan to make "School Days" for the Warner Brothers. When it was announced at the completion of "Penrod" that he was to be loaned again to make "From Rags to Riches" I recalled how Wesley felt about it the other time.

It was last year when the last scenes of "The Lotus Eaters" were being filmed, and Wesley's part was to be the comic relief to offset the heart-gripping love scene played by John Barrymore and Colleen Moore. He had to be mischievous, and above all else he had to be fairly bursting with joy. But he had just learned that he was not to return to Los Angeles with Mr. Neilan—that he had been loaned to another company. Sterling little actor as he is, he could not play that scene. He did it over and over again, but the smile on his face looked frozen. His feet were like lead when he tried to make them skip. "I'll get it this time, Mr. Neilan," he would say in an attempt at light-heartedness, but when he got on the set and tried to look happy he just couldn't.

They had to get that scene, and they had to get it right away, for the nearer the day for Mr. Neilan's departure came, the more doleful Wesley was. So the assistant director did the cruelest thing that could possibly have been done. He remarked casually, "By the way, Wes, did you know our plans were changed? You're going West with us."

"Whoop-ee." Wesley almost hit the ceiling. He rushed around under things and over things in his old way, swatting the assistant director on the back and then ducking past him, circling around the studio and back to Mr. Neilan. "Why didn't you tell me

He would much rather have a portrait taken like this than a nice, dressed-up one.



before?" he asked, his face wreathed in smiles. "Just watch me do that scene now. Oh, boy!"

He went on and did one of the most delicious bits of acting in his career. Over the rest of the company and particularly Mr. Neilan there fell a mantle of gloom. They hadn't realized until then the depth of the boy's de-

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None of the possibilities of Tarkington's famous story are overlooked in Wesley's characterization.

The Screen

Critical comments on recent
to the point

By Alison



The sets for "Mistress of the World," the German serial, are superb.

IS the old-fashioned serial coming back home where all will be forgiven? And if it does, will it find "Welcome" on the movie mat?

There was a time when no motion-picture program was complete without one of these death-defying thrillers with the "continued-in-our-next" ending. You know the kind—they usually left the hero hanging from a precipice by his teeth, holding the fainting heroine in one hand and strangling a boa constrictor with the other. The idea was that you must come again next week to learn how he extricated himself from this trying position. It's the same system that obtains in the continued magazine story, and these haven't shown any signs of waning popularity. But, aside from a few "perils" from Ruth Roland and a few more from Antonio Moreno, we haven't of late seen any of these masterpieces of suspense. And many of the first-class theaters long ago abandoned that form of film drama.

But now comes a superthriller from Germany to be run in what the producers hope will be four breathtaking installments. It has the ambitious title of "Mistress of the World." It was made originally in fifty-two reels, and it took a solid month to run it. (You know from the Wagner "Ring" how the Germans love to take their amusement in solid chunks which last forever.) Over here the reels have been cut down to a mere four weeks—running one section a week. I have seen only the first section, so the element of suspense will be strong in this review as well as the picture, for I don't know how the heroine or hero will get out of

their difficulties any more than you do.

The scene opens in Canton, China, where you are introduced to a beautiful slave girl. In addition to ropes and ropes of golden hair she possesses a mystic amulet which is none other than a lost treasure of Solomon. With the hero—who is either an Englishman or a Dane, I forget which—she escapes to Africa where they find the lost city of Ophir, very wild and woolly and inhabited by a lost tribe of white men.

Right here things, which have been dragging a bit, begin to happen. The natives are about to murder the girl, but they find the amulet about her neck, discover it is one of their own sacred charms, and change their minds. Moreover she has golden hair just like their own pet goddess. Meanwhile a negro tribe gets the bright idea of making a human sacrifice of the hero. But being good sports—and also according to their custom—they permit him first to engage in a wrestling match with one of their gang. He wins, and they throw him into prison which isn't so good, but is better than acting as leading man in the human-

sacrifice rites. Now it happens that another Englishman, years ago, had installed a wireless plant in the Lost City; through this the hero manages to signal to a newspaper office in London. A dauntless crew sets out in aeroplanes to rescue our travelers, but just as they land—and here the fade-out! Next week "The Fatal Amulet!"

As you see, this is the sort of thing Rider Haggard used to weave so vividly. The movement is not so rapid as it might be, and sometimes the action drags, but when things begin to happen they go like greased lightning. And the sets are superb! Never have I seen such vast pictures—huge and solid—you almost believe in the Lost City and that it has been there for untold centuries. They could give our own directors a lesson in removing the flimsy look of the studio set. The acting is good enough, what there is of it, for you must admit that it doesn't take much acting to get into fatal difficulties all the time and let the scenario writer rescue you. Mia May is the girl; she is pretty and agile—she has to be agile—and her golden hair impressed me as much as it did the natives. The director's name is Joe May. The Oracle will tell you he is her brother. As for Mia May, you probably know that she is considered one of Europe's leading screen players.

I can't of course judge the entire picture by this installment, but I can say that I like the sample. It is fantastic, imaginative, and beautifully photographed, and has in addition the irresistible charm of far-off lands and peoples.

in Review

productions which are clear, straight and dependable.

Smith

"A Doll's House."

With this picture we get out of the opium-pipe dreams and down to the human facts of realism. For the play was written by that wise old Norwegian who still remains the master of realism—Henrik Ibsen. James Gibbon Huneker said, "Ibsen understood souls, but he did not understand the box office." This has been partially true of the stage, which has not made a financial success of Ibsen. It remains to be seen how the screen audiences are to receive a genuine Ibsen drama told without any compromise with movie traditions.

For this is the best Ibsen transference we have ever seen on the screen and also, to my mind, the best Nazimova picture—if you except "Out of the Fog." The story of the husband and wife who lived merrily together without a glimmer of understanding until the catastrophe, has been unfolded with sympathy and restraint which places Charles Bryant—the star's husband—in the front rank of directors. It was a hard thing to do and often he must have been tempted to twist the plot a bit—to tack on a happy ending instead of having *Nora* walk out and bang the door. But he stuck to his guns and Nazimova stuck with him. Her picture of the restless, twittering girl-wife suddenly awakened to wisdom and maturity is one of the memorable events of the screen year.

If you like Nazimova you should enjoy this picture, though I should warn you that it lacks the exotic atmosphere on which so much of the appeal of the early Nazimova productions rested. If you like Ibsen I can assure you that you won't have your sensibilities shocked by a cheap movie version. If you like them both—as I do—you should enjoy yourself thoroughly. But don't make the mistake of the old lady who took a party of children to see the play because "A Doll's House" sounded like such a jolly little show, just the thing for the kiddies.

Those who like both Nazimova and Ibsen should find complete satisfaction in "A Doll's House."



William Farnum is badly miscast in "A Stage Romance."

"Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?"

I didn't know what on earth to make of this thing, and, if any of my readers do know, I wish they would write in and tell



me. I saw it several weeks ago and have worried about it ever since, and to this day and minute I haven't the foggiest idea whether the producer intends me and you and the rest of us to take it seriously.

It is a tale about the boy alone in the wicked city and the mother with her light in the window and the robbed bank and the rescued prison warden and the home-once-more finish. It might be a burlesque of "Turn to the Right," or it might be a serious attempt to make another "Over the Hill" picture. Perhaps the director thought the sophisticated fans would laugh and the sentimental fans would sob, and he would clean up from both angles. I presume, however, that any one who could take the title seriously will take the picture and story seriously and enjoy it hugely. Cullen Landis is the wandering boy, and Virginia True Boardman is the suffering mother. Among other things it has a magnificent railroad wreck. But, taken altogether, to me it is the prize puzzle picture of the season.

"Red Hot Romance."

There is no doubt about the burlesque in this picture, however, and very amusing burlesque it is, too. They do say that the play of this jazzed melodrama was once written seriously for Douglas Fairbanks. But it got shelved somehow and "years later," as the subtitles say, John Emerson and Anita Loos got hold of it. What "The Tavern" is to the inn melodramas and what "Captain Applejack" is to the pirate yarns, this tale is to the "Graustark" school of romance where the clean-cut specimen of American manhood gets stuck in a hostile little island and proceeds to show how superior he is to any other kind of hero. This kingdom's name is "Bunkonia," which gives you an idea of the plot. Needless to say it is carried over chiefly by the glorious titles of Miss Loos.

"A Stage Romance."

In my favorite old chophouse, right over the table where I like to sit, is a photograph of Edmund Kean. His face is thin and moody and interesting, and he suggests a number of romantic things—none of which is associated in the faintest degree with William Farnum. That is one of the reasons why I resent Mr. Farnum in the rôle of this great English actor who is the hero of this Drury Lane romance. And if he doesn't look like Edmund Kean offstage, he looks still less like Edmund Kean playing Shakespeare behind the footlights. If there is anything funnier than Mr. Farnum as *Hamlet* it is Mr. Farnum as *Romeo*. I find this par-

ticularly irritating because I admire Bill Farnum in the right rôles—his *Jean Valjean* in "Les Misérables" was an unforgettable characterization. But *Edmund Kean!* And *Romeo* and *Hamlet!* "A Stage Romance" was a cruel error.

"The Ruling Passion."

Again the suave and affable George Arliss in a suave and thoroughly amusing comedy. He appears as a tired business man who is weary of amassing millions and decides to take a rest cure. But the only thing that occurs to him is to go to work again; this time as the owner of a humble garage. His double life—the weary rich man in his palatial home, the busy mechanic thoroughly happy in overalls and automobile grease—is a joy to follow, there is a smile ironic or otherwise in every moment of it. Doris Kenyon plays the pretty daughter without which a movie millionaire could not possibly appear.

"Boomerang Bill."

I don't know how you feel about Lionel Barrymore, but personally, I'll go to see him in any old kind of a play. This isn't merely matinée-idol worship, though I'll confess that he is my idea of what a really good-looking man looks like. But his skill in handling even the most ordinary sort of a rôle seems to me absorbingly interesting.

He needs all this—and perhaps a bit more—in "Boomerang Bill." It is the old, old tale of the crook who reforms and then goes back for one more porch-climbing expedition for the sake of a girl. There is the prison, the release, and the Enoch-Arden scene through the window where he sees the girl happily married to an-

other man. I have often wondered why the producers waste one of the greatest stars we have on bunk like this. It was Lionel Barrymore himself who answered this query in the interview with him published in the *MARCH PICTURE-PLAY*. But despite his very clear explanation, I still think it is a pity.

"Moran of the Lady Letty."

This is a Frank Norris sea story abounding in salt air and waves and hearties who shiver their timbers. Dorothy Dalton and Rodolph Valentino romp over the decks at top speed and seem thoroughly to enjoy their rescue from evening clothes. For Dorothy—usually so dressy—wears a short skirt, a sweater, and a tam, while Rodolph rejoices in so'westers and only appears once in his traditional soup-and-fish. It's a rough yarn of



"Glass Houses," with Viola Dana, is just another "Cinderella" story.

"The Sea Wolf" order, but quite entertaining. There is one fight, with the hero and villain swung far out on the yardarm of the rigging—which alone is worth the admission price. And also it is novel and amusing to see both of these correct stars of society stuff having such a good time roughing it.

"The Prodigal Judge."

In this film Maclyn Arbuckle gives a perfect picture of Vaughan Kester's genial old character, *Judge Slocum Price*. This characterization is the best part of a very interesting, if somewhat stereotyped tale of Tennessee. It is full of faithful dusky servants, Mississippi River boats, "befo' the wah" characters, and Southern belles. Jean Paige, as the heroine, is kept busy worrying about fortune hunters most of the time, and is not called upon for so very much acting. But the old judge is the real thing. And the wind up is almost as thrilling as the one in "Way Down East."

By the way, I hope no one will fuss as the lady did behind me, about which Arbuckle was playing the rôle. She nearly collapsed when she saw the name on the screen. This one is Maclyn, not "Fatty," and he gives an excellent performance.

"The Grim Comedian."

Another stage play by Rita Weiman. There isn't any one writing to-day who can give a more vivid, and at the same time a more genuine picture of the fascinating life which goes on back-stage. Unfortunately in this story Frank Lloyd, the director, has let his sense of melodrama run away with him. We are quite sure Miss Weiman didn't write any of those wild scenes where a stage mother rushes in to shoot her old lover because he sent flowers to her daughter. The really strong bit of work was done by Jack Holt who made the villain so human and likable that all moral standards were reversed.

"Julius Cæsar."

This picture is a study in antiquity in more ways than one. Aside from its background of Rome, B. C., it is an example of a very ancient era in film lighting and direction. It is an Italian film which has evidently been laid aside to grow old and mellow. But, alas, time does not have the same



"Moran of the Lady Letty" gives us Valentino and Dorothy Dalton in a rough background.

effect on celluloid that it has on Italian wines. For all that, its elaborate scenes are not without interest, if it is only the interest of comparison. There are solemn pictures—half absurd, half impressive of the Senate in session, of the fighting Gauls and of Cæsar's legions crossing the Rubicon. The historic struggle for power in which Sulla, Pompey, and Cæsar were involved, was presented as more or less of a commonplace poli-

Doris Kenyon appears with George Arliss in "The Ruling Passion," a thoroughly amusing comedy.

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Romances of Famous Film Folk

Informal—unconventional—and full of good fun, just as you might expect, is the love story of Douglas MacLean and Faith Cole.

By Grace Kingsley

WE'RE married, but we've never been introduced!"

"No, he just sort of picked me up!"

But let me stop this shocking business right here.

In the first place, Mrs. Douglas MacLean is very pretty, very girlish, very chic, and can say things like that last remark. In the second place, he is the son of a Baptist clergyman, is Douglas MacLean, and contrary to the old saw about clergymen's sons, he's the most blameless and correct individual imaginable; while she is the daughter of Grant Fremont Cole, for many years speaker of the New York State Assembly, and the two live right up to the best traditions of their families.

Not that the MacLeans go in at all for society, though with their connections they might easily do so. But Douglas is much too busy with his work as a Thomas H. Ince star, and Mrs. MacLean had so much of society life when she was a girl that she grew heartily weary of it.

That, in fact, was how she came to meet Douglas MacLean, for, tiring of pink teas, Faith Cole decided she would attend dramatic school, just to kill time.

Just about that time, Doug MacLean, who was engaged in the bond business in Philadelphia, took a vacation, and went to New York, whence he expected to sail to Europe with a friend. But the friend's father died, and the trip was given up.

While he was

in New York MacLean met Daniel Frohman, who encouraged him to go on the stage. At the end of his first season, John Emerson—then a stage director—suggested that he go to Sargent's Dramatic School, and that, you see, was the hand of fate, or Cupid, if you prefer.

"There's nothing about our romance in that!" urged Mrs. MacLean, when we had gone that far, as we were chatting one night out on the terrace of the MacLeans' pretty Hollywood home. She looked very piquant as she said it, with the light from the Japanese lantern falling on her face.

"Ah, I'm just heightening the suspense!" smiled her husband. "Besides, I never knew you through junior year, you know. When senior year came, I decided to go back—I wanted to find out whether Alma and Olive Tell were coming back, so I went over to school. And there in the elevator I saw Faith! She looked very pretty that day. I remember the dress she had on. But she never even noticed me."

"After that my sweet husband would be standing out on the corner smoking a cigarette, and finally—" put in his wife.

"Oh, you are away ahead of the story," interrupted Doug. "So I went up to the office floor, where the students were waiting to see some of the professors, and pretty soon along the hall came Faith. I looked at her and she looked at me. Then I went and said to Frank Morgan, 'Who is that girl?' He answered, 'That's Miss Cole. Haven't you met her? She is going to be in our class.' She went out just then, so I didn't have a chance to meet her. 'Foiled again!' I said to my-

self.
'Better luck next time.'

The winds of adversity have not touched the Douglas MacLean family.



"I had met about everybody else, but nobody ever introduced me to Miss Cole. But finally we were cast in a play together. So you see I made love to her without ever being introduced to her."

"Sort of picked me up, as it were," suggested Mrs. MacLean, with a twinkle.

"The day of the first rehearsal Faith smiled and said 'Good morning!'" Doug went on. "I acknowledged her greeting with alacrity, and told her, 'I am cast to play opposite you!' Faith merely said, 'Are you?' She didn't seem a bit excited over the news. Then the stage director came over and called us to rehearse. So I found myself making impassioned speeches to a lady I had never been introduced to! I read them out of a book, too, which made it all the worse. The production went on, and we were very good in it, I know that, especially the love scenes! Eh, Faith? Then we did 'Hedda Gabler' together. We got to kidding at rehearsals. I'd say, 'Pistols, Hedda?' as if I were inquiring, 'Ice cream, Hedda?' So they wouldn't put us in plays together any more. Rotten luck, we thought it was!"

At a special school matinee MacLean appeared in "The Island of Broken Hearts," all dressed up in green tights, and Maude Adams who was in the professional audience sent for him to play a rôle in "The Legend of Leonora," which she was then casting.

The romance between Douglas MacLean and Faith Cole went merrily on.

"We started out for 'life study' as they called it at school," said Mrs. MacLean. "But we studied each other principally, I guess. We went together three months, and then he proposed."

Mrs. MacLean smiled in the soft darkness. One caught a gleam of it by the light of the match Doug lit to light his cigarette, along with the look they gave each other. A very real love mating this, founded on understanding, congeniality, character, and fineness of soul. So far the winds of adversity have touched them lightly, so there's been no severe test. One is glad of this, that their life has been smooth sailing. Their darkest hours were during several long months in California, when Mrs. MacLean was an invalid.

"I was taking her home from the theater one night, and I proposed in a taxicab. I told the driver to drive us around in the park for a while. I had been rehearsing proposals to myself for days, but I never said a thing when the time came that I had intended saying! I even had planned things to say if I was refused. But I wasn't."

"The first time I ever kissed Faith? On the stage! We were so glad we had that scene? At any rate I was, and Faith has admitted since that she was, too."

"Our parents didn't object greatly, though Father Cole did think it his duty to make a mild remonstrance. But we won him over."

"I was playing in Maude Adams' company, and Faith insisted on being married on a Wednesday—said it was her lucky day. The trouble with Wednesday for me was that, besides rehearsal and evening performance, I also had a matinee. But I was finished at the end of the first act, so to please Faith I consented. We went out to her home on Long Island, where my father married us, and her father gave her away, and then I had to hurry back for my evening performance. I had a busy day that day! We kept our marriage from the company, but one of the boys that evening kept singing at me, 'Good-by, boys, I'm ready to be married!'"



Mrs. MacLean doesn't care to mix into her husband's business affairs, but in everything else they play together.

And Miss Adams would smile in an odd little way every time we met. I didn't know why. We had been married very quietly so that the papers wouldn't get the story, but they did get it somehow, and Faith telephoned me that evening right after the show, 'Have you seen the afternoon papers? They've got the most awful picture of me!' That seemed to be the only thing that was troubling her—that her picture wasn't good! The fact that the papers said, 'Miss Faith Cole marries an actor,' and that that was about all they did say about me, didn't worry her in the least!"

The MacLeans went to Pittsfield, Massachusetts, at the end of the run of the Maude Adams play, where Doug went into stock at thirty-five dollars a week.

"My salary was to have been thirty dollars," said Doug. "It was Wallace Worsley who was managing

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Here is Doug as he will appear in the character of Robin Hood, with Enid Bennett who is to be his leading lady. Mary, apparently, would like to take Miss Bennett's place.

What the Headliners are Doing.

MARY PICKFORD and Douglas Fairbanks have bought the Hampton studio and will use it as the future home of all family productions. Marshall Neilan will probably direct "Tess" for Miss Pickford, and Alan Dwan has been engaged for the next Fairbanks picture. It was Neilan who directed Mary in "Madame Butterfly," and it was Dwan who was responsible for many of Fairbanks' early successes. Again the old favorites are combining forces.

It has been a lazy winter in Hollywood. Some blame it on the climate; others on atmospheric conditions prevailing throughout the country. Neither Mary nor Douglas has worked since coming back from Europe, and Charlie Chaplin has been another prominent man about town. But his studio has been deserted. Anita Stewart has finished her last picture for Louis B. Mayer and Katherine MacDonald is also held up on production, and is enjoying a pleasant vacation.

Nazimova goes right ahead. She has completed "A Doll's House" and is now appearing in "Salome." The settings, designed by Natasha Rambova, are remarkably beautiful. The costumes have been copied from the drawings by

Patsy Ruth Miller is appearing in a Tom Mix picture—but not in this costume.



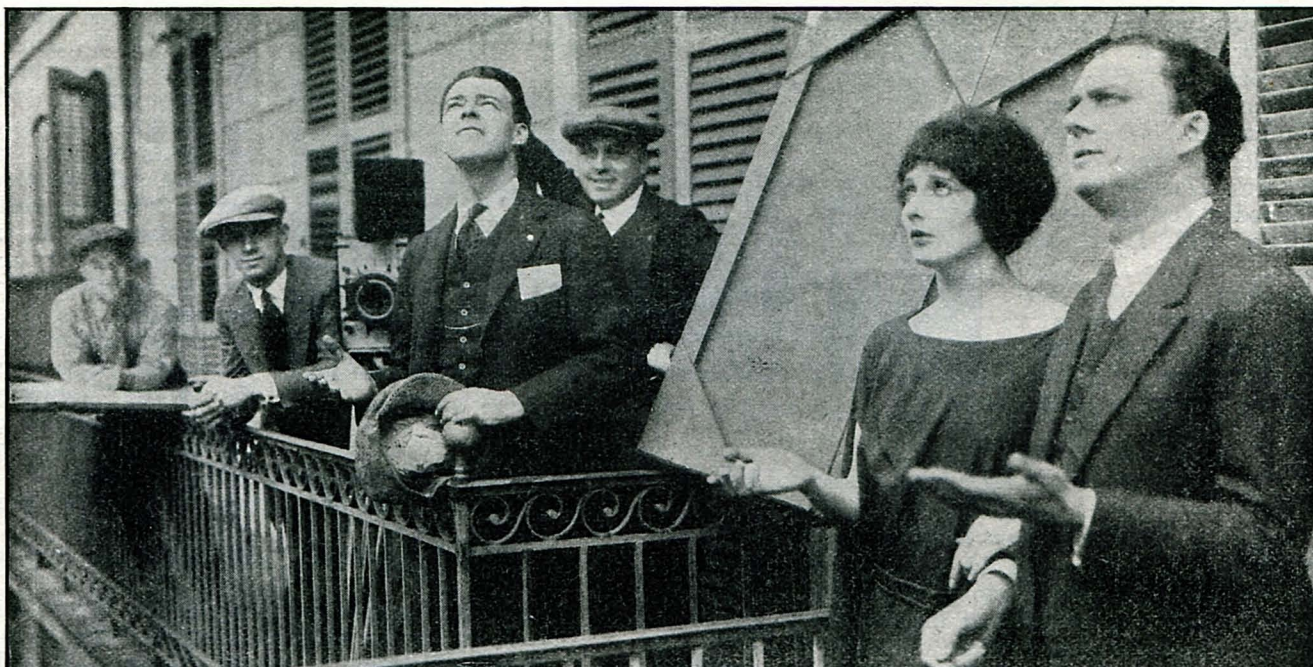
The News Reel

Aubrey Beardsley. The critics will like them. And what will the censors say? Mitchell Lewis and Nigel De Brulier are playing in "Salome" while Charles Bryant is directing, assisted, of course, by Nazimova.

Again that Popular Tune.

Pauline Frederick's marriage to Doctor Charles Alton Rutherford was a surprise even to her best friends. Up to the very day that Willard Mack married Mrs. Bebe Stone there were rumors that Pauline and Willard would make up and marry again. The divorced couple were said to be on fairly friendly terms. Miss Frederick's new marriage has all the elements of a genuine romance. About twenty years ago in Boston, when she was still Miss Beatrice Libby and just a schoolgirl, Miss Frederick met Doctor Rutherford, then a young medical student. He wanted to marry her. But Miss Frederick went on the stage and had a brilliant professional career and two unhappy matrimonial ventures. Her first husband was Frank M. Andrews, an architect. And some years later she married Willard Mack.

As for Doctor Rutherford, he left Boston and went to Seattle. But he did not forget his first love. For many years he didn't see Miss Frederick. Last winter when he came to Los Angeles he called on her and found her the same charming girl he had loved as a boy. Three days later they were married. The wedding was a quiet one with only Louise Dresser and her husband Jack Gardner as attendants. No one knew anything about it until Doctor Rutherford appeared at the Robertson-Cole studios and let the secret be known. The studio orchestra played the wedding march and there was a rush of congratulations. As it happened, Willard Mack was playing in vaudeville in Los Angeles that week, and so I suppose he did the polite thing and wished the bride luck and happiness. Anyway, Miss Frederick is very happy. After finishing her picture,



It's an anxious time for a director who, while working on a close schedule, takes a company from New York to New Orleans for location, and finds it raining on his arrival. This happened to Kenneth Webb recently while filming "Fair Lady" with Betty Blythe.

The latest news about the players, and of their doings in and out of the studios.

By Agnes Smith

she and Doctor Rutherford took a honeymoon trip through the Grand Cañon.

Some Results of the Late Upheaval.

The murder of William Desmond Taylor stirred Hollywood more than the public realizes. Mr. Taylor was a popular and respected man, and until he was shot down in his apartment he had not figured in the colony gossip. And then the deluge of unfavorable publicity descended upon Hollywood and the film world in general. It was unfortunate that the names of Mabel Normand and Mary Miles Minter were brought into the case. When Joseph Elwell was killed in New York, the names of any women who happened to know him, and whom the police, at first, might have thought to be concerned, were not made public.

But the killing of Taylor seemed to furnish a good excuse for crying out, "Another movie scandal!" despite the fact that those who knew him at the studio declared that he was a decent, quiet, and cultured gentleman. Every amateur and professional reformer in the world seems bent on cleaning up the morals of the movie folk; as for the movie folk, they are determined to stand together and defend themselves against malicious and uncalled for attacks on their private lives.

The Screen Writers Guild was one of the first organizations to see the need of a better understanding with the public. Many of its members are men of international reputation who happen to be living in Hollywood. They feel that the public doesn't know the true situation and that the respectable persons who earn their living in the movies are being classed with the undesirables. Of course, there are undesirables. The movie people realize this better than the reformers and the producers are taking drastic steps to keep them out of the studios. A year will see some big changes in the studios, brought about by the companies themselves.

Shortly after the Taylor murder the Screen Writers Guild held a meeting, and the organization pledged itself to answer all unfair and unwarranted attacks on motion pictures. It also pledged itself to see that all excuses for these attacks should be done away with. The silly gossip parties of Hollywood must go, and the writers have promised to work with the Women's Clubs and the civic authorities in Los Angeles to put a stop to the wholesale slanders that are circulated about the movies. Some of those who were prominent at the Mathis, Elinor Glyn, Eve Unsell, Julien Josephson, meeting were: Frank Woods, Jeanie Macpherson, June Thompson Buchanan, Louis Sherwin, Alan Dwan, Lois Zellner, Rob Wagner, Albert Shelby Le Vino, Beulah Marie Dix, Frances Harmer, and Helen Christine Bennett.

Congratulations!

Big celebration at Mixville. Kyootin', shootin', singin', and dancin'. What for? Tom Mix, the boss of one of the few wild and woolly towns left in California, is the father of a daughter, Thomasina Mix.



Pauline Frederick's girlhood sweetheart found her the same charming person he had loved twenty years before.

Thomasina's mother is Victoria Forde Mix. Do you remember her? She used to act in Tom's pictures.

William S. Hart is not a bit jealous. They do say that Mrs. Hart—who was Winifred Westover—well, anyway, Bill Hart just smiles.

Speaking of vital statistics, Elinor Glyn is a grandmother. Hollywood's best dancer and most indefatigable worker is proud of it.

"It's wonderful," she says. "It gives me such a legitimate excuse to dance."

A Word About Directors.

Cecil B. De Mille and Paul Iribe, his art director, have returned from their trip to Europe. Poor Mr. De Mille made the last half of his journey in an ambulance. He acquired a bad case of inflammatory rheumatism in Paris and left the train at Pasadena because he was too ill to face the reporters that gathered at the depot in Los Angeles. And that means that he was really sick. Production on "Manslaughter" will be delayed until he gets better.

William De Mille left for New York before beginning work on a screen version of "Nice People." In the title rôle will be Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, and Wanda Hawley. By the time this magazine reaches you, Bebe may be married to Jack Dempsey. Then again, she may not.

Noah Beery is a screen devil and a home angel. Why are all villains model husbands and fathers? However, Noah, Jr. springs this on his dad.

"Do you know how I know when breakfast is ready? When I hear the coffee boiling over on the floor and when I smell the toast burning, then I know that dad has finished cooking."

One of the most popular pastimes of writers for the fan magazines is prophesying who will comprise the next crop of stars. Now come the Hollywood press agents, headed by Arch Reeve, president of their association, to offer us their list of the most promising among the girls. They say they are betting on Colleen Moore, Lois Wilson, Claire Windsor, Jacqueline Logan, Helen Ferguson, Louise Lorraine, Mary Philbin, Kathryn McGuire, Patsy Ruth Miller, Maryon Aye, Pauline Starke, and Bessie Love.

How about it—do you agree with the press agents, or would you make some different selections?

The Troubles of a Star.

The ladies coo with delight at the sight of a dear little child on the screen, but there was little cooing on the Lasky lot during the film-



Though Chaplin has long been back, his studio is still deserted.



The depression doesn't seem to be bothering Rex Ingram; having completed "The Prisoner of Zenda" he is about to film "Black Orchids," and then "Toilers of the Sea," all of which are to be big spectacular productions.

ing of "The Proxy Daddy." Thomas Meighan says that hereafter all members of his cast must be over eighteen years of age, and Al Green, the director, swears that he would rather take charge of the whole Selig zoo than be responsible for five children.

The presence of two red-headed twins upset the entire company. One of the boys ran up on the scaffolding of

a set and began to make faces at the director.

"Come down," yelled Mr. Green, "you'll break your neck."

"Say," shouted the angel, "you come up and make me!"

And later the two boys got into a fight. It was just a little argument as to who was the better actor. Mr. Green was asked to act as referee. To settle the dispute, he picked one twin.

"Yuh," sneered his brother, "that's just what you think. And who are you?"

"Only think," said Mr. Meighan, "I asked Edward Peple to write this story for me. I wanted to play in a picture with some children. But after two weeks on location with this gang, I lost ten pounds and aged ten years. Never again!"

Marie Prevost also had her troubles in trying to take charge of a nursery. Twenty babies took a much too active part in some of the scenes for "Kissed."

"They're pretty good," explained Miss Prevost, "but King Baggot and I have to take two hours off every day while the actors and actresses take their naps. But of course when they all start crying at once, we just take to the back lot and wait until the row is over."

The little brothers of the famous are branching out. George Stewart, brother of Anita, is going to be starred in Christie comedies. And Chandler, brother of Marjorie Daw, wants to leave military school and become an actor. Marjorie can't stop him because he is too big, but she had fondly hoped to send him to Harvard and educate him to become a dramatic critic.

Rupert Hughes went to New York, and social life in the West Coast whirl nearly came to a standstill. But he is coming back—oh,

goody, goody—to start production at the Goldwyn studios on "The Bitterness of Sweets." And, by the way, put "Remembrance" and "Come On Over" on your list as pictures worth seeing. Both stories were written by Mr. Hughes, and the author himself directed "Remembrance."

A Hothouse Star

Here is no tale of early struggles, of vaulting ambition. Its languorous course defies every copybook convention except the one that "you can't keep a good thing down."

By Barbara Little

THE man who said we have no leisure class in America had never met Corinne Griffith. She is our national orchid; she bears no more resemblance to the hurrying, scurrying life of America—and particularly the motion-picture studios—than a Corot landscape does to a slapstick comedy. One never thinks of Corinne doing anything; she just is. And, knowing that, you have the key to her unique personality and unfailing allurements. Somehow she manages to make pictures, but no one knows how, for Corinne is never flurried, never frantically trying to acquire some new grace or achievement to fit the demands of a part, never oppressed by business worries as other stars are. Fate, or whoever the director of those things is, has always provided for her, and she is calm in the quiet assurance that fate always will.

Let the vim, vigor, and victory chorus assemble and sing praises to the stars who are "Just regular girls;" I rejoice to have found one who couldn't be like the rank and file of humanity if she tried. She is the living opposite of the "Do it now!" philosophy, a constant refreshing bit of beauty who never forces upon you the idea that she can be practical, too. And because she is like that, and because she has been amazingly successful in spite of it, I always want to know her better than I do, as I am sure you will, too.

It was one of those dripping cold days when all New York seemed to have flocked on the streets just for the sport of bumping each other's umbrellas that I made my way toward the fashionable Hotel des Artistes to have tea with Corinne Griffith. I wanted to see some one utterly comfortable, some one lolling in front of a cheerful fire in a heap of luxurious cushions, and I was sure that Corinne would be. She was; she never disappoints.

"Don't you ever have any troubles—don't you ever have to make any sacrifices for your work—aren't you ever oppressed?" I asked her. The clammy rain outside had affected my disposition, and the sight of Corinne daintily serving tea and an amazing concoction of cake and whipped cream hadn't yet lulled me into inarticulateness.



Photo by Kenneth Alexander

Corinne Griffith is a constant refreshing bit of beauty who never forces upon you the idea that she can be practical too.

"The troubles never last. They don't affect me because I always know that some one will come along and end them," she told me languorously. "Who do you suppose saved me from the last disaster that threatened me?"

There were several men whose names came readily to my lips, her director first among them.

"It was Mae Murray," she went on drowsily. "When I heard that I was to go to California to work, I felt as though I couldn't stand it. I went in to see her—her apartment is just around the corridor, you know—and asked her advice, and she settled the whole thing for me. She is so clever; she saw right away how it would be cheaper for the company to keep me working here, so of course I knew when I explained that to them they would let me stay."

"This is my home, and I am so accustomed to the

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WHAT THE FANS THINK



From An Opera Star—Who's Also a Fan.

I WONDER if it ever occurs to other motion-picture fans that behind the footlights there are many motion-picture fans who are just as enthusiastic as those who have never seen a studio or a stage, save from a seat in the audience. As I read the letters each month in your "What the Fans Think" department, I am surprised that no one mentions this, and so on the chance that our point of view may be as interesting to the other fans as their views are to us, I will tell you a little about us.

A few years ago when I was touring the country with an opera company I noticed that our *première danseuse* bought a copy of a picture magazine. Later I observed that several members of the company were reading them, and occasionally I heard them talking over the various interviews and articles they had read.

"Isn't that great?" our leading baritone remarked flourishing a picture of Wallace Reid's home, showing him and his wife romping on the lawn with their little boy. "That boy's headed right; no touring for him. No matter how hard he has to work he comes home at night—not to some third-rate hotel."

In a short time I was as enthusiastic as any of them. I read with the keenest interest about the pictures that were being made and the people who were making them, and from the reviews I picked out the pictures I would want to see. The only thing I didn't like about the fan magazines has disappeared now, from yours at least. I didn't like them when the reviewers raved about stars instead of telling what they are really like. But now your writers are all delightfully frank.

I didn't appreciate what remarkable powers of discernment this required in your interviewers until just recently. In "The Chocolate Soldier" company in which I am playing there are many girls who also act in pictures. You should hear their comments as they read your interviews with stars with whom they have played.

"I've played with her"—mentioning the name of a prominent star—"in four pictures, and I couldn't have told that well about her," is a comment that is frequently made. And more than once I've seen them rush through Fanny the Fan's account of her doings to see if there was any mention there of people they know.

We live most of the time in New York—we are of the theater—and yet I am sure we read about motion pictures and motion-picture folk with every bit as much interest as the people to whom the whole art of acting is a mystery.

MILDRED ROGERS.

Century Theater, New York City.

A Warning for Cecil De Mille.

I wish Cecil De Mille would stop making superfeatures, and get down to something more human. His pictures breed discontent in young girls and even married women, and make them dissatisfied with themselves, their homes, and their surroundings. I know, because I'm a young girl, seventeen to be exact, and I know how many young girl feels after seeing one of De Mille's "Husband-and-Wife" fashion pictures.

ALICE R. SHEA.

No. 3 Darcy Street, Hartford, Connecticut.

A Tribute That We Appreciate.

I want to express my appreciation of the clever and interesting article on John Barrymore in the February issue.

It rings true. The author realizes the value of "building a monument of enduring wonder and charm" from fact and not from exaggerated gossip and hearsay. The truth about any one who has accomplished big things, in the hands of one who has eyes to see is always more romantic and interesting than any amount of

sugar-coated nonsense. To my mind "John the Magnificent" and PICTURE-PLAY have gained by the article.

It is a pleasure to find a magazine like yours which deals with the lives and personalities of people the public loves to hear about.

Chicago.

PHYLLIS WAINWRIGHT.

Too Many Recruits From the Chorus.

We are constantly hearing the cry "What's the matter with the movies? Why are there so few good films?"

The reason is that most of the producers and directors are going to the wrong source for their "new faces." Getting new players is all right. Variety is the spice of life, we know, but why do all these so-called clever and capable men nearly always go to the Follies to get their new material?

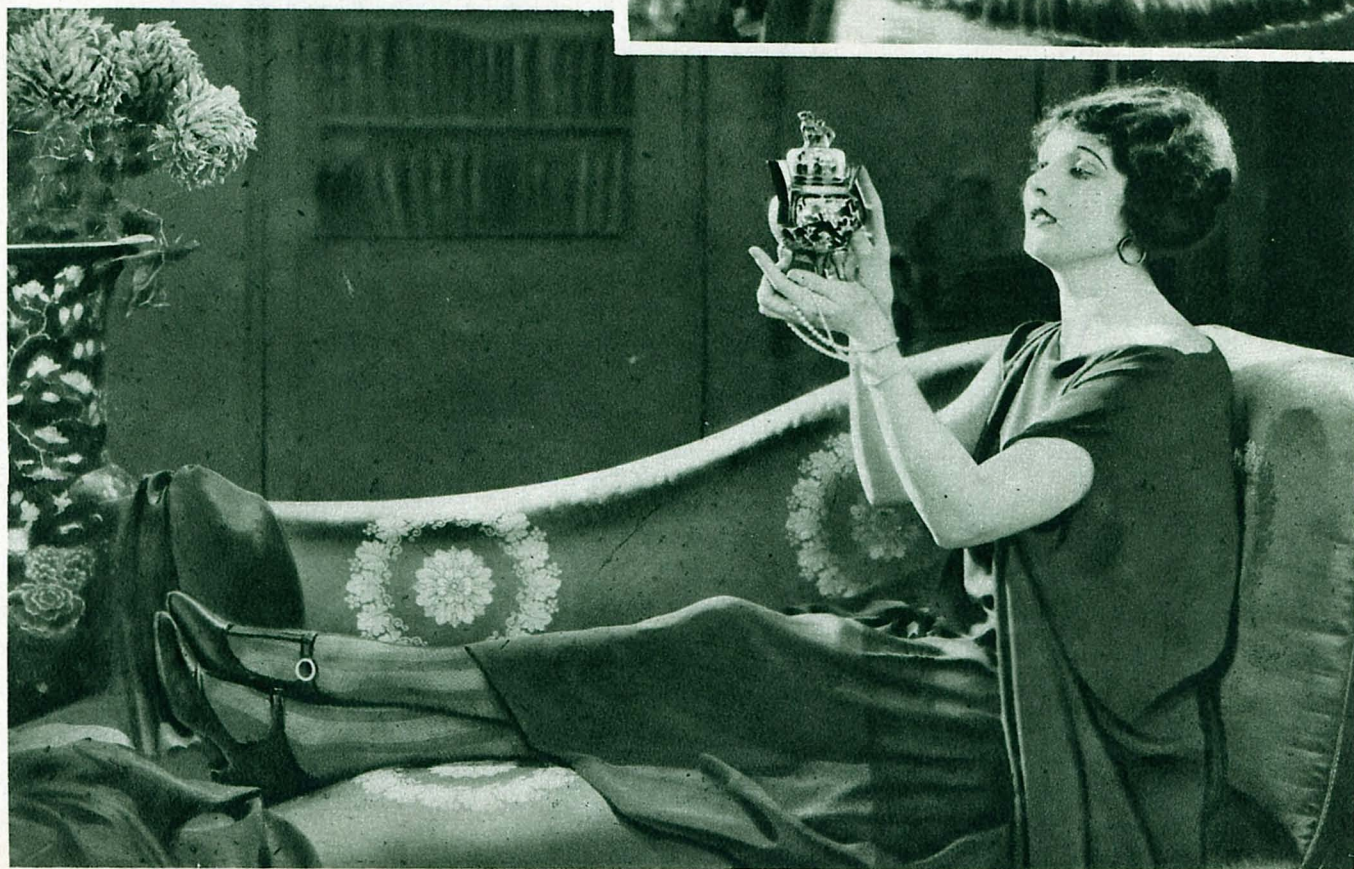
If we want to see chorus girls we'll go to see them where they belong—in the chorus.

I'm of the decided opinion that the new stars should be graduated from the ranks. Consider, for instance, Mary, Lillian, and Norma. Not one of them ever stepped into a soft job in the films from the chorus. Alice Terry worked her way up from an extra. So did Agnes Ayres, Ann Forrest, and a host of others. In fact the only really successful women of the screen are those who achieved their success by hard work and those who came from the stage with their success already established, such as Pauline Frederick, Elsie Ferguson, and Nazimova.

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The Twentieth Century Claims the Queen

It is quite all right for Betty Blythe to go campaigning among the ancients as *Sheba* for a little while, but it is a relief to have her return to present-day pictures and show us how modern clothes should be worn. These pictures are from her latest production, "Fair Lady," a Rex Beach romance, which will be released by United Artists.



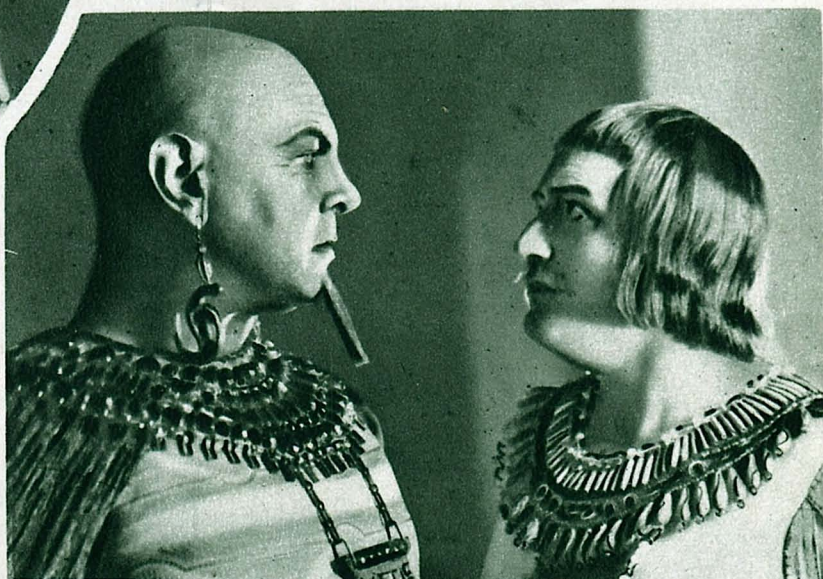


The Loves of Pharaoh

Some glimpses of a massive new production made by Ernest Lubitsch, the director of "Passion."

Dagny Servaes, at the left, is a Viennese for whom Ernest Lubitsch predicts even greater success in America than that enjoyed by Pola Negri and Henny Porten, who appeared in his previous productions. Dagny Servaes plays the leading part, that of a slave girl, in this vast production.

As in previous Lubitsch productions, the chief interest in "The Loves of Pharaoh" centers in the great mob scenes. But there is great interest, too, in two of the leading players in this picture—Emil Jannings, who is fast establishing himself as one of the most powerful character actors on the screen, and Henry Liedtke, who appeared in "Passion."





This massive, spectacular set is only one of many constructed for "The Loves of Pharaoh." In this production Ernest Lubitsch set out vitally to recreate the civilization of Pharaoh's time, and in doing it spared no labor nor expense. The entire Egyptian city in which the action transpires—and of which this is but a small part—took only four weeks to build, but months of research in Egyptian museums preceded the actual work. Thousands of workmen, thousands of actors, and the combined skill of many distinguished artists all played a part in the making of this picture.

The Wave of Romance



When "The Prisoner of Zenda" appeared as a novel some thirty years ago, it created such a sensation that it started a wave of romantic novels that swept a dozen or more mythical kingdoms into the geography of the younger and more romantic set. Then ten years ago the same story caused a second sensation when, with James K. Hackett in the leading role, it appeared as one of the first important feature pictures. And now it promises to arouse great enthusiasm again, for Rex Ingram has revived the story in pictures with Alice Terry, shown at the left, and Barbara Le Marr, shown below, in leading roles.



Lois Lee and Malcolm Macgregor provide a charming love story against the background of intrigue and adventure of this story.

Some Variations of Bebe

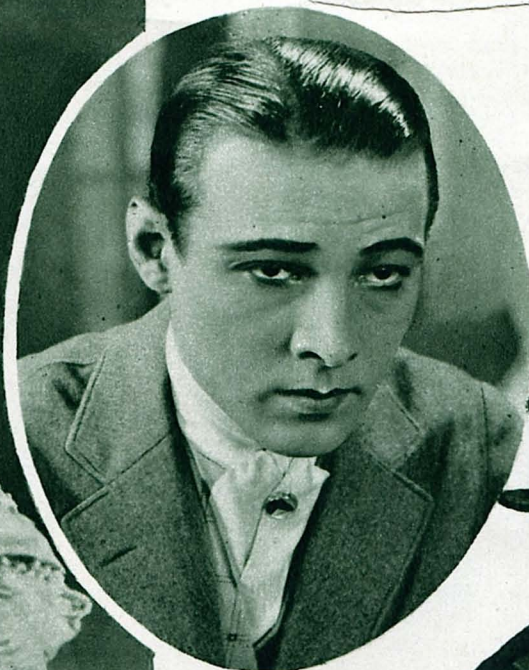
Before Bebe Daniels retired from stardom to appear in Famous Players productions, she made a picture that will delight the hearts of her admirers—for here we have not only the gay, irrepressible Daniels self, we have also some charming variations. "A Game Chicken" the picture is called, and it concerns bootleggers, bravery, romance, and Bebe. There is something sadly prophetic about her picture at the right; it seems almost as though she knew she was carrying flowers to her funeral as a star. But never mind; Bebe doesn't. And perhaps she will prove to be a star even if she isn't called one.



Pretty as she looks in the quaint and the crude costumes in this production, she looks even more striking when she dons a riding habit.

Beyond the

The presence of two reigning favorites
important events



Not so long ago the unfailing recipe for a successful picture was, "Put Gloria Swanson and plenty of striking gowns in it," and a little later the test of a sure-fire success became "Does Rudolph Valentino play in it?" Now what do you suppose would happen if they both played in a picture? You will soon have a chance to find out, for a forthcoming production, some scenes of which are shown here, boasts the presence of both the glamorous Gloria and the mesmeric Rudolph.

Rocks

make this picture one of the
of the year.



"Beyond the Rocks" was written by Elinor Glyn especially for Gloria Swanson and Rudolph Valentino—or one might say it was cut to fit them, for costumes play an important part in the pictures of these players. Gloria has done her best work in lavish modern settings and Rudolph is at his best when set off by clothes of a more romantic age, so this picture gives ample opportunity for both. Perhaps you will find in this that Gloria is quite as attractive in quaint old-fashioned furbelows, and that Valentino in ordinary, modern clothes is yet Valentino.



One of the most lovable old players in America is Maclyn Arbuckle, who plays the title role in the Vitagraph production, "The Prodigal Judge." Here is no ordinary actor of parts—here is a real creator of genuine characterization. And, incidentally, he is not related to any other player of the same name. How he came by the knowledge of human nature that enables him to play with such sympathy and understanding is told in the story on the opposite page.



"Jus' Call Me Jedge"

If you have seen the leading character in "The Prodigal Judge," you will want to know more about him.

By Harold Howe

YES, suh, jus' call me 'jedge.'"

The portly form of Maclyn Arbuckle reclined comfortably in a chair just off the set in the Vitagraph Eastern studio, and his broad, good-humored face smiled a welcome. He was resting between making scenes for the picture in which he appears with Jean Paige. Perhaps you have never seen Maclyn Arbuckle on the screen—he has appeared in comparatively few films—but it is quite likely, judging from the reception he received in "The Prodigal

Judge," that he will become as well known to film fans as he is to followers of the legitimate stage, where he has spent most of a long career.

"Oh," I opined, "you have adopted the name since playing *Judge Slocum Price*?"

"No, suh, it came by me honestly. You see I was a defeated candidate in Bowie County, Texas, for the office of justice of the peace. That was during the days when I was a soap-box orator, befo' I went on the stage. I was defeated, but I got the title of 'jedge,' and it has stuck. In Texas all defeated candidates are so dubbed."

"You like the title rôle of 'The Prodigal Judge?'"

"Yes, suh, indeed I do. I knew Vaughn Kester—the author—intimately, and I always wanted to play *Judge Slocum Price*. I have always liked wholesome plays that taught a moral. From *Jim Hackler* in 'The County Chairman' to last season's 'Daddy Dumplin's' I have welcomed playin' the character that oozes into folks' troubles and jus' naturally straightens them out.

"I reckon real life is full of those wholesome folk who take other people's bumps and live out a moral without being preachy. And that kind of play where right downs wrong, is what folks like to see as long as it doesn't smack of prudery."

"Is that what you aim to do on the screen?"

"Yes, suh, if I can get the stories. I want to typify on the screen what I have stood fo' fo' twenty-eight years on the stage—clean, wholesome plays of American life. 'The Prodigal Judge' is that type of play. The main character goes down into oblivion through drink—wife leaves him—you know the story; but when the call comes to him to buck up and fight—stan' by his guns fo' those he loves, he is there with a vengeance." Mr. Arbuckle straightened up in his chair and smacked his fist into the palm of his other hand. I now got a glimpse of the Bowie County orator.

"He pulls himself together, smooths out the wrinkles, and sets himself and his friends on their feet right side



The "Judge's" home is on a farm at Waddington, New York.

up. I always feel, when playin' such a rôle, that I am a humble instrument for good in the Almighty's scheme of things. Because the Lord knows there is considerable wrong all around us, and it is the wholesome play or picture which revives in humans, the desire to fight a peregrination Satanwise. All the preachin' of the clergy can't equal the moral, eye-openin' qualities of one clean and upliftin' play. If I spend the balance of my life on earth bringin' such plays to the screen, I will pass out happy. Do you

get the point, boy?—it is spreadin' happiness." He rose on a call from the director and placed a kindly hand on my shoulder. "Jus' wait—be back directly."

The scene depicted the serving of a mint julep to Mr. Arbuckle. He sat at a table and fingered the glass lovingly. Into his face crept an expression of beatific joy. "Gee!" an electrician exclaimed, close to my ear, "he gives you a thirst just to watch him." And as he spoke, *Judge Price* began to drink. Every drop as it reached his throat brought its expression of ecstasy until a perfect crescendo of joy flooded his face. When I saw this scene in the projection room later on, a chap near me whispered: "I can taste that mint julep myself."

When the "jedge" returned I complimented him on his luck. "Mint juleps," I added, "are scarce nowadays. It pays to be an actor."

"Lord, boy," Mr. Arbuckle grunted, "that was not a mint julep. I was actin'. For six weeks off an' on I have been consumin' ginger ale," a grimace, "and no one will be gladder'n I when *Judge Price* reforms and lays off the stuff. It is almighty hard to simulate the real effect of a mint julep," he made a profound bow as if paying tribute to a departed deity, "with ginger ale a-tricklin' down one's throat instead. At least the mint was real and there for the sniffin'."

I then asked the "jedge" if he would tell me more of his campaign for justice of the peace. The beginning of the tale had sounded promising.

"All right, son, but I must go back a bit. In the old days there wasn't much in the way of barbecues for a strugglin' lawyer in Texarkana, so I decided that my friends ought to elect me to a high office. I had no regular hours for meals and no regular meals for hours. So they suggested that I should run for justice of the peace."

"I ran. It was as unique a campaign as the Lone Star State had ever seen. In American political history its date marks the late summer and fall of 1888.

I was already a Shakespeare enthusiast, so I thought up the happy idea of quoting Shakespeare as one feature of campaign spellbinding, so my favorite stunt was to recite from 'Richard III.' I quoted the selection following the dream from which Richard awakes, crying. 'Give me another horse! Bind up my wounds!'

"I closed all my orations with the solemn promise, that if I were elected to the high office of justice of the peace in the great State of Texas I would see to it that my title was deserved. Justice should be done to all—and it would be such even-handed justice that peace was bound to follow. It seemed to me that this was surely a winnin' pledge, and I thought victory at the polls was certain.

"My opponent as I told you was a long, slab-sided, double-jointed chap who ran a grocery store in Texarkana. 'Fellow citizens!' he used to say when I was done speakin' and recitin', 'I ain't an eloquent man like

Judge Arbuckle of Bowie County, and I don't know old Shakespeare's plays like Judge Arbuckle knows 'em, but I'm a-runnin' a grocery store in Texarkana, and I want to tell you right here and now that I'm arrangin' fo' a system of long-time credit in that there grocery store of mine. Don't lose sight of this fact, my fellow citizens and brother Texans—I'm shore goin' to give long-time credit to every livin' soul I consider worthy of that favor, my hearers. I thank you for your kind attention!

"That speech knocked me higher than a kite, world without end. I never tried politics again."

"Did your stage career follow shortly after?"

"Yes, just after I was licked for office. I began my stage career in a German dialect part, but later got a chance at Shakespeare. Then in stock, I finally found the character type that suited me best; which led to *Jim Hackler*, in 'The County Chairman,' in which I was starred.

And that kind of character has since been my forte."

Perhaps Mr. Arbuckle's best-known stage character, aside from the title rôle in "The County Chairman" was the rôle of the sheriff in "The Round-up," in which he sent hundreds of audiences into gales of laughter by his pathetic delivery of that now-famous line, "Nobody loves a fat man." It should be noted in this connection that in it he is not the Arbuckle who appeared in the film version of the same play, and that he is not related to the other comedian. He did appear, however, in the Famous Players' film version of "The County Chairman," and has been featured in some half dozen other screen productions.

Mr. Arbuckle has a farm of several acres in Waddington, New York, where he spends all his leisure time. And it is there he goes after each stage or screen triumph—straight home to the little woman—his helpmeet for years.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 67

ticians' war, which undoubtedly it was, despite Shakespeare. At least H. G. Wells assures us it was, and, if the picture wasn't so old, I'd suspect the director of reading the "Outline of History."

"Polly of the Follies."

Will the poor little girl in tatters never cease to go to the city and emerge in pearls and a Paquin model? I've seen three of these films one right after another, and I'm beginning to think it's the only plot there is. One was "Polly of the Follies," with Constance Talmadge. Connie is a drug-store drudge in the sloppiest dress you ever saw. But she goes to New York, meets Flo Ziegfeld—he really does pose for this film—and emerges in the star-costume of the midnight roof show. There is a great deal of hokum—mitigated by diverting Emerson-Loos action—but one scene is priceless. Connie gives a movie in the drug store and all she has for subtitles are the druggist ad cards. You can imagine how "Mild—but they satisfy" and "Eventually—why not now?" would fit into a movie script. It is a brilliant idea, and I kept wishing the entire film had held to this delicious nonsense instead of drifting into nonsense that you were supposed to take half seriously. Constance, as usual, is the life of the party.

"Penrod."

If you like "kid" stuff and animal stuff and most of all Wes Barry

—just for himself and his freckled charm—you will probably be delighted by this screen version which is packed full of Tarkington comedy, quite faithfully adapted. I do not feel that Wesley is a faithful representation of *Penrod* as Booth Tarkington sketched him. One of the reasons for *Penrod's* popularity was that he was so *exactly* like your own kid or the boy across the street or your little nephew, Willie. Now Wes Barry does not seem to me to have this quality of the commonplace; he is a wistful strange little creature, half elf and half gamin. Moreover, Marshall Neilan has surrounded him with a curious assortment of stage prodigies; among them an abnormally fat boy, the precocious Baby Peggy, and a waxen little girl who belongs at the top of the Christmas tree. But they keep things moving every moment led by Wes himself who is certainly funny and fascinating even if he isn't *Penrod*. The people who sat around me the day I saw it, loved the picture; they shrieked and crowed with joy at almost every scene. And it's not for the likes of me to tell them they shouldn't.

"Her Husband's Trademark."

We have already written of the Ibsen study in which *Nora* leaves her Doll's House flat because her husband insists on regarding her as "his little lark." This film has another wife of this type only she objects to being nothing but her husband's trade-mark; a sort of walking sign-board advertisement on which to

hang jewels and clothes as indications of his prosperity. It isn't a very original idea and it hasn't much punch except just at the end where a race for life with Mexican bandits brought about a whirlwind finish. Of course Gloria Swanson was the logical star to play this rôle; she has reduced the display of elaborate and bizarre costumes to a fine art, and her languorous poses would boost any husband's credit on Wall Street. Stuart Holmes plays the villainous husband and Richard Wayne is one of those free, breezy Western lovers who roll their own out there. It is an entertaining picture if not taken too seriously.

If any reviewer ever wonders whether or not his department is really read, the time comes sooner or later when he finds out.

In the February issue I made the mistake of saying that Doris Pawn played opposite Bill Desmond in "Fighting Mad," when I should have said Virginia Faire. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good" as almost every one has said at one time or another. That mistake brought me so many letters not only telling me of that but saying so many kind things about my reviews that, though I beg Miss Faire's pardon, at heart I'm glad, because it put me in touch with so many fans. Thanks—every one of you who wrote to me. If I haven't another reader I'm satisfied. And I'll never worry again over whether you read my stuff or not.

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burden to many of the players is the practice of so many fans of writing to all the players whose names they can find—whether they have ever seen them on the screen or not—asking for photographs. This practice has become a sort of national—or international—hobby, like collecting postage stamps. In their search for new names to write to, many fans make curious mistakes by which they address letters to such persons as William Fox, Jeanie Macpherson, Rex Beach, and many persons prominent in the making of pictures, which begin with the old stereotyped phrase, "Since you are my favorite screen star—et cetera." More amusing still is the case of Mack Sennett to whom a letter was directed which ran as follows: "My Dear Miss Sennett: You don't know how much I admire you in the bathing-girl pictures. The one-piece variety makes you look so fetching. Won't you please send me one of your photographs?" Many of the fans in foreign countries use form letters, some of which are very quaint and amusing, but not very convincing when it is once known that they mail copies of the same letter to each of the stars. One such fan, living in Argentina, must have been the victim of a joke, for she recently sent out copies of a form letter addressed to James G. Blaine, Robert Ingersoll, George Washington, and other figures in American history, telling each that he was her favorite screen star and asking for an autographed photograph. It is the increasing number of letters of this sort which has shown conclusively that the majority of requests for photographs are no longer from the star's personal followers, but from photograph collectors.

Though no one can blame the fans for indulging in this interesting game of seeing how many photographs they can collect, the practice has to some extent spoiled what started out as a spontaneous, sincere form of tribute; for now, unless a letter is particularly convincing, there is no reason to believe that the writer was really interested in the star to whom it was addressed. And the vast increase in the players' mail caused by this practice has made them search for some means of relief. The most successful one yet devised is the placing of a charge on all photographs, which is turned over to some charity, the cost of the photographs, of course, usually being first deducted.

I have heard of one or two instances in which agents have induced certain stars to let them take over all their mail, agreeing to answer the

letters and send photographs in return for the stamps and quarters inclosed. Whereupon the agents would simply throw away all letters save those which had inclosures, to the writers of which they would send an inexpensive photograph, costing much less than the inclosed fee.

One producing organization bears the expense of handling the requests which its stars receive for photographs in this way: those who ask for a picture without sending a quarter are sent a small, inexpensive photograph. Those who inclose the quarter are sent a large, handsome



Probably no player is receiving any more mail these days than Rodolph Valentino.

one. Another company has apparently reduced the problem to a formal business basis. A fan of my acquaintance, writing to one of this company's stars received in reply a post card containing a long list of players' names, above which was printed, "Please check the names of players whose pictures you desire and return with thirty-five cents for each picture." That is a higher rate than is usually charged, but they may furnish finer and more expensive photographs than are usually sent out. For the photographs which are ordinarily sent a quarter more than covers the cost, including the mailing and postage.

Such methods of making the fans bear the costs of the photographs

have been very successful in reducing the indiscriminate incoming letters, but it is unfortunate that such expedients became necessary, for they tend to cut the stars off from their own sincere admirers. With such floods of mail as the stars still receive it is easy to see how difficult it is to glean out each genuine letter from the great mass of insincere chaff. Added to this you have the constant changing of many of the stars from place to place, and from one company to another, which often results in the loss of many of these fan letters, through the failure of some secretary or clerk in having them properly forwarded. And so it is that your letters often are unanswered.

But I wish to emphasize the fact that there is no star who does not sincerely regret anything which makes her lose contact in any way with any of his or her fan followers, and I assure you that they all give as much thought and time and money to the answering of your letters and your requests as they can afford. I have talked to many on this subject, and I know that there is nothing the players value more than the genuine letters of appreciation and intelligent comment from their loyal followers. Moreover, the amount of fan mail they receive is an indication of their popularity. When they have reached the top such indications are no longer necessary to prove to any manager their worth, but they mean much in the lives of the younger players.

Mary Pickford has collected and carefully preserved thousands of letters testifying to the influence of her personality and stories for good. Tom Meighan has received many, especially regarding his prison plays—these from convicts. Other stars who have sought to bring an uplifting spell to the public have been similarly rewarded. So, too, have directors and authors.

Chief among the authors, I believe, is Rupert Hughes—and, it should be mentioned, he often writes personal replies. His film "The Old Nest," brought a flood of letters from young men and girls and from aged parents, the former telling how they had written to their mothers, the latter relating what joy these letters had brought. You will remember, of course, that at the end of this feature Mr. Hughes urged everybody who saw it to send a letter or telegram to the "old nest." One or two communications to Mr. Hughes also testified that several wayward youths had, through the recollection of their mothers and their family home, turned over a new leaf after seeing the picture.

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lead, but she couldn't do it. She hadn't had the sort of life that led up to it. She'd been a girl in a little country town, not a society girl in a big city. She didn't look the part, couldn't act it. In her hands the part fell flat. She didn't realize that, but the man did, and told her. She realized that she hadn't been able to do anything but encourage him back in the beginning; the little bit of money she'd saved wouldn't have been a drop in the bucket. She couldn't even play a small part in the picture. She slipped out of sight and never was heard of again.

He made his picture, and it succeeded beyond his wildest dreams. As a result, he was given a contract as a director by one of the big producing organizations, at a wonderful salary. He's never made a good picture since that first one, probably never will. But I doubt whether he admits, even to himself, that that first one wasn't really his at all.

It's people like that who were all about us; people who have seen life flow by not in a placid stream, but in a raging torrent. They have ventured forth on it in all sorts of craft, and found strange fortunes.

CHAPTER VIII.

When the crowd settled down in its seats again Barry Stevens turned to me with a quizzical little smile.

"I've just been talking to Sarah Grant," he told me, "and she has all the world on a string right now—is going abroad on an important mission, and all that sort of thing. Funny, isn't it, when you look back at that night when she and I sat in the railway station in Los Angeles, and she was so sure that her future was a blank card.

"I told her that night that what she ought to do was to break into the publicity side of movies. I felt pretty sure that I could help her to get a job, and I was sure that she had ability, if it could just be brought out. All she needed was a little confidence in herself. I knew that a good job would give it to her.

"We sat there and talked a long time. Then I took her to the hotel. They'd been fussy about letting her stay there, because, leaving her star as hastily as she had, she had no baggage. She hadn't any money, either. They said if she'd pay in advance she could stay, and I knew that the chambermaid could get her the things she'd want that night. So I paid her bill.

"And oh, the papers next day!" He stopped and laughed, only amused at it all now. "Evidently her late

employer had sent for the reporters the moment we left the house. And one of them must have trailed us, and seen us at the railway station. Also, the little incident of my paying her hotel bill, perfectly innocent in itself, was discovered. You can imagine what the papers said!

"According to them, the star had come home unexpectedly and found her secretary there alone with me. She had been forced to discharge the girl at once—this ungrateful girl for whom she had done so much! The girl and I had been impudent to her, had left the house, the girl in clothes which she had stolen from the star's wardrobe, and had started on a career of crime, which would have ended in our running away together if the star, out of the goodness of her heart, hadn't followed and stopped us. There was more of it, with huge pictures of me all over the front sheet of every paper, and all sorts of pictures of jazzy-looking girls who were supposed to be Sarah Grant—each paper had used the wildest-looking one it had on hand, evidently.

"I saw red, of course. I started out with blood in my eye, heading straight for the star's house. I was going to have it out with her, and make her deny what she'd told, if I had to wring her neck to make her do it. I was literally crazy.

"But in the lobby of my apartment house I met my manager, and when he saw that he couldn't stop me, he went along. The star wouldn't see us, of course, though I all but tore the house down; she'd gone away, the servants said. I knew that she was upstairs, listening to every word I said.

"I put on a grand scene, I suppose; I was just a kid, you know, and then, too, I'd played so much big, masterful stuff in the movies that it came natural to me. Half the time when an actor is temperamental off stage, he just thinks he's acting a new part; he shouldn't be blamed for making a blooming fool of himself!

"Well, after I'd stormed around for a while my manager took me by the arm and got me out to his car; he told me that I could see the star later, that she really was out of town, all that sort of thing. We went back to my apartment. There was a message there, from the house doctor at the hotel where I'd left Sarah Grant. She'd taken poison and was just about dead.

"I couldn't get there fast enough, of course—I was stopped by three policemen for speeding, ran into a truck, and arrived with two flat tires. But I got there in next to no time, and rushed up to Sarah's room.

"She lay there, looking more pathetic than ever, with the morning papers in a mess all over the floor. She'd read the stuff about her and me, decided that she'd wrecked my life, and thought the best thing for her to do was to end it all right away.

"I stayed there all day, and when she finally came to and pulled herself together a bit, I tried to show her what a mistake she'd made. She couldn't see it then, but a few days later, when she was feeling better, we talked things over, and I asked her to marry me. Not that I was in love with her; I had an awful crush on Norma Talmadge at that time, though Norma didn't know anything about it—I didn't even know her, except on the screen. But it seemed to me that the only decent thing I could do would be to marry Sarah and sort of put her on her feet again.

"And right then she gave me the jolt of my young life—it was good for me, too. There she sat, almost lost in her big chair with the cushions piled all around her, and her stringy hair tucked up under a lace cap, so that she looked sort of nice—but oh, not pretty, not at all. When I looked at her and thought of Norma I almost lost my mind!

"'I wish I could marry you, Barry, if you care for me,' she said. 'You've been so good to me that it would seem to be the least thing I could do. But I can't—I'm sorry, but I'm in love with some one else.'

"And then she told me his name. It was that of a chap who did about the same kind of pictures I did, and happened to be my chief rival at that time—a chap I fairly loathed! She couldn't marry me because she was in love with him!

"At first I was too mad to feel relieved, but in a second or two my sense of humor came to the rescue, and I leaned back in my chair and fairly yelled with laughter. It wasn't polite, but I had to do it.

"'And if you could help me get a job to do publicity for his company, so that I could get to know him—oh, I couldn't ask for more than that!' she said, clutching my arm with one of her thin little hands. 'Oh, do you think you could?'

"'I'll try—I'll see about it to-day,' I promised. And by pure chance, I landed the job she wanted for her; assistant to the publicity man of the company for which this chap worked. She was going to have a chance to get what she thought she wanted—and I'd be free of the responsibility of looking out for her. At least, that's what I was fool enough to think. Fate had her old slapstick all ready to hit me another good wallop, if I'd only known it!"

A Young Man of the World

Casson Ferguson has all the improvements of the most modern young heroes.

By Frank Lyle

CASSON FERGUSON is H. L. Mencken at the age of twenty, *Dorian Gray* munching a ham sandwich at the Acme Quick Lunch, *Little Lord Fauntleroy* grown up and stealing a ride on the back of an ice wagon.

He has the curly blond hair of F. Scott Fitzgerald—the sort impressionable women and many unimpressionable ones love to run their hands through—and Fitzgerald's smooth, cherubic face, except for the nose, which is slightly more retroussé.

Casson Ferguson has the Fitzgeraldian vocabulary also—we speak as one who has conversed with both talented young gentlemen. It is languidly racy, clever, sophisticated.

Casson lives alone in an attractive house of Italian design in exclusive Morningside Court, a little way from his workshop, the Lasky studio. The house is furnished with odd and interesting things—good pictures, period chairs and tables, sculpture, pottery—which our host tells us were brought by him from the south of France and Italy in the days, as he frankly says, “when I had rather more coin of the realm than I possess at present.”

The atmosphere was Old Worldly. It reminded us of France—the chairs were so uncomfortable. Personally, we love overstuffed furniture.

“No; I should not care to live abroad,” observed Ferguson, with his boy face looking up toward the ceiling through a cloud of cigarette smoke. “But I like to have a bit of the mellow charm of the older and less tourist-ridden districts of Europe about me. My motives are purely selfish—I want it only for my own enjoyment and that of my intimate friends. People misunderstand me—which is well. If you want the world to love you, give it the impression that you are what you are not. It will never believe the truth about you anyway.”

“Kind and frank acquaintances have assured me that I am a dilettante, that I am seeking to imitate Oscar Wilde or some other old boy who doesn't enjoy the favor of the editors of our best success magazines. But really I'm not doing an impersonation of anybody—if I tried, I should bungle it. I'm living a very real life as I wish to live it.”

The atmosphere of his home is Old Worldly—sometimes uncomfortably so.



Photo by Hartsok

Casson Ferguson looks about twenty but he admits thirty.

In the matter of clothes, Casson Ferguson has convictions. He aims for a mingling of comfort and picturesqueness. He likes tweeds, green woolen socks, and patent leather pumps. He is the sworn enemy of starched linen collars. “The laundries agree with me. They employ people to chew the edges of them,” he told us quite gravely.

“Likewise,” he went on, “à bas la sport shirt! Why should a lad go about exposing his chest like a prima donna? The average male bosom, bared, is a most unsightly object. I cover mine up.”

We mentioned something about hobbies, and we observed the Ferguson forehead furrow a bit in displeasure.

“The hobby business,” he pronounced, “is greatly overrated. I try to avoid them. I do certain things habitually, because I like to

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LEATRICE JOY

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thing that I could turn to to earn a livelihood. My family—the women members of it—had never worked. Not a single girl that I knew had even so much as thought of earning their own living. You know how it is down South. But I had to do something and do it quickly. There was an advertisement in the New Orleans paper, saying that a motion-picture company wanted players. I applied, and because I happened to speak French and because the director was just over from France and couldn't speak English, I got the job. The next day my picture appeared in all the papers, and I had the strangest sensation of being glad and being sorry about it. My family had a fit, of co'se. Are you getting bored?" she queried. When I shook my head emphatically she resumed:

"I worked in three pictures, and then the company went bust. I wanted to go to New York. Because there was nothing else to do and because we had nothing to lose and everything to gain, the whole family of us, my mother, father, and little brother, started eastward. We made the trip by boat because it was cheaper, and the matron on board was the nicest and most helpful soul. We told her we had never been in New York befo', and she gave us the name of a boarding house on Eighty-fifth Street where we could live cheaply. The boarding house was

typical of many I have seen on the screen."

"With a slavey à la 'Sis Hopkins,' " I put in.

"Exactly," Leatrice continued. "I played 'extra' for the longest time and then finally a part came my way and do you remember when the Victor Moore comedies were released?"

I did remember.

"I made comedies at the same time and mine were released alternately with his on the Paramount program. Then I went with another company and they brought me out to the Coast and that was about all, for they went flooey before we had even begun the first picture. Then the merry time began. I didn't know one person in the West. I had just about decided to go back into the 'extra' list when a girl I met at one of the studios, told me of a vacancy in the San Diego Stock Theater. Enid Markey had been playing the ingénue leads. Do you remember her?"

"Oh, yes, the little girl who used to make pictures at Inceville?"

"Yes. I had never played in anything but amateur theatricals, but with my mother right with me, reassuring me at every turn I put up a bluff that got me the job. Johnny Wray, he's directing out at Ince now, was the stage director there. I engaged the high-school elocution teacher to help me, and I memorized my lines for the first play. The opening night, the character woman who knew I was frightfully nervous said, 'Leatrice, honey, remember this, the

curtain goes up, but it also comes down again.' I did remember that, and it helped me through each performance until I grew sure of myself. I remained there nine months and—well, when I did come back to Hollywood I was cast in a Warren Kerrigan picture in which Lois Wilson played the lead. Then Mr. George Loane Tucker gave me my first big chance in 'Ladies Must Live,' and though that was released only a short time ago, we made it more than two years back. Since then I have free-lanced here and there, and when I was given the part in 'Saturday Night' I felt that my most-hoped-for dream had come true."

Leatrice had told me her life's story while she was being jostled hither and thither by uninterested passers-by. The Saturday crowd was becoming too much for us. She suggested that we go for a drive and then a cup of tea or coffee or chocolate. Had I accepted the invitation I probably would have had much more to chronicle to you, but previously she had told me she was going to meet the nicest man in the world at the Athletic Club for luncheon, by and by. It would have been too bad to have delayed that.

So we parted, Leatrice Joy leaving the same impression with me that she always has—that I had been talking with a well-poised gentlewoman.

Cecil De Mille truly did use a brand-new type De Mille player in his "Saturday Night."

EDITH ROBERTS

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past year—in fact this one," and she picked up the "mamma" doll, "was given me just a few days ago."

Edie's room with its white ivory furniture, rose furnishings and finishings, gives just the right setting for its little inmate. It is so alive and yet so dainty, and it is the kind of room that every little girl reads about and hopes she will have some day. And there is a very handsome young man, beautifully framed on Edie's dressing table.

"We are not engaged," she explained. "He is still in school, and of course we couldn't think of marriage until he is out of school and in business. But he is the *finest* boy!"

Before she could say more, Mother Armstrong insisted that we make a tour of inspection of the new house, and we saw it from living room to kitchen. It is a cozy Hollywood bungalow with comfort spelled clearly in each room. It wouldn't be possible

for any one to enter there and not feel at home within the first sixty seconds. Mother Armstrong has a smile that is genuine, and Edie has that quiet little manner that pleases, and you know you are in for a homy, wholesome time as soon as you are greeted by them.

Every motion-picture actor, actress, or director that I have talked with has some story or play that they hope to have the opportunity to make or play in on the screen. Edie is not unlike the rest in that, but she is one of the very few fortunates who has already done the thing which she most wanted to do. It was to appear in her favorite poem, "Lasca."

"My daddy and I used to read that and I would say—when I first went into pictures, when I was only twelve, 'Oh, if I would only hurry up and grow up so I could play that part on the screen.' When Universal finally decided to star me in it I was the happiest person you ever saw."

Edie looks and really seems in

many ways like a little child. If it weren't for a very goodly amount of brains inside of her pretty head one would never suspect her of being nineteen. She is such a dainty little thing, she has the biggest, brownest eyes—not laughing eyes, but those of a wondering little girl. She doesn't lack a sense of humor, yet it is always the more serious side that seems to come to the surface.

She began her picture career seven years ago, when she was but twelve. She played extra parts at Universal, for her father was acquainted with one of the directors there. That was at the New York studio. A year later she was sent West to play opposite Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran at Universal City. She was given leads and later was starred. Then she was cast in "Saturday Night," and very recently played in an all-star-cast picture of J. Parker Read.

Edith at present is attending art school, and if the lady and the fan is any indication she must be making rapid progress.



IN the course of an active day, it is so easy to lose that immaculate freshness which marks the well groomed woman.

Here is the secret of maintaining it.

After a bath, a luxurious shower of fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Talc, then the caressing touch of face powder with the same exquisite perfume. You will revel in a new sense of well being—confident in the charm that comes from perfect daintiness.

COLGATE

Continued from page 28

it, for the concert stage. Montagu Love is an actor of the old school, and is thoroughly at home in renditions of character bits. Ben Turpin knows his limitations as a public speaker, being apt to say "woild" and "oith" no matter how carefully he is coached beforehand, but he can put over a funny story, and he can take comedy falls in bewildering succession. Charlie Murray is a past master of extemporaneous speaking, and has an inexhaustible supply of anecdotes, tempered to meet the censors' requirements. Polly Moran, of "Sheriff Nell" fame, puts on a regular act. She sings a song, kids the orchestra leader, and "dishes the gravel" about Hollywood. The stars who are not so fortunate, must, as I have said, depend on other means to obtain entrance into the good graces of the mighty fan. Theda Bara, for instance, plays up the intimate angle. She talks to the audience as if holding a tête-à-tête with every individual member of it. She asks, at the end of her talk, for their wishes as to the kind of pictures in which they would like to see her. If they are pleased at her vampire portrayals, will they please applaud? They do. If they prefer her in sweet, womanly rôles will they please applaud? They do. She thanks them, sweetly, and retires to the accompaniment of more applause. Each fan, having been asked for his or her opinion, is subtly flattered. It is something to have a part in molding the coming career of a motion-picture star.

The Gish sisters make a personal appearance in keeping with the characters which they portray upon the screen. They come out, hand in hand, quaintly gowned, looking indeed like two orphans, and Lillian in a small, rather uncertain voice, tells

the audience that they, the Gishes, are responsible, only in a small degree, for the success of the picture. That if the audience knew how many other people had worked hard for the perfection of the production, they would realize that thanks were due to them, too. The audience is completely charmed by the sweet simplicity of the two. They exit to a thunderous burst of applause.

The other angle of personal appearing is from the viewpoint of the star. A trip through the wilds of Boston and its environs with Louise was a revelation to me. There were, daily, a dozen or more letters from cinema-bitten flappers and fledglings, requests for money, for interviews, for autographed pictures. There were nice old ladies who came behind the scenes to give Louise motherly advice and lavender-scented parasols, badly smitten admirers who came to every performance, and who made her life a misery by calling up at the hotel each morning in hopes of making a date. When she was in the South, Billy Sunday paused long enough in his frenetic denunciation of the movies to call upon her and urge that she attend his meetings. His dismay at finding that she was an honest-to-goodness member of the Baptist church was almost pathetic. He had come to snatch a brand from the burning, and found it annoyingly wrapped in Baptist asbestos.

Mabel Ballin, being possessed of a sense of humor, thought it would be amusing to the audience if she read to them samples of some of the wildly impossible scenarios which she and her husband were constantly receiving. She chose the worst of the lot, a script all about a motherless heroine, a stern father, a mustache-chewing villain, and a diamond-in-the-rough hero from God's country. There was a snowstorm in it, a

bunch of "papers," a chee-ild, and several doors to be battered down.

She controlled her voice enough to read the lurid effort to the audience. There was not a ripple of laughter, not the faintest trace of a smile in the entire assemblage. It was a sad commentary on the intelligence of the American public. And the worst of it was, that within the next few days, Mabel was deluged by mail with scripts for scenarios, hundreds of them—and most of them as bad or even worse than the one she had read aloud! Some of them had been patterned upon it, even to the snowstorm and the chee-ild!

Douglas MacLean in his personal-appearance tour has had a variety of interesting experiences, too. One of the most peculiar was in Detroit, where a small boy came to his dressing room, and, in a polite and carefully rehearsed speech, asked the screen star for a donation to the "Junior Naval Militia," which was going to entertain all the poor children of the city on an outing. Mr. MacLean was quite willing to help any worthy cause, but wished to investigate, and told the youngster to return the next day.

The next day the boy's sister called on Mr. MacLean at the theater. In great agitation she showed him a contract, signed with a very good imitation of the star's signature, stating that if Bobby Jones—that was not the name—would come to Los Angeles, he would have his schooling paid for, with living expenses for two years, and work in the movies at a very attractive salary!

No doubt in time, the vogue for personal appearances will die out. The motion-picture industry will become stabilized once more, companies will resume production, the silent stars will again twinkle in their silent firmament.

Just Off the Grill

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how good their pictures are as upon the number of pictures in which they are seen.

So fickle is the public's taste that a six months' absence from the screen is equivalent to retirement.

Stage stars may have a hiatus of several years and return as popular and prominent as ever. Not so on the screen. The most difficult thing for a moving-picture actress to do is to "come back."

If you doubt this statement, look at this list of former film stars who are now inactive or seen only occasionally:

Enid Bennett, Robert Warwick, George Beban, Blanche Sweet, Lew

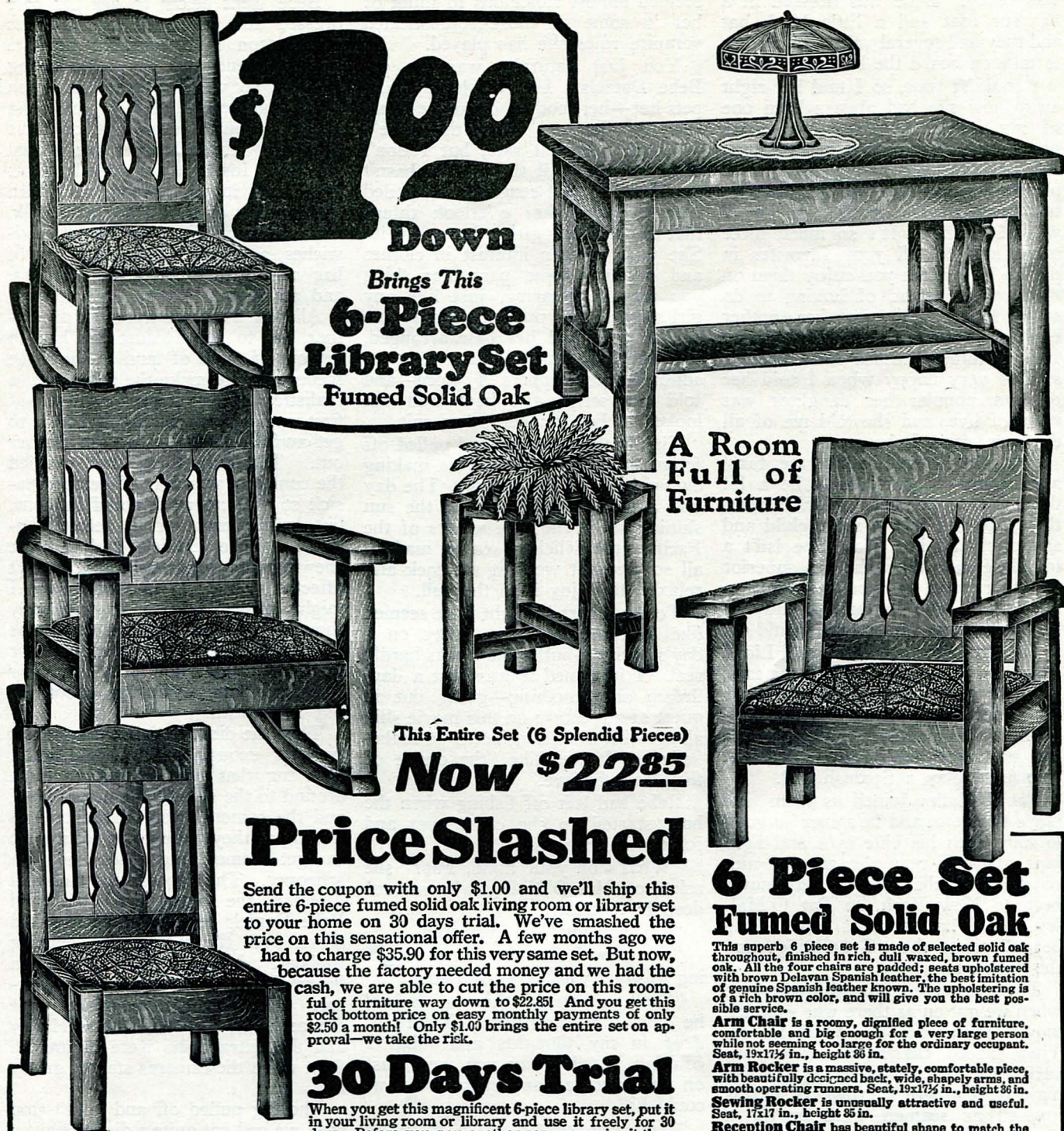
Cody, Taylor Holmes, H. B. Warner, Lucy Cotton, ZaSu Pitts, Justine Johnstone, Edith Storey, Mae Marsh, Bessie Barriscale, Jack Sherrill, Juanita Hansen, Charlie Murray, Violet Heming, Mitchell Lewis, Violet Mersereau, Pauline Curley, Mrs. Sydney Drew, Barbara Castleton, Margaret Fisher, Romaine Fielding, Mollie King, Lucille Lee Stewart, Jewel Carmen, Muriel Ostriche, Lottie Pickford, and Mary Anderson.

If these are not enough to convince you, here are some more:

Virginia Pearson, Gladys Brockwell, Myrtle Steadman, Warren Kerrigan, Helen Holmes, Catherine Calvert, Claire Whitney, Ruth Stone-

house, Kathlyn Williams, E. K. Lincoln, June Elvidge, Martha Mansfield, Cleo Madison, Anne Luther, Grace Darling, Ruth Clifford, Peggy Hyland, William Desmond, Jackie Saunders, Gail Kane, Florence Reed, Lillian Walker, Beatriz Michelena, Madlaine Traverse, Monroe Salisbury, Grace Davidson, Louis Bennison, Billie Rhodes, Edythe Sterling, Naomi Childers, Elinor Fair, Louise Glaum, Marie Doro, Albert Ray, Vivian Martin, Harry Morey, Marguerite Clark, Neva Gerber, Francelia Billington, Hedda Nova.

How much have you missed these former favorites? Is it a case of a new face, a new fancy?



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was ready. Bebe was dressed in a big fur coat and a little black hat and they had several valises of clothes to take on board the boat with them.

I couldn't wait, so I told her right away how she had always been one of my special favorites ever since her comedy days with Harold Lloyd. At that time she had written me a personal letter—so you can imagine how particularly devoted to her I was after that. It's so much nicer to be able to tell your favorites in person how much you enjoy them on the screen, instead of having to do so by letter. Bebe and her mother really appreciate the devotion of her fans, I think, because Mrs. Daniels seemed very happy when I told her of how popular her daughter was where I live, and she told me of all the nice letters Bebe gets.

And she is well worth the fans' admiration—they wouldn't be a bit disappointed in her. You'd never think she has been a stage child and an actress all her life. She isn't a bit blasé, nor does she act superior to other girls, as you'd imagine a young girl who is famous and has been an actress for so long would do.

She liked doing those Harold Lloyd comedies. "But, of course," she said, "I never could get anywhere in them. I like working in Mr. De Mille's productions immensely." The picture she was working on gives her the chance to play a Spanish girl.

Pat O'Malley joined us then. He plays the hero, and he's ever so good looking with his blue eyes and light hair, and he's very pleasant and nice to meet. Bebe Daniels has never been to New York, so Pat O'Malley and I had a great time telling her all about the tall buildings and the subways.

The men were still loading the boat when we got on as there was so much movie equipment that had to go. They placed chairs for us on the back deck, which was higher than the main deck where a crowd of extras dressed as seamen were having a glorious time shooting craps. I sat with Mrs. Daniels while Bebe went below and changed into a short rose-colored organdie dress and then came up on deck and sat fishing with her director, Chet Franklin, so I had a good chance to observe her.

She is just as Betty Compson described her to me, with glossy dark hair and big brown eyes, that same pouty little mouth and very white skin. She is one of those cute types of girls that even other girls adore. Her name just about fits her, I think, and she speaks in a pouty, little-girl voice. She is just my age and is so young in actions and ways that it

seemed almost ridiculous to think of her in some of those sophisticated vampire rôles she has played.

You just naturally want to pet Bebe Daniels. Her whole company pets her—her mother, of course—and even her director. You'd think she'd be spoiled at that rate, but I don't think she is. All the petting hasn't made her so self-centered or spoiled that it makes her overlook things that the ordinary girl is interested in. She takes a keen interest in clothes and admires some particular thing you may be wearing, just like any girl might. She praised the way one of the girls had her hair arranged, told her how much it became her—admired the slippers I wore—and told the script girl how well she looked in her knickerbocker suit.

Finally the schooner had pulled off from the dock, and we were making our way out of the harbor. The day was a lovely, mild one and the sun shining so on the blue waters of the Pacific—the delicious sea air made it all so pleasant we just sat back and relaxed to enjoy it to the full.

To the others it might have seemed like just an excursion party on a day's outing—but to me it was hardly real. I imagined it was just a day-dream or something—going out in quest of adventure on this movie ship along with a little princess of make-believe. It was like "the cruise of the Make-believe."

Bebe had left off fishing when the boat started so she came over and joined the rest of us.

"What's on your mind, Pat?" she asked of Mr. O'Malley who seemed deep in thought.

"Oh, nothing," he answered.

"Oh, now I thought you were going to say I was," pouted Bebe.

"Well, you see, it's this way, Bebe," he quickly assured her. "You're so *deep* in my thoughts and mind I couldn't possibly say you were just on the surface—on my mind, now, could I?"

"You can always leave it to an Irishman to get out of anything with his blarney," laughed Mrs. Daniels. She is a very charming, witty woman, but of a rather different type than her daughter. Ruth Roland says she nicknamed her "The Duchess," and every one calls her that now. Mrs. Daniels used to be an actress, too, you know. It's as easy to get a "crush" on a movie star's mother as it is getting one on a star. All that I've ever met have been every bit as charming as their daughters, and now when the fans rave to me about Bebe, Helen Ferguson, or Pauline Frederick, I always say, "Oh, but if you could only know their *mothers!*"

Bebe went below to get her hair dressed and get made up. It was about noon then, and our appetite was sharpened by the invigorating salt air, so we welcomed the lunch boxes that were handed out, and most of us devoured every bit of their contents. These lunches are packed especially for location work by some restaurant in Hollywood, and each one consists of a pint bottle of milk, two different kinds of meat sandwiches, a piece of cake or pastry, a bag of potato chips, some crackers, and an apple.

All this while we were sailing farther out to sea because we had to get out of sight of land to shoot the scenes so as to make the ocean scenes realistic. Where it had been calm at first and smooth sailing it began to get awfully rough as we got farther out. The only thing that worried the company was fear of getting seasick so that no work could be done, but luckily most of us seemed immune. Bebe Daniels and I were chewing gum vigorously and weren't affected a bit. I was too afraid I might miss anything to give any thoughts to that—besides there was too much zest in this adventure for me, and I was too busy watching Bebe, to bother thinking about the old boat rocking.

Then the director said the schooner was far enough out to begin work. The tug that was pulling us came around to the side of the bigger boat, and the cameras were transferred to the tug as they were going off a ways to get some long shots of the schooner. The two camera men and director, the other two girls, and Bebe Daniels and myself were lifted down over the side to the dancing tugboat. Mrs. Daniels stayed on board the schooner, as she was resting. The rest that remained were the assistant director, Pat O'Malley and the extras who were to stage a fight when the cameras started grinding.

The tug pulled off and didn't stop until we had got quite a distance away from the schooner, and then they set up the cameras to get a view of the ship against the sun. Well, it took the longest time to get that because when the boat would be in just the right position—the camera wouldn't be ready, and when they were, the boat would be out of place again.

Across the water came a low, heavy rumbling that sounded to me like one of those California earthquakes one hears so much about, but we were told it was the battleships in the harbor target practicing, and that was scary—what if they mistook our boat for a target? But they didn't.

Continued on page 96

Wonderful New Complexion Clay Unmasks Your Hidden Beauty!

**Famous Beauty Specialist Tells How
Marvelous New Discovery Gives Almost
Instant Beauty to the Complexion**

BENEATH the most unsightly complexion, beneath the most persistent blackheads and pimples and blemishes, there is a skin as soft and smooth and charming as a child's! Every woman has a beautiful complexion, and she can find it at once if she will only remove the film of dust and dead skin-scales that are clogging and stifling the pores.

The face is a mass of interwoven muscular fibers overlaid with soft, delicate membranes called the skin. These membranes expel acids and impurities, and are provided by nature with millions of tiny pores for the purpose. When dust clogs up these pores, or when the use of wrong creams or powders stifle them, the acids and impurities remain in the skin. They form blackheads, pimples, blemishes.

Plastering the skin with harmful cosmetics will not correct this condition. This will only clog the pores even more and aggravate the blemishes. The skin will become harsh, colorless, unattractive. Massage may clear the pores temporarily, but it will stretch the skin and cause it to droop and wrinkle.

Yet under the most unwholesome disfigurements, under the most coarse and sallow skin, there is exquisite beauty! Remove the dead scales on the surface, remove the blemishes and impurities beneath the surface—and the complexion will be left soft and smooth, tingling with the freshness of youth and beauty!



The marvelous new Complexion Clay removes all blemishes and impurities as though they were some useless mask, and the wholesome, youthful beauty of the complexion is revealed underneath. It does not cover up blemishes. It removes them—AT ONCE.

This New Discovery Clears and Beautifies the Skin at Once

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This new discovery has been given the most appropriate name of Complexion Clay. It is not a cosmetic; it is not a skin-tonic. You do not have to wait for results. The soft, pliant, cream-like clay is applied to the face with the finger tips. It dries and hardens. And as it hardens, it draws out every skin impurity with gentle firmness. When it is removed, the skin beneath is found to be smooth and clear and beautiful.

How the Complexion Clay Works

Every one knows that the beauty of the face is more largely determined by the texture and quality of the skin than by the features. With a clear, radiant complexion any woman is beautiful.

Never before has the attainment of a smooth, clear complexion been as simple, as instantaneous as now. Complexion Clay is one of the most amazing discoveries known to science and chemistry. It is a preparation of wonderful potency, and it brings new life and youth to every skin cell and pore.

Complexion Clay does not cover up or hide the defects. It removes them—at once. When the fine, delicately-scented clay is applied every pore in the skin hungrily absorbs the nourishing skin food it contains. There is a cool, tingling sensation as the clay dries and hardens. And as it hardens you will feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, giving up the impurities that clogged them, freeing themselves of the self-poisons that caused the pimples and blackheads.

The clay remains on the face only a short time. You may read or relax while the beauty mask is doing its work—you may even go about your household tasks. A warm towel applied to the face will soften the clay and you will be able to roll it off easily with your fingers. And as it comes off, every blemish and impurity will come off with it, every blackhead and pimplehead will vanish in the magical clay! The skin beneath will be left as soft and smooth and satiny as a child's.

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We guarantee Complexion Clay to be a preparation of marvelous potency—and a beautifier that is absolutely harmless to the most sensitive skin. This guarantee of satisfaction to every user is backed by a deposit of \$10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia, which is authorized to return to any purchaser the total amount paid for Complexion Clay if the results are unsatisfactory or if our statements in this announcement in any way misrepresent this wonderful, new discovery.

FREE Trial Offer

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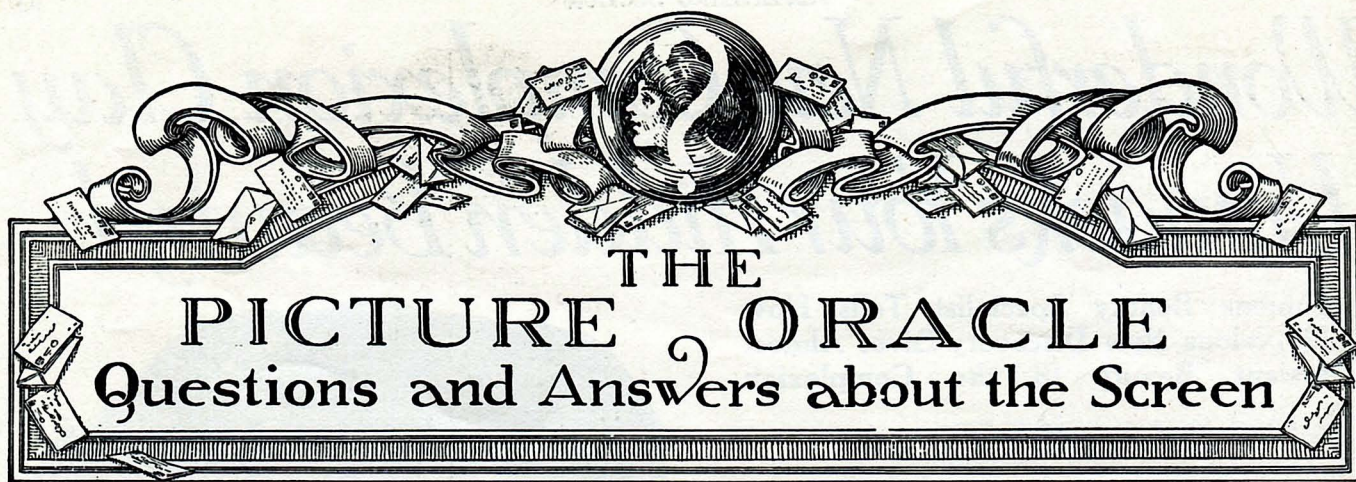
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Dept. 235, 267 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

HARRISON.—Yes, several old pictures are to be refilmed. Mary Pickford will remake "Tess of the Storm Country," in which she starred for Famous Players several years ago; "Black Orchids" will be produced by Rex Ingram, who wrote and directed the original version; "A Fool There Was," the Fox production which introduced Theda Bara as the vamp of the screen, will be refilmed by the same company, Estelle Taylor playing the "rag, and a bone, and a hank of hair," and Lewis Stone the rôle of the fool; and "Under Two Flags," another Theda Bara-Fox production, will be made by Universal, with Priscilla Dean as the star. I suppose the producers feel that these stories contain elements that were either untouched or not fully developed in the original pictures, but which, with the wonderful advance in all branches of motion pictures, will make a second production decidedly worth while. Anyhow it will be interesting to compare these new versions with the ones made when the pictures were "in their infancy."

CHARLEY.—Edna Murphy played the rôle of *Charley's* wife in "Over the Hill," and Inez Marcel was the *School-teacher*. Send your other questions along any time.

BETTY A.—Bebe Daniels is five feet five inches, weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, has auburn hair and brown eyes. Gloria Swanson weighs one hundred and twelve pounds, and has blue eyes. Bebe Daniels was on the stage as a child actress before going on the screen. She also played child parts in pictures until she grew out of them. Gloria started her career with Essanay.

MICKEY MAC.—Phyllis Haver was born in Douglas, Kansas, January 6, 1899. She is five feet six, and weighs one hundred and twenty-six pounds. Gaston Glass was born in Paris, France, in 1895. He is five feet ten and a half inches, weighs one hundred and fifty-six pounds, has dark hair and brown eyes. "Who's Who on the Screen" credits Atlanta, Georgia, as Mabel Normand's birthplace, but other authorities say Boston, Massachusetts, is the favored city. I'll ask Mabel the next time I see her.

MABEL J.—Edith Johnson was born in 1895. She is five feet four inches and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. William Duncan is five feet ten inches, and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. Of course, you know they're married, don't you? No, Mary Pickford did not play with Doug in "The Three Musketeers." Marguerite de la Motte played the rôle of *Constance* in that pic-

ture. Mary and Doug have never appeared together on the screen. Betty Compson is not married.

JULIENNE C.—So you and your brother were in Belgium during the war? You must have been very young then. Did you have a hard time? Your questions about William Duncan are answered above. Write me again.

NIGEL.—The rôle of "Snag" Flippin in the William Duncan serial, "Fighting Fate," was played by Frank Weed. Of course his ugliness in the picture was due to make-up. Mr. Weed is really a fine-looking man. You'd never be afraid of him.

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to **The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.** The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Questions concerning scenario writing must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

DINORAH.—This isn't March, but here is your answer. Theda Bara is touring the country in vaudeville at present writing. While she hasn't announced her future plans it is likely that she will make pictures again. Does that make you happy? Miss Bara was born in 1890. She is five feet six, weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds, has dark-brown hair and eyes.

RODOLPH VALENTINO VICTIMS.—There's such a bunch of you that I'm answering you all together. Rodolph seems to have developed into the champion heart-breaker of the screen. His whole history was printed in *The Oracle* recently. Rudy

has the leading rôle opposite Gloria Swanson in "Beyond the Rocks," the second story which Elinor Glyn wrote especially for Miss Swanson. The combined talents of this exotic trio should make *some picture*. Aren't you anxious to see it? After that he will have the leading rôle in "Blood and Sand," which Famous Players will make from the Ibanez novel, and the play in which Otis Skinner appeared on the stage in New York. But that's not the half of it, deary—May McAvoy and Bebe Daniels have been selected to play the leading feminine rôles. Valentino's correct name is Guglielmi. It certainly isn't beautiful, but you don't *have* to say it.

BERNICE M.—Alice Terry is five feet one, and weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. She recently married Rex Ingram, the director of "The Four Horsemen," y'know. Alice has the rôle of the *Princess Flavia* in Ingram's new production, "The Prisoner of Zenda." Your other questions have been answered.

MAE.—Richard Barthelmess is five feet seven. Agnes Ayres is five feet four and a half inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds, has golden-brown hair and gray-blue eyes.

VERA D. H.—You want to know the youngest and oldest actress on the screen. There are several who would like to be considered the youngest, I guess, and the oldest—strange, but there doesn't seem to be a single claimant. Yes, other people beside motion-picture players live in Hollywood. It's quite a suburb.

MARGUERITE M.—Norma Talmadge has dark-brown hair, bobbed, and brown eyes. Her next picture will be "The Duchess of Langeais," adapted from the story by Honoré Balzac. Conway Tearle, who was Norma's leading man before he was made a Selznick star, will have the male lead in "The Duchess," and Adolphe Menjou, Irving Cummings, Kate Lester, Thomas Ricketts, Otis Harlan, Rosemary Theby, and Otto Lederer complete the imposing cast. The production will be directed by Frank Lloyd, and is expected to be Miss Talmadge's most ambitious effort.

HARRY M. S.—Yes, some of the male actors actually cry when making pictures. I don't imagine they enjoy it as much as the women do, but art is art, and when the story calls for a weepy man, why, they weep, that's all.

ALICE L.—Your girl friend's news is rather late. Rudolph Valentino was in New York several months ago, but he went back to the Coast long before I got your letter. You'll have to wait till he comes back again to see him personally.

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A Hothouse Star

Continued from page 73

way I live here I couldn't stand it anywhere else.

"Lots of girls want to come to New York and have beautiful clothes, and I think that while they are waiting and hoping they like to see such things in pictures. I can get lovelier costumes here and keep in touch with things better——"

As she idly murmured on about her costumes I thought of a theater in a little town in Connecticut before which there was a crowd of chattering girls waiting for the doors to open. I had pushed my way through the crowd, and found on the poster—Corinne in her startling pearl gown, worn in "What's Your Reputation Worth?" Corinne knows what girls like in pictures, and in life what—but that is another story.

"Why should I rush to the studio in the early morning? People want me to look my best, and I can't if I have to do that. The director can take scenes I am not in until I get there. I always get there around ten-thirty." She said it with becoming nonchalance, as though hours were of little or no importance anyhow.

"As for making sacrifices," she went on, "they've never been necessary. A director met me at the Mardi Gras in New Orleans and suggested that I go into pictures, and I went, and here I am and that is all there is to my story. After a while I shall go on the stage, I think, if the right opportunity comes along. I had an offer this year, but I wasn't ready then to stop pictures. Betty Blythe and I went to see the play I was to have appeared in, and we couldn't imagine me in it. Betty is such loads of fun; I go out much more when she is here.

"No, not exactly," she added. "But when Betty is visiting me I at least sit up and have a late supper with her when she comes home. When I come home from the studio—I always stop at five, you know—I'd rather just stay here than to go out anywhere. I've had six weeks' vacation now and I haven't done much of anything."

The car was announced then, and she suggested a drive. I protested weakly that it was clammy and cold and disagreeable outside, but she overruled me airily.

We sped along through the darkening mists of Central Park warmly tucked in beneath a silken robe. Framed under the glass of the limousine windows and with the frost-laden shrubs and trees beyond looking like fairy plants, there was something vaguely suggestive about her.

I had it; she is the hothouse star.



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A Fan's Adventures in Hollywood

Continued from page 92

It had seemed to me that the schooner tossed a good deal, but this little tug simply bobbed like a top on those waves, and they had to hold the cameras down to keep them from being pitched over. There was just a tiny cabin barely big enough for one person, and director Franklin chased Bebe into that when the boat rocked so that the spray began to wet the decks. The script girl and I were sitting in the middle of the deck when the boat rolled so far to one side that our chairs almost went over backward into the water.

Suddenly the sun seemed to sink right down into the ocean so that it was impossible to film any more scenes that day. Just think, all that time and expense for two or three camera shots that wouldn't take five minutes to show on the screen!

A heavy mist fell over us so quickly that before we knew it we were in a thick fog that shut off all view of the schooner. As we had been sailing around it in circles we didn't have much of an idea where the big boat was when the fog shut off our view of it. The schooner had been blowing her whistle all the while, so finally, after scouting around for about half an hour, we spied the misty outline of the large vessel. By this time we were only too glad to get back on the bigger boat as we all had enough of spinning around like a top. We were very much dampened by the spray and fog, and the nasty wet mist had taken all the curl out of our hair, even Bebe's! Her spirits weren't dampened, however, and when you think that she had had to be up at six that morning after spending nearly all the night before packing, and then after being all day on the boat and getting all

made up and everything—and then not used for even one scene—you would think she would have been disgusted.

It was eight o'clock and dark before we got back. We sat on deck and the seamen wrapped blankets and oilskins around our chairs. Pat O'Malley generously gave me one of his overcoats to put around me, and we sat and talked. He told me how much he enjoyed playing with Bebe Daniels and about when he played with Madge Kennedy in "The Blooming Angel" and what a lovely girl and perfect lady she is and what a pleasure it was to work with her. He said he just longs to do a circus picture some day and showed me the picture of his very pretty wife and little daughter.

When we sailed into San Pedro harbor we saw all the battleships twinkling with lights, and music from one of the bands came floating over the water to us.

I can tell you that I felt pretty satisfied with my life as a movie fan when I stepped off the boat on my way back, and this particular adventure impressed one thing on me that I'd often thought of before, and which I want to speak of now.

Some of my friends have appeared a little skeptical at times and asked me if it was really true that I liked the movie stars when I met them in person as much as I have appeared to, and whether they really are as interesting as I have tried to make out.

Don't you think that almost any one whose life is just a succession of amazing experiences such as the one I've been describing would be pretty interesting just through that alone? This day's adventure, like my other



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For Men and Women
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Shave, Bathe and Shampoo with one Soap.—Cuticura

Cuticura Soap is the favorite for safety razor shaving.



Mrs. Daniels is charming. Every one calls her "The Duchess."

The LETTERS of a YOUNG BRIDE



This picture of the schooner looks tranquil enough, but, oh, how it really did rock!

ones, will stand out always as a red-letter day, but to Bebe it was just part of the day's work. On another day she was to go overboard, and later on she was to work in a submarine. And every picture brings new and different experiences.

Of course, there are some players that I've met whom I didn't care so much about—just as there are people of other sorts that I've met and haven't liked. But I just don't write about them, and, anyway, they've been very much in the minority. They aren't the big stars. If people are likable it generally shows in their faces, and if they can make you like them a whole lot just by appearing in shadow on the screen, you can be pretty sure that you'd like them even better if you could know them in person.

RUSHING VALENTINO—BY POPULAR REQUEST

When Ethel Sands mentioned in a recent installment of her "Adventures" that an early meeting with Rodolph Valentino was to be arranged for her, letters began to pour in begging her to write and tell each of her correspondents just what she thought of Valentino when she met him face to face. She would gladly have done it—but such a feat was beyond her powers. But every day as her heap of mail asking about him accumulated, she realized that something must be done about it immediately.

And so—instead of telling her "Adventures" in chronological order—she is going to skip next month to the day when she first met Rodolph Valentino and tell you all about what happened afterward. All of the questions will be answered that were asked in the letters she received about him. All of the things will be told that only a real fan would think of noticing. And her account will be illustrated with some of the best pictures you have ever seen of this popular young Italian. If you like Valentino—and of course you do—you can't help enjoying this article.

Dear Eleanor:

We are just back from Bermuda! And to you, my dear, I am writing my first letter as Mrs. William T. Carleton. *Bermuda!* What a fairyland of dreams! I shall never forget it. The deep, crystal water—the age-old sea—the quaint little shops. And best of all, the soft, silvery nights and the big, silvery moon.

Billy and I are very, very happy. Sometimes I have to pinch myself to see if I am awake. Life is so different.

Can't you come to see us? Our apartment isn't very large, but I know we could find room for you somewhere. And I have so many things to tell you.

June 15.

Dear Eleanor:

Sorry to hear that you are so busy with your sewing that you can't come now. Fortunately, I don't need a new thing this summer. You know father gave me the money for my trousseau, and it was wonderfully complete.

Anyway, it's lucky I don't need any new clothes—we've had to get so many things for the apartment. Billy thought the firm would raise his salary when we were married—but they didn't, and I know he's worried a little. He's such a dear. Come when you can.

September 27.

Dear Eleanor:

Such a week! Tuesday, Billy's mother invited me to come over to a tea she was giving Thursday afternoon. I knew who would be there and I simply had to have something new. So I got right on the car and went down to Blaine's. Eleanor, do you know what they asked for a half-way pretty afternoon dress? Sixty-five dollars! I went to four other shops and the lowest price I found for anything that I could wear was \$49.50. Well, I didn't have that much to spend on a dress and I didn't have the heart to ask Billy for it, so on Thursday I put on that henna tricolette I had a year ago.

But, Eleanor, when I got there and found all the other women with smart, new clothes, I felt positively ashamed of my appearance. I came home and just lay down and cried.

I finally decided to ask Billy for \$25 extra, next month, figuring I could save the rest out of the house allowance. But when he came home he looked worried himself. After dinner he put his arm around me and said, "Honey, do you think you could cut corners a little next month? My life insurance comes due the 20th and it's going to be just a bit hard to meet it." You can imagine how my own plans vanished when he said that. What am I going to do, Eleanor? I've simply got to have a few new things. What can I do?

October 5.

Dear Eleanor:

I guess I've read your letter twenty times. When I think of all the pretty new clothes you have, I fear I'm just a bit envious. But to think you've made them all yourself! And you believe I could do the same. Oh, wouldn't it be too wonderful if I could! And you say you learned at home. Why, I always thought one must put in years in a shop or go away somewhere to school to really become a dressmaker. But I shall know all about the plan you suggest in a few days, for I have written the Woman's Institute.

Dear Eleanor:

Oh, yes, I know I've neglected you, but truly I didn't realize it had been two months since I wrote you last. You see, I heard from the Institute just a couple of days after my last letter, and when I saw that there was exactly the thing I needed, I put in my membership and took up the Dressmaking Course at once. And I made such rapid progress!

Why, after the third lesson, I made the loveliest blouse. Billy says it's the prettiest I ever had, and think, it cost just \$1.65, and really I couldn't duplicate it down-town for less than \$5.00. Besides, I've made two apron dresses, a camisole, the dearest negligee, and a plaited skirt, and now I'm at work on my first nice dress. I can hardly wait till it's finished.

Dear Eleanor:

Oh, I must tell you. I wore the new dress to a party this afternoon and every one said it was the most becoming one I ever had. The girls insisted on knowing where I got it, and when I told them I made it myself they were simply amazed. Marion Holt wants me to make a dress for her.

May 10.

Dear Eleanor:

My, but I've been busy. The very day after the party Marion came over. Said she was really serious about wanting me to make her a dress, so I said all right, I would. Well, I never enjoyed anything so much as planning and making that dress for Marion—and it was a beauty, if I do say it. Marion was so delighted she insisted on paying me \$20 for making it and said she wanted me to make all her clothes in the future. Well, that was the beginning of my venture. Others came and wanted me to make clothes for them, and the result is that every hour I have been able to spend from my work for the last three months has been taken up designing and making things for the folks here in town.

March 11.

June 21.

Dear Eleanor:

It seems I always have good news to tell you these days. Two weeks ago we bought the dearest little house out here in Maplewood, and now we're all settled. When Billy first heard about the house he came rushing home one night, half in joy, half in despair. It was a wonderful bargain, but he had to pay a thousand dollars down.

"I've saved \$600 since the first of the year," he said (you know he got a raise in January), "but where can we get the rest?" Well, I fairly flew up to my room, and down the stairs I rushed with my own bank book. Of course, Billy knew I had made some money sewing, but when I showed him a balance of \$572, he just rubbed his eyes and stared. But I sat down then and there and wrote a check for \$400 and put it in his hand. And—well—I couldn't get my breath for a minute—Billy was holding me so tight! "Louise, dear," he said, "you're the greatest little woman in the world!"

So we're here in our own home, Eleanor. Tonight after supper we sat out on the porch—just quiet and happy—and the moon came up big and round and silvery. "It seems to me," Billy said, "I've seen that moon before." "Yes, Billy dear," I said, "it's our honey moon. It's going to shine on us forever."

WOULDN'T you, too, like to have prettier, more becoming clothes for yourself and your family for less than half what they now cost you? Wouldn't you like to have two or three times as many pretty dresses at no increased expense?

You can have them, for through the Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences you can learn easily and quickly, right in your own home, to make them yourself at merely the cost of materials.

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The Woman's Institute is ready to help you, no matter where you live or what your circumstances or your needs. And it costs you absolutely nothing to find out what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the convenient coupon below to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 59-E, Scranton, Penna., and you will receive, without obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing to women and girls all over the world, the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes and hats, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business.



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Romances of Famous Film Folk

Continued from page 69

the house and who signed me. I went to him and said, 'I don't think thirty dollars is enough.' 'How much do you want?' he asked. 'Well,' I said belligerently, 'I think it ought to be thirty-five dollars!' So thirty-five dollars it was. Faith and I lived in a little cottage, and were really awfully happy. Then we went down to New York, things broke better for me, and we had an apartment."

Douglas became interested in pictures after he had made a trip to the Coast for Morosco, where he played in stock in Los Angeles. He became Mary Pickford's leading man, and also played with the American Company in Santa Barbara. His services were more and more sought, until finally, some three years ago, he became an Ince star.

"Was Mrs. MacLean the only girl you were ever engaged to?" I asked, impertinently, I suppose.

"No, I wasn't!" Mrs. MacLean answered right up.

"Oh, pshaw! I never really was engaged to Marjorie!" Douglas insisted.

"Well, you wrote poetry to her! I found it!"

"Well, didn't I write poetry to you, too?"

Whereupon of course there was simply no stopping him. He read us some of the scraps he had preserved. And truth compels me to admit they were really very clever, those verses. Now he writes his wife a bit of verse on every anniversary of their wedding.

"It's only once a year, so I can stand it!" She laughed.

So whoever the mysterious Marjorie was, and whatever her charms, one thing is certain, that everything was off between her and Douglas forever after he met Faith Cole.

"Do you talk your stories over with your wife?" I asked.

"Whenever she'll let me," answered her husband.

It seems Mrs. MacLean prefers her home keeping to advising her husband, and right now one of the most interesting topics you can introduce in talk with her is the new home she is planning to build. Her husband is letting her have her own way about it, too, except that he insists on a billiard and smoking room.

And they lived happily ever after for seven years—which leads up to the present moment of writing.



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SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO.
Dept. N, 339 S. Wabash Av., Chicago



What is a Screen Test?

Continued from page 21

tired of you, through with you, and has left you. You are taken aback and sorry and shocked at first, but you begin to realize that after all it makes little difference. You reread the note, and the idea of revenge at the slight thrust upon you begins to dominate you. You crush the note, determined to "make him pay."

Ince says that these two tests, or this test with the two endings, almost runs the entire gamut of human emotions, so that an actor or actress who passes them with credit must be good.

In making the "Duchess de Langeais" Norma Talmadge advertised for "one hundred girls who could wear clothes of the Second Restoration 'period.'" These girls included mature women—either by nature or make-up. The chief requisite was that they really could look like court attendants, walk like them, and wear clothes like them. When the girls appeared in answer to the advertisement they were sorted out and then tried in costume. A number were

tested. But tests cannot profitably be given to so many. Tests are expensive. They take a director and a camera, and men to operate the lights, et cetera. And for one picture many tests may have to be made. In assembling the cast of "The Hottentot," forty actors and actresses were tested for the eight principal parts, Colleen Moore won over fifteen girls as the lead in "The Wall Flower," and almost a score of girls were tested for the part played by Barbara Le Mar in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Fortunately tests for one picture are often given during the time an actor or actress is working in another, otherwise the time consumed would be too great a loss to the individual. And of course the stars are only tested to make sure the people who go with them do not spoil their appearance, that their make-up is all it should be, and that the lights are perfect. When one arrives at this point tests cease to terrify—they are tests for the others.

You Wouldn't Accept a Substitute

Continued from page 34

subtle madcap rôles of her career. I wish that I could tell you the name of it, but I promised her I wouldn't.

Like most good humorists, Madge Kennedy is a very serious person.

"I wasn't always," she told me. "And I hope never to be serious in my pictures. I'd much rather make people laugh. But I can't help being serious lately. Something happened to me while I was out on tour in 'Cornered' that made such a deep impression that I can't shake it off.

"I was invited with some other people to visit a State's prison and help with an entertainment for the convicts, and it was there that I had the greatest shock of my life. When I walked out on the stage before those thousands of unfortunate men I was greeted with a laugh. They knew me. I was never so touched in my life. And I began to realize then what a wonderful privilege it has been for me to amuse people. The

thing that gets me now is wondering whether I can live up to it or not.

"I did things to entertain those men that I never would have thought it possible to do. I even sang." Her voice sank to a horrified monotone. "I'd never sung before except in the privacy of my own home, but I sang for them, and they laughed. When I finished the tears were streaming down my face, and I haven't forgotten the thrill of it to this day.

"Starting to make pictures with my own company affects me almost as keenly as trying to amuse those convicts did. And if people will only chuckle when they see me coming, I won't ask for more than that. But, yes, I will," she added fervently, "I'd like to be there and hear them."

And so, if you want to make Madge Kennedy happy—but why waste words? I know you'll laugh with delight when you hear she is coming back.

ANNOUNCING THE FILMS.

- "The Pickpocket!" Watch out for this one!
- "The Peacock." A beautiful tale.
- "The Hangman's Rope." Keeps you in suspense.
- "The Porcupine." Full of good points.
- "The Divorcee." Just released.
- "The Coal Mine." A story of the underworld.
- "A Skein of Wool." An old-fashioned yarn.
- "The Dressmaker." Keeps you on pins and needles.
- "The Débutante." Costs a fortune to bring out.
- "The Skyscraper." A romance of high life.
- "Cheaper To Move Than Pay Rent!" A lesson in economy.

HAROLD SETON.



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Complexion Cake*



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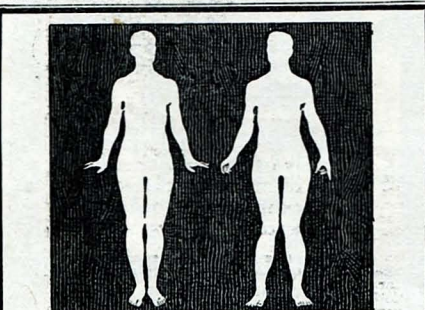
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Make Me Laugh!

Continued from page 23

I went to his dressing room. I got his "idea," insomnia, and disgust with life. But I laughed. There was nothing else to do. The realization came over me that I was not being paid to make the comedian laugh at the funny things I wrote, so much as to laugh at the things the comedian wrote that weren't funny. Listening to his own "idea" put the star in a good humor and he sent me home with encouragement; at least he thought it was encouragement. It was really mental murder. The plot of the comedy he had told me was that there was a girl out West and a man in the East and somehow—he didn't care how—they met. Then, through some screaming situations somehow—he didn't care how—they fell in love. They decided to get married, and departed to commit matrimony, but for some howlingly funny reason—he didn't care what reason—they couldn't. Then finally they did.

It may be necessary to explain where the funny part of this idea comes in, so I'll explain it. It was—let me see—it was—wait—no, I can't explain it—I've forgotten it.

I went home, took my typewriter, eleven aspirin tablets and two days and finished the comedy. It was terrible. It was accepted. It was produced. It was still terrible.

But prior to the picture's release the story that had been rejected was read with favor by a rival organization and, with new confidence and contracts, I moved my offices to another part of Hollywood. Here the comedies were less slapstick—"cleaner" pictures. Cleanliness in comedies, in the studio vernacular, does not apply to moral unadulteration—it means the absence of smeary scenes and break-away props. In other words it is polite comedy—comedy in which no one is insulted—except the author. My stories may have been cleaner, but my job was just as dirty. The same routine was followed as in the previous case. No one meant any harm—even the critical comedian—but life was just as hard as ever.

For a time I had little trouble. My last release had been a whirlwind success—the filmatic atrocity still being unreleased—and in the picture

business you wear your success like a badge, which grants you all privileges. I was permitted to suggest things to the director, during production. At the rushes—the daily exhibitions of each previous day's work—I saw what had been made, and was joyous. Everything pointed to another "knock-out." I felt sure of a seat on Olympus. At last I was standing on solid ground.

But the next day there was an earthquake; the solid ground shook me to a fall. The comedian's "idea," with my name as author, was released. Its failure was instantaneous. It was proof that horrors and outrages are not confined to wars. There was no ceremony, no sympathy. The blame was placed immediately, and justly, upon the story. The comedian was good—and he was, because he is a good actor—but the story was bad. I had written it. So, as an act of precaution, my new employer promptly discharged me.

In relating these incidents in detail my purpose has been to acquaint those who are sympathetic enough to read, with the whole professional life of a man who is expected to be funny. By giving a few incidents in detail I have given a thousand episodes, as much alike as corsets, differing only to fit different conditions.

In one respect I may have been misleading, and here, with fitting emphasis, I shout assurance that, despite my apparent irritation at comedians and others connected with comedy companies, they are really the best-natured fellows in the world—considering what they go through. The hardest work in the world is making laughs. People are hurt, people are tormented, and people are dirtied. Particularly people are dirtied. They are massaged with custard, mud, mortar, dough, eggs, water, grease; with everything fluid and sticky—and still they dare not complain. Is it not natural that occasionally one's disposition be ruined with one's clothes? But there is no way out. You laugh at it—that's the answer; and just so long as you continue to laugh at it they must suffer it.

So in a comedy studio cleanliness is not next to godliness. It is next to impossible.

THIS STORY IS THE FIRST OF A SERIES

by a writer who, besides having written several successful screen stories, has had a hand in practically every activity that goes on inside a studio, from cutting and titling a picture to wielding the director's megaphone. In our next issue he is going to tell you some of the secrets of what a story goes through as it is being made into a picture. This article will be called "The Hydraheaded Author."

Oh, Boy!

Continued from page 63

votion. And when the scenes had been taken no one had the courage to tell him that his good news had been a lie. That blow came several days later, and in the meantime Marshall Neilan had arranged for him to have a vacation up in northern New York on a farm where he would have a lot of boys to play with and a chance to forget his bitter disappointment.

Mr. Neilan would never have had the heart to loan Wesley again if he had continued to feel so broken-hearted about it. But fortunately Wesley found that he liked working for the Warner Brothers—not so well as Mr. Neilan, of course—but well enough. Besides, he is not cunning little Wesley Barry any more; he is a grown-up, gawky boy and he could hardly admit that separation from his idol was too much for him to bear. That's kid stuff.

When Wesley is not among friends he subsides into a "Yes'm" and "No'm" automaton like any self-conscious young kid. He can't stand girls and interviewers, and he was nice to me only because he met me not as an interviewer but as a friend of Colleen Moore, whom he adores. He is just natural and as brutally frank as any shrewd twelve-year old who has never been called "The Exhibitors' Pride" or seen his name in electric lights. But when some one mentioned that I "wrote things" he became annoyingly polite. Some time later when I bumped into him with Colleen staring into the glittering shop windows on Fifth Avenue he had forgotten that shortcoming of mine in his maze of new impressions. He had seen the show at the Hippodrome, the circus at Madison Square Garden, New York from the Woolworth Tower, and been to Florida on the yacht on which some of the scenes for "The Lotus Eaters" were filmed. Moreover, he had taken the Indians from "Bob Hampton of Placer," who were in New York for that film's premiere, to call on the mayor, and he had led a parade of thousands of boys down Fifth Avenue to inaugurate Boys' Week. But his motion-picture career has been full of such honors as that. And he'd rather hang around the studio and watch Marshall Neilan any day.

THEIR GUIDING STARS.

Even the foremost stars of motion pictures are hero worshipers even as you and I are, and in many cases these ideals have helped to shape their careers. You will be interested to find who the guiding star of your favorite is—and Edwin Schallert will tell you in next month's PICTURE-PLAY.

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An Actor with Something to Say

Continued from page 47

hopes for young Dwan, when he was at Triangle. King Vidor was a possible great, too."

Fawcett's brow knotted in a quizzical frown.

"You can't tell how the race will finish," he said, "until it's run."

In the picture field, seven years is a long period. Lots of things have happened in that time. I asked him whether he thought there had been a marked improvement, in the year of our Lord, 1922, over the conditions of 1915. With characteristic gesture and sweep, he replied. Watching him talk, I constantly was reminded of the shadowy Fawcett whom I had applauded on stage and screen. There is no separating this actor from his parts. He is himself. As he said, naturalness, slowed down a trifle, makes for the most effective acting.

He thought for a moment before plunging into the abyss of comparison—a stubby cigar his sole inspiration.

"You know as well as I do that such a subject should be given mature deliberation. If you insist on an answer now, you'll be good enough to discount some of it as hasty and ill-advised.

"Of course settings and scenery are infinitely better—solid, real, costly. There's no question about that. Photography is better. Bitzer outdid himself with 'Broken Blossoms.' Ingram's man is a corker, too, whoever he is. So much for photography. Now as to acting—" A grin wreathed the broad, kindly countenance. "The screen has not made distinct advances in acting—generally speaking. Certain stars have come to it—well and good. But I speak of the whole industry. When I came to the Coast directors used to go into the Los Angeles parks and pick out a pretty girl, ask her to play in a picture, and eventually give her real parts. For leading men, they were satisfied with any square-faced young feller with a straight nose and a half pound of white meat on each side of his jaws. Actors? They never thought of that. It was all in having what they called a 'screen face.' That, of course, means nothing. I'm no beauty. I have no 'screen face.' But I think I can act, though that's neither here nor there." Humorously, he repeated the depreciative phrase. "To-day they don't pick 'em off park benches, but a good many times they do the next best thing—run beauty contests, and give acting jobs to the winners. Beauty isn't acting. Handsomeness isn't ability. And yet these two qualities are still the standards

for leading men and women to-day—again speaking in a general way. You can show me homely leads, like old Bill Rogers, but you can't show me many, I'll warrant. And they tell me that Rogers isn't going to be in pictures any more."

Figuratively, Mr. Fawcett rolled up his sleeves before tackling the directorial problem.

"Directors have not made the progress they should, because they dread originality. A novel piece of business seldom is permitted; a new method of treating an old situation is scorned. Pictures are too standardized, too mechanically patterned after other pictures that have proved successful. All in all, pictures are better now than they were, but originality and novelty should be encouraged more. Initiative should show itself in men like Griffith and De Mille and Neilan."

Mr. Fawcett asseverated that the stupid beauty of the contest fame was responsible for the dictatorship of the director.

"Then when an actor with sense comes along the directors forget and treat him the way they must treat Lizzie Lipstick, beauty winner. One of the reasons I'll retire from acting, if I ever do, is directors." He waved thumbs down, a grotesque look of agony on his face.

Years ago George Fawcett was regaling an earlier generation of theatergoers with Shakespearean characterizations. Following this apprenticeship he found himself in universal demand for stern uncles, gruff guardians, and unrelenting fathers. Then came the silent stage with its beckoning finger, and the aging artist followed the golden path leading to the studio door.

One of his recent screen rôles was that unforgettable bit in the celluloid version of Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson," with Wallie Reid and Elsie Ferguson, and still more recently he played the rôle of *Dr. Kimble* in the Frank P. Donovan production of "Silas Marner," which is about to be released. But his forte, he claims, is directing, and as soon as Fate beckons with sufficient allure, George will swap the make-up box for the megaphone once more.

"And I promise you," he said, wagging a promissory finger at me, "I promise that if an actor has an idea of his own, he will be permitted to use it, and what's more," he whispered hoarsely, "I'll raise his pay!"

You'd like George Fawcett just as much as I did.

A Young Man of the World

Continued from page 87

do them, but please don't call them hobbies. I speak and read French, for instance, and like it. I go to bed early, not because I particularly need or desire sleep, but because I rather like this world and think a large quantity of sleep will perhaps postpone my passage into the next one and make my sojourn here more enjoyable.

"I like to play and watch baseball—I can't imagine why. At some of the Pacific Coast League games I get excited enough to strain a valve in my heart or something—were it not for the fact that I have an excellent heart.

"I enjoy nothing so much in the culinary department as shirred eggs and apples soaked in port wine, because they are the most appetizing dishes I have ever sunk my teeth into. The port wine will shortly become rather a problem, and I am seeking night and day to solve it. Perhaps you can suggest a solution—after you have sampled the wine."

We thought we might. The matter was discussed.

"I am an avid reader but not a discriminating one," he took up the discourse after the interruption. "I like Conrad and I like the sporting columns of the newspapers when they are written by a lad with a lively style and a sense of humor. I have an aversion to books on philosophy, yet I have written one, which I am philosophically keeping to myself.

"I like pointer dogs. They are absolutely fascinating. I own twelve.

"I enjoy riding horseback and hunting. In Texas I was the State champion snipe hunter."

We mentioned ages, and Casson gave us the shock of our old life by admitting frankly to thirty years—he doesn't look over twenty. He was born in Louisiana and educated in Paris. He appeared in musical comedy both abroad and here and even took a flyer in Shakespeare and achieved some success in light opera. His motion-picture career includes association with several companies in juvenile rôles. Lately he has been concentrating on Paramount pictures.

"I am the lad on the screen who always is disappointed in love," he smiled. "I woo beautiful heroines, but I am inevitably thrown down in the fourth reel. Betty Compson, May McAvoy, Lila Lee—I've loved and lost them all."

Casson played a prince with a monocle with Thomas Meighan in "The Prince Chap," you will remember. He was recently opposite May McAvoy in "A Virginia Courtship."



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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 74

I'm not narrow enough to think that a chorus girl couldn't become a star. What I contend is this; that few of them have, or ever will have, the ability or brains to become a really great screen actress. A few of them may rise to real fame, just as occasionally individuals rise from other humble beginnings. But such instances are few and far between. We are being asked to accept far too many girls fresh from the ranks of the chorus, and with little or no other training as talented women, and it is an insult to our intelligence. Personally, I'd rather see a merely good looking girl with charm and intelligence than all the chorus products in the movies.

As a parting shot I might say that Griffith has forgotten more than most of the other directors ever knew. When the average director realizes that the public wants something more than a beautiful face and a "perfect 36," then we'll get some better films. **JOAN CLAYBORN.**

Hollywood Apartment, Tacoma, Ore.

Too Good for Words.

"What the Fans Think" is a splendid part of a splendid magazine. I have appreciated this department so long that I think I must now have my say.

First, for that magnetic actor, Rodolph Valentino. I recently saw him in the most colorful picture I have ever seen, "The Sheik." The next week at school all my friends were asking: "Did you see Rodolph Valentino in 'The Sheik'? Wasn't it wonderful? But Rodolph Valentino—he was too good for words!" On being asked why she liked Rodolph Valentino, one of my friends replied: "Oh! He's so handsome and wicked-looking!" (That is what she *actually* said.) Wouldn't Mr. Valentino laugh if he could hear them?

I, also, saw him in "The Four Horsemen." That, beyond a doubt, was a much better rôle for his dramatic ability.

I think that if he continues to have good parts, he will be one of the best actors on the screen. **K. M. EDWARDS.**

38 Ransom Street, Muskegon, Mich.

Acting Versus Beauty.

I notice that most of the contributors to this department, in commenting on their particular favorites never seem to give them credit for acting ability. Instead, they seem enamored only of the physical beauty of the player.

That is not the case with me. I admire a player for his technique, his ability at characterization. A question that has been predominant for some time is the most interesting one of the screen's best player. I agree with the majority, that Lillian Gish is first. Many have considered Mary Pickford. But is Mary a great actress? I do not consider her a great actress, but rather a very lovable personality. When we see Miss Pickford in a film it is always "Our Mary" who appeals rather than the character she portrays. One exception to this was her little slavey rôle in "Suds;" and yet, that was not ranked as one of her best productions. On the other hand, it is never Miss Gish whom we see, but *Anna Moore, Lucy*, or whatever character she happens to be playing.

Having conceded Miss Gish the first place in the list of actresses, I cast around for a mere male to share the laurel. But those who can be classed as great actors are surprisingly few. John Barrymore is essentially of the stage, as is Josef

Schildkraut. Personally, I think Gareth Hughes deserves first place for his "Sentimental Tommy." Here is an actor who thinks. Not one of those athletic (?) heroes whose histrionic abilities are determined by their ability to knock out about seven men during the course of the picture, yet keeping their polished coiffure intact. Gareth Hughes is a genius. Temperamental, no doubt, but an artist to his finger tips. We have no other like him.

Richard Barthelmess as *The Chink* was excellent. I hope the adoration he is now receiving from countless flappers all over the country will not spoil him.

Charles Chaplin is considered by many as the one to wear the crown. If Mr. Chaplin will give over trying to be a tragedian he may be considered.

I have, by the way, met all the above-mentioned players off the screen with the exception of Mr. Hughes, and have discovered some of them to be entirely different from what I had expected. Here are my impressions of them:

Miss Pickford impressed me by her wholly captivating personality, in which a sense of humor plays a large part.

Miss Gish is quiet and, I am afraid, a wee bit pessimistic. But she has a marvelous depth of feeling, wonderful eyes, and a peculiarly charming mouth.

Mr. Barthelmess is reserved—very. Compared to him the Sphinx is talkative.

Mr. Barrymore—wonderful in character, cold and aloof otherwise.

Mr. Schildkraut—an amusingly charming young continental with a genius conceit.

Mr. Chaplin—quiet and sad.

Yonkers, N. Y.

G. T. R.

Two Opinions Concerning Wallie.

Please let me tell you how absolutely and perfectly I agree with every word of praise given to Wallace Reid by his admirer in Brookline. I want to add that if there were a few more men like him there would not be half so many girls determined on a "career" instead of marriage. I know they can't all be as handsome or as romantic as Wallace, and perhaps it is just as well, for if they were, we would never look forward to heaven in the next world!

Another good actor is Sessue Hayakawa. The one and only favorite actress I have is Pola Negri. She is another real human being. She has beauty, and her acting is not only finished but brilliant. I will never forget her in "Carmen" or "Passion," but particularly in "Carmen." My one prayer is that she never visits Hollywood, or, if she does, that she will not develop into one of those creatures who put so much outside their heads and so little inside. **MARGARET O'FLAHERTY.**

St. Paul Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

I am one of the many readers of PICTURE-PLAY who enjoy most the section given over to "What the Fans Think." It is so satisfying to read the letter of some one whose ideas coincide with your own, and it is so interesting and surprising to find that some one else liked a play which you thought utterly tiresome, or admires a star who, in your opinion, does not deserve half the praise he gets.

In my last statement I refer to Wallace Reid. To me it seems that, apart from knowing how to drive a car, make love, and wiggle his eyebrows, Mr. Reid does little to gain such favorable notice as he gets from both critics and fans. Other

Continued on page 106

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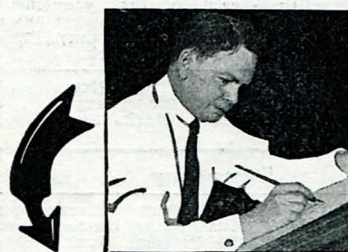
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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 104

actors, such as Cullen Landis, Antonio Moreno, Ralph Graves, and Rodolph Valentino, who do really admirable bits of acting, receive scarcely any mention. It is hard for me to understand this.

"The Sheik" was severely handled by the critics. They objected to it because Rodolph Valentino did not portray the Sheik as a hard, selfish, middle-aged man, but rather as a young, spirited Arab chief. It has often been admitted that the public wants youth and action. "The Sheik" supplies both. What are the motion pictures for? To please the public or to conform to some absurd standards set by highbrow "art?" To quote Pearl White, "Art is the bunk." Almost all of my acquaintances went to see "The Sheik," and every one of them liked it very much. L. H. Aberdeen, Wash.

This Fan Cannot Understand Gloria's Vogue.

Since the department "What the Fans Think" is open to criticism as well as praise, I hope you'll see fit to print this, as it contains a little of both. First, about Gloria Swanson. I think the country has gone mad over her, but since I'm spared from it I would like to ask the fans what it's all about. Her admirers will point to the fact that she wears such stunning clothes. But because she dresses her hair in the most absurd manner conceivable and carries or drags around—for most of it is to be found trailing after her on the floor—yards and yards of silk and satin through five reels of picture, she has been featured and now is starred because the public demand it, they say! Just who is this public? I would like to know.

Actresses like Barbara Castleton, Jane Novak, Pauline Starke, and Lila Lee, beautiful—every one—and talented, will never be in demand by the public. Why? Because they appeal to the brains instead of dazzling the eyes, like Miss Swanson. Another thing I'd like to mention. I think that the Lasky studios are being affected with a disease which up to now had been exclusive to the Fox studios: the players are using too much make-up. Fox boasted of such stars as Theda Bara, Virginia Pearson, and Gladys Brockwell. It was a shame to watch them going through the pictures looking almost as if they had just emerged from a coal mine. Even virile, manly George Walsh wasn't an exception. At that time, as I said, it was a shame, but now I think it's a crime to permit Bebe Daniels to paint her face as she did in "One Wild Week," or Betty Compson to wear a pair of black eyes as in "At the End of the World."

HARRY COHEN.

12 Oak Street, Newport, R. I.

More Kind Words for Valentino.

In "Just Off the Grill," E. Lanning Masters predicts that 1922 will be a Valentino year, and I'll give him credit for being right from the way things look now. The handsome Italian has taken the country by storm and set all the flappers' hearts to fluttering wildly, judging by myself. I believe "The Sheik" is the best picture he has made, and by the crowd that flocked to see it the people certainly liked it. "The Sheik" costumes I did not care for much, but the ending was too wonderful for words. He should never wear anything but white riding suits with dark boots. I cannot see why the critics did not commend this release unless it was just that they had to stick to

their rule always to rave against any picture the public likes. I think Agnes Ayres should be Valentino's leading woman in his starring pictures, as I cannot think of a better pair on the screen than they made in "The Sheik." Wallie Reid has been worshiped long enough, and now it is high time for another king. My vote is Mr. Guglielmi, to give him his correct name. (Miss) TRIX MACKENZIE.
P. O. Box 1495, Atlanta, Ga.

A Plea for More Restraint.

The great American public is certainly inconsistent. Theoretically we admire restraint, poise, artistry, yet as one man we rise to a tour de force—Sister Mary Jane's top note, John McCormack's falsetto finale, the foreign photo plays' exaggerated realism. We thrill when John Barrymore acts all over the place with hysteric abandon—we commend Charlie Ray for apparently not acting at all. Wasn't it Marion Crawford who said "Life is short and art is long, but frequently a lot of noise will do just as well?"

All of which by way of introduction to the fact that I have been surprised at the general approval of the Lubitsch picture, "One Arabian Night." To me it was like looking at a pretty girl's skin through a powerful microscope—so coarsely ugly. One well-known reviewer said it "had movement." It had, indeed. Such waving of arms, rushing about, writhing of features, and popping of eyes I have never seen outside of a gala performance of Wagner opera by an all-German company. The manhandling of the presumably dead body of the poor old hunchback seemed questionable comedy, but perhaps my sense of humor is deficient. Pola Negri's vivid performance seemed hardly sufficient compensation for so much unpleasantness. Too often in the foreign mind, realism is used as a synonym for ugliness. But it is a good thing for us to see the foreign plays occasionally, and to learn from them.

S. C. F.

Washington, D. C.

A Fan Club's Protest.

The task of writing this contribution to PICTURE-PLAY was wished on me. Being secretary of the junior bachelor club of twelve members, all dyed-in-the-wool picture fans, we tossed up to see which one would air his particular grievance, and I won, or rather lost.

What I have written has been censured by every member, however, so don't blame me altogether for it.

Very few good theatrical road shows come to our city, so we depend on pictures mostly for our amusement, and each of us averages five a week. A couple of us go scouting, and if the picture is good, all see it, if poor, we play pinochle, or read PICTURE-PLAY, our favorite magazine.

To us motion pictures are wonderful, and we hope to always have them. But I doubt that we will if producers continue the system of starring girls without screen talent—a system which, despite your articles to the contrary, we believe has not been abandoned as yet.

We have poured our money into the box office and have never complained if the story was poor, for when such proven artists as our beloved Mary Pickford and Frances Marion let go such a story as "The Love Light" we are willing to assume that for some reason it could not be helped. But there's no excuse for foisting poor stars on us. It is not necessary to name these so-called "stars,"

practically all of whom are girls. Every observing fan could name half a dozen of them, and we probably would agree on the majority of them. These girls are nearly all very pretty, but who wants a steady diet of cream puffs? And, believe me, we have our hats off to Goldwyn, who says right out in meetin', "We need new stars." I'll say we need some new female stars to replace some who are now appearing.

I also hope that we may be saved from any more hodgepodge stories by Elinor Glyn. Made-in-America authors are good enough for us, and I agree with the fan who said that Gloria Swanson was self-conscious in "The Great Moment," just as she was in "The Affairs of Anatol."

Such names as Raymond Hatton, William V. Mong, and Theodore Roberts draw us to a play more than some so-called stars.

And just one more little kick. Those who say Mary Pickford is losing out must be getting blind, for in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" her work stands out supreme. In the child's part she is a wonder, and as *Dearest* nothing could be lovelier than her exquisite acting. It is a gem that ought to live in our hearts for all time.

B. F. ALTMAN.

Seattle, Washington.

From a Fan Who Loves the Old Favorites.

Reading an article in a recent issue of your magazine, entitled "Off With the Old Love," I was deeply touched and very indignant at the way in which the favorites of yesteryear were contrasted with those of the present, all credit being given to those of to-day.

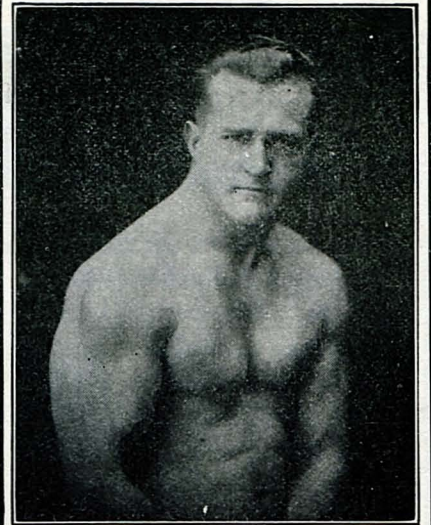
The interrogating raise of an eyebrow can never be substituted for good acting, and that is about all I see to the acting of a present-day matinee idol, about whom the 1921 flappers rave. Good night! The whole flock of present-day matinee idols put together can't hold a candle to King Baggot in looks or artistry.

Mr. King Baggot is the best actor on the screen, and I'd go to see him even were he cast as a Zulu chief. The way Mr. Baggot makes love on the screen is naturalness itself, and so are all his mannerisms—his portrayals become living, palpitating beings, and he deserves the best.

Give our old favorites new stories—the cream of the "Eminent Authors" labor, and stop this hue and cry for new faces! We don't want new faces—we want new stories for the old faces we love. An artist, a musician, a dramatist, an actor—yes, even a carpenter, a plumber, or a dressmaker improves with the years, so why deprive the public of the screen actor's enriched artistry? No one can ever take the place of King Baggot, Maurice Costello, Carlyle Blackwell, Bryant Washburn, J. Warren Kerrigan, William Farnum, Mary Pickford, Clara Kimball Young, Kathryn Williams, the Moore boys, Charlie Chaplin, the deceased Arthur V. Johnson, and dear old John Bunny. And just a word for Flora Finch, bless her heart! I hadn't seen her for years until I saw her in a recent Talmadge picture. It was like seeing an old friend, I was so glad to see her that I could have hugged her.

When the day comes that I can't see any of the old favorites I certainly will shed a tear, and I don't know whether I will care to go to the movies any more.

MRS. M. LORENZA STEVENS,
711 Superba Street, Venice, California.



IF YOU WERE DYING TONIGHT

and I offered you something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. Tomorrow, or any day some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

A RE-BUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

ALL I ASK IS NINETY DAYS

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old back-bone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real work. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours that think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

A REAL MAN

When I'm through with you, you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things that you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich pure air stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge, square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he man. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world. This is no idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead. I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you.

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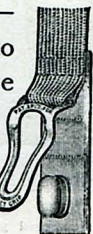
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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 94

ERMYNTRUDE.—Sorry I spelled your name wrong. Why is it that people so hate having their names misspelled or mispronounced? Cullen Landis' first feature picture is "The City Feller." Yes, he played with Mabel Normand in "Pinto" and "Upstairs." I should think you'd be tickled to get stars' pictures without expecting them to frame them besides, even if you do send extra money. Why can't you buy frames yourself? You're quite talented, aren't you—musical director and vocalist at sixteen. When you become famous will you send me an autographed photo?

ANITA STEWART ADMIRER.—"Rose o' the Sea" is the title of your idol's next production, which is adapted from the novel of the same name by Countess Barcynska. In case you never saw Anita's handsome husband, Rudolph Cameron, you will have a chance now, because he's going to be her leading man in this picture. "The Brotherhood of Fate" is the next picture in which Lloyd Hughes will appear. You may have a hard time recognizing him because he let his hair grow for six months before starting work on the picture in order to look the rôle of the mountain boy that he will portray. Who said there was no realism on the screen?

HELEN.—George Hackathorn plays the rôle of Gavin in the Paramount production of "The Little Minister." He's not a newcomer on the screen; he's been acting in pictures for the last few years. George is five feet seven, weighs one hundred and thirty pounds, has dark-brown hair and brown eyes. His next appearance will be as the demented son in "Human Hearts," the Universal special.

JACKSON.—Virginia Valli will next be seen in "The Storm," another Universal special which will be directed by Reginald Barker. The picture is based on the stage play of the same name in which Helen MacKeller appeared in New York. The all-star cast—they're quite the most stylish thing nowadays—includes House Peters, Joseph Swickard, Matt Moore, Frank Lanning, Gordon McKee, Jim Alamo, Leonard Clapham, and Jean Perkins.

AN AGNES AYRES ADORER.—How ardent we are! Your superlatives and under-scorings quite took my breath away. You are hereby appointed president of the Order of the Raving Fan. So you saw "The Sheik" only three times? I know some one who saw it six times. Miss Ayres' next appearance will be in the William De Mille production, "Bought and Paid For," in which she will co-star with Jack Holt.

JANE G.—Elaine Hammerstein was born in 1897, and is not married. Milton Sills is married to a nonprofessional.

PAULINE'S ADMIRER.—Pauline Frederick's next picture after "Two Kinds of Women" will be "The Glory of Clementina," which will be adapted from the novel by William J. Locke. Thanks for your letter.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.—All the way from Australia! Glad to hear from you. Harold and Director Frank Lloyd are not related, but Harold has a brother Gaylord. Earle and George Williams are not brothers; neither are Joe, Emmett or Director Henry King. No, I haven't seen the Australian magazine, *The Picture Show*. I'd like to, though. If you have an old copy will you send it along?

BOBBY OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The trouble with some of you fans is that you ask a long string of questions in one letter that would take me all day to answer, and then you get mad if you don't find every single one answered. Please be reasonable. The Oracle has only a limited space, so we always try to answer questions of the most general interest. Address Ethel Sands care of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Raymond McKee was born in Iowa and May McAvoy in New York. May is not married; neither is Tom Douglas. Tom Gallery is the husband of ZaSu Pitts.

CHERRY.—Agnes Ayres is not married at present; neither is Bebe Daniels. Your questions about Valentino are answered elsewhere in the columns.

ANGEL.—Here is the cast for "Two Minutes to Go:" Chester Burnett, Charles Ray; Ruth Turner, Mary Anderson; Her Father, Lionel Belmore; "Fatty," Lincoln Stedman; "Angel," Trueman Van Dyke; Football Coach, Tom Wilson; Dean of Baker University, Francois Dumas; Professor of Spanish, Philip Dunham. Charles Ray directed this picture himself, and the story was written by Richard Andres.

F. A. S.—Glad you got your script back. Agnes Ayres pronounces her name Aïrs, like the plural of air or heir. Your place sounds inviting, especially the golf course. I'll remember your invitation if I ever come South.

CROOKED SUE.—I've never been able to make out the exact color of Ben Turpin's eyes—I haven't his optical advantages—but from my necessarily hurried observation I should say they were brown. I don't think Ben would be a bit flattered that you love him only because he resembles your old sweetheart. He has come to expect adoration on his own account. Why shouldn't you write to him? No reason.

CHERIE AND BONNIE.—Sorry, my dears, but I can't identify the picture for you. Lately The Oracle has been deluged with letters from fans asking for help in various contests throughout the country, and we have had to refuse them all. We do not think it fair that some contestants should receive help from a professional, whose business it is to know all the players, while the others have to puzzle the thing out for themselves. We are sure that you will realize the justice of this, and will hereafter rely on your own wits to solve the questions. So, in future, please do not ask The Oracle to help you in any kind of contest, as we shall only have to refuse.

TATOO.—I wish you wouldn't say all those wonderful things about me. They make me uncomfortable because I know I don't deserve them. You immediately think, "What a modest person The Oracle is!" But I'm not modest—I just know my limitations. So there is one girl in the country who doesn't know that Rudolph Valentino played the title rôle in "The Sheik!" Agnes Ayres was the beautiful captive, *Diana Mayo*, and Adolphe Menjou was the Frenchman, *Raoul de Saint Hubert*. The picture was released in November. Bill Russell isn't officially engaged to Helen Ferguson, but they see each other quite often, which may mean a whole lot or nothing.

DIANA.—Send twenty-five cents in stamps to the Circulation Department, Street & Smith, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City, and they will forward a copy of the August issue. There is an interview with Rudolph Valentino in that number.

JACK.—How familiar we are, calling me "Dear Ork" right off the real. Can't I maintain my dignity in this department? You're a precocious fourteen-year-old, falling intensely in love with Jacqueline Logan. I hope you'll recover. Jacqueline is, I believe, of French and Irish descent. Write her personally for a photograph, inclosing a quarter. Miss Logan was Thomas Meighan's leading lady in "White and Unmarried." She also played in the Allan Dwan production, "A Perfect Crime," with Monte Blue; in "Molly O" in support of Mabel Normand; and in the Goldwyn production, "The Octave of Claudius," which has been renamed "A Blind Bargain."

DOLLY G.—Ethel Clayton is the widow of Joseph Kaufman. She is not related to Marguerite Clayton. Viola Dana, Shirley Mason, and Edna Flugrath are sisters; Flugrath is the family name. Mildred Harris is still on the screen. She has one of the leading rôles in Cecil De Mille's "Fool's Paradise." Francis X. Bushman is in vaudeville. So is Theda Bara. Tony Moreno is about five feet eight inches tall and weighs about one hundred and seventy pounds, and has black hair and eyes. Pearl White is five feet six inches, weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, and has red hair and hazel eyes. Oh, I almost forgot—Doug Fairbanks has a brother who acts as his business manager.

BERT.—No, I'm not "just charitable"—I get paid for answering questions; it's my job. Who starts these wild rumors about movie people, anyhow? Of course Mary Pickford isn't dead, and of course Gloria Swanson didn't elope with Charlie Chaplin or Thomas Meighan. The next time somebody tells you a story like that give them a balling out for me, will you? Not that it will help, but do it anyhow. Let's see, what do I know about Harry Benham? Well he was born in Valparaiso, Indiana, February 26, 1886, and was on the stage for ten years before entering motion pictures. He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs one hundred and sixty-eight pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. Some of his latest pictures are "Polly With a Past," "The Dangerous Paradise," and "The Prey." I never think of a bishop as "cute," but if you say Harry was that as Bishop Deems in "Hush Money" I suppose he was. Dorothy Dalton is not burdened with any husband at present. Her last was Lew Cody.

BLACK JERSEY GIANTS.—Are you trying to scare me? I'm not afraid of Giants—when they're in Ohio. Robert Gordon is married to Alma Francis, and is about twenty-three years old. Cullen Landis is twenty-six, and is married to a nonprofessional; Doris May is married to Wallace MacDonald. I haven't Pola Negri's age or matrimonial entanglements, but they say she's married to a count. Will let you know as soon as I receive definite information. Estelle Taylor, Marc MacDermott, Harry Sothorn, Sally Crute, and Robert Schable had the leading rôles in the Fox special, "Blind Wives."

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F. C. G.—Thanks for volunteering the information that "Jordan Is a Hard Road" was a Triangle picture released in 1915, which featured Frank Campeau and Dorothy Gish. You must be the champion fan, with a list of 2,538 personally viewed pictures to your credit.

WILLIE W.—The only way to get stars' pictures is to write to them personally, inclosing a quarter with each request. Gloria Swanson is getting a divorce from Herbert Somborn. That is her own name. The stars in "The Affairs of Anatol" are Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Bebe Daniels, Monte Blue, Wanda Hawley, Theodore Roberts, Agnes Ayres, Theodore Kosloff, Polly Moran, Raymond Hatton and Julia Faye. The man who played in "Jane Eyre" with Mabel Ballin is Norman Trevor, not her husband. Hugo Ballin, artist and director, has that distinction. Eugene O'Brien is not married and never has been.

HAZEL BLUE EYES.—Your question about the Flugrath family has been answered. Constance Binney is five feet two inches tall, and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. Gloria Swanson is about twenty-five or six, and Wallace Reid was born in 1892. Gloria's hair is brownish-red, sort of mahogany color. It is not bobbed, but quite short. *The Oracle does not answer questions about religion of the players.* So please don't ask them. Carol Dempster has no leading man because she isn't a star. Miss Dempster is one of the Griffith players, but has been loaned by him to support John Barrymore in "Sherlock Holmes."

CONNIE C.—Constance Talmadge is the youngest girl. Natalie is older than Constance and younger than Norma. There seems to have been quite a mix-up about this, but the official information is that Constance is the youngest.

NI-WAUNA.—Pauline Frederick was born in Boston, Massachusetts, the exact day and year not given. She had an extensive stage career, playing in the Roger Brothers' successes, "Princess of Kensington," "Toddles," "Little Gray Lady," "When Knights Were Bold." She also supported William Gillette, and was starred in "Innocent." Then Famous Players persuaded her to make pictures for them, the first of which was "Mrs. Dane's Defense." After making "La Tosca," "Zaza," and several others, Miss Frederick transferred her talents to Goldwyn, where she won new laurels for her emotional acting, especially in "Madame X." Now she is an R-C star. Miss Frederick promises to give jaded movie fans a brand-new thrill in her latest production "Two Kinds of Women," adapted from the novel, "Judith of Blue Lake Ranch." In this picture she rides an honest-to-goodness bucking broncho. While she did it as well as any professional cowboy, Miss Frederick claims it's the first and last time. She intends to stick to more peaceful pursuits in her future screen rôles.

J. A.—Of course, producers try to cast a picture so that the hero will get all the sympathy, but things don't always work out that way. Sometimes the hero can't make the audience believe in him, and if the villain is fascinating, he steals the picture. That's probably what happened in the picture you saw—the hero wasn't attractive, and the villain was. Hence, the audience, instead of behaving itself and liking the hero, cantankerously fell in love with the villain. It was probably an error of casting on the part of the director. William B. Davidson has an important rôle in "Conceit," the Selznick special.

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N. W.—Eugene O'Brien's latest picture is "Channing of the Northwest." Norma Shearer is his leading lady. Sorry, but I can't tell you what your handwriting denotes. That's a little out of my line. Write to Louise Rice, *Detective Story Magazine*.

MARGARITA.—What fancy stationery you use! Japanese pictures n' everything. I'm sorry about your broken hand. Hope it'll be better soon. Hedda Nova is five feet six inches tall, weighs one hundred and thirty pounds, has dark hair and brown eyes. She has a leading rôle in "Conceit." Thanks for your kind words.

MARTINE.—You ask "Why is Billie Burke not more famous?" Well, if I had even a small portion of Billie's fame I'd feel quite justified in strutting around and thinking myself important. William S. Hart has never married before and never expects to again. He's that happy! Marjorie Daw lives in California. Constance Talmadge's hair is golden-brown and bobbed.

GARETH HUGHES, FIRST, LAST AND ALWAYS.—Your nom de plume takes a lot of space, but since you wanted it I could only obey. Have a little patience. Gareth gets a lot of mail, you know. Can't give personal addresses of the players. May McAvoy's latest picture is "Morals," adapted from the William J. Locke novel, "Morals of Marcus." "Hoot" Gibson was born in Tekamah, Nebraska, in 1892, and was in a circus before going on the screen. He has been in pictures since 1911. The Ed before his name stands for Edward, of course. What did you think it meant? Ed or "Hoot" is five feet ten inches, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, has light hair and blue eyes. He is married to Helen Gibson.

THE DEVIL.—In your own home town, I suppose? Pearl White was born in 1889. Yes, she wears a blond wig most of the time. Not being in Miss White's confidence I can't tell you how much money she has, but she manages to get along very nicely, and has a Rolls-Royce or two. She is divorced from Wallace McCutcheon.

MARGARET S.—Anita Stewart did not play in "The Four Horsemen." Did any one try to tell you she did? The principal rôles in this picture were played by Rudolph Valentino as *Julia* and Alice Terry as *Marguerite*.

BONNIE BLUEBELL.—William Farnum has one child, a little girl. J. Warren Kerrigan was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1889. "The Green Flame," "House of Whispers," and "The Coast of Opportunity" are his latest pictures. I can't say whether or not he intends to stick to the movies "for life," but he'll probably make pictures as long as the fans want him. There is some talk of his having his own company, but nothing definite has come of it up to the present. Address your letters to "What the Fans Think," PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

A ST. LOUIS HIGH-SCHOOL GIRL.—Yes, Wallace Reid was born in your fair city. Are there any more like him out there? He appeared in pictures with his wife several years ago. In fact, they met and fell in love with each other during the making of their first picture together. Yes, Mary and Doug will probably costar in a picture as soon as they find the right story. They tried to get "When Knighthood Was in Flower" for this purpose, but found that Marion Davies had already secured it. Gareth Hughes was Viola Dana's leading man in "The Chorus Girl's Romance."

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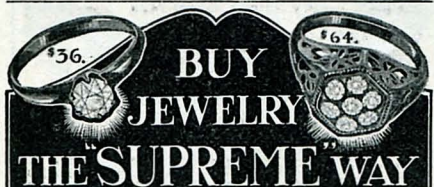
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MARGE T.—Ann Little and Crane Wilbur are still in pictures. Crane appeared in "The Heart of Maryland" with Catherine Calvert. Lillian Walker is in vau-deville, and Enid Bennett is not on the screen at present.

BLACK EYES.—Jack Pickford has not remarried. He and Olive Thomas had no children. Lottie Pickford recently married Allan Forrest. She had a little girl by her former marriage, Mary Pickford Rupp, who has been adopted by Mrs. Charlotte Pickford.

WILD ROSE.—Irish? Nell Shipman starred in "Back to God's Country." Pete Morrison was born in Morrison, Colorado. Gladys Brockwell was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1894. She hasn't made any pictures in some time. Robert Schable was born in Hamilton, Ohio. Your State is also responsible for the Gish sisters, Lillian being born in Springfield and Dorothy in Dayton. The part of Kasia in the picture of that name is played by a dog.

FRANCIS J. S.—In "No Woman Knows" the rôle of Fanny Brandeis as a little girl was played by Bernice Radom.

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DAN.—Glad to report that your favorite, Madge Kennedy, has decided to make pictures again after playing truant for so long. Miss Kennedy will have her own company, and will manage everything, from the selection of stories to supervision of the finished prints. That's a lot of responsibility for one person.

HAZEL R.—No, I cannot help to identify pictures of players in contests, and I won't be bribed—no matter how big you make the bribe. It wouldn't be fair to put my vast fund of information about picture players (adv.) at any one's disposal where a prize is involved.

MARIETTA, OHIO.—I can tell the age of the Wallys, the Marys, and the Normas, but why should you want to know mine? I measure it in questions, not years, and it is about a million.

OLLIVE FROM ST. PAUL.—You didn't ask too many questions—you're quite a reasonable fan. Nazimova was born in 1879—yes, really. Her hair is black and her eyes violet. "The Doll's House" is her latest production. Bebe Daniels' first screen appearance was in child parts with Selig, then she graduated into the Harold Lloyd comedies, was picked by Cecil De Mille to vamp Thomas Meighan in "Why Change Your Wife," appeared with Wallace Reid in a few pictures, blossomed out as a Realart star, but varied the monotony of starring by playing in a Cecil De Mille extravaganza once in a while. Since the dissolution of the Realart company, however, Bebe is appearing in Famous Players productions. And she is only twenty years old!

FLORENCE C.—Mae Murray's latest production is "Fascination." Your other question is answered elsewhere. The address you want is at the end of The Oracle. You put your nom de plume at the end of your note in the middle of a long "P. S.," so I didn't see it until I'd written your own name. In the future, if you want another name than your own to be used, please put it at the top of your letter so that it will be the first thing to strike my eye. You know, I am too busy to hunt through long letters for the names you want used. So please remember this, won't you? It would help lots.

VERY INQUISITIVE.—Clarine Seymour was the girl in "The Idol Dancer." Miss Seymour died in April, 1920, after a few days' illness. Rodolph Valentino does not appear in "Her Husband's Trade-mark," with Gloria Swanson. The picture in which he plays with Gloria is "Beyond the Rocks." Sorry, but we do not give home addresses of the players.

BESSIE D.—Thomas Meighan is six feet tall, Wallace Reid has the advantage of an inch over Tommy, and Jean Acker is five feet two and a half. I believe that Katherine MacDonald, who is five feet eight, is about the tallest feature actress on the screen. The heights of the feminine players range from four eleven to five feet seven, but the latter is considered almost too tall. Five feet three or four seems to be the most desirable height for a screen actress. Standards change, of course, but at present the small girl seems to be having her "innings."

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Ask yourself before you propose to some pure, innocent girl whether you are fit to be her husband and the father of her children—and whether your offspring will be healthy youngsters—a joy and blessing to you both—or sickly, defective little ones—a constant burden and reproach as long as you live. Remember that what you are your children will be, and you may ruin your wife's health and blast her happiness.

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You are not fit, if you are weak, sickly and underdeveloped. You dare not marry if Bad Habits and Excesses have sapped your vitality and left you a mere apology for a real man. Think NOW before it is too late and fit yourself for the joys of life. I want to help you. I can help you as I have thousands of others.

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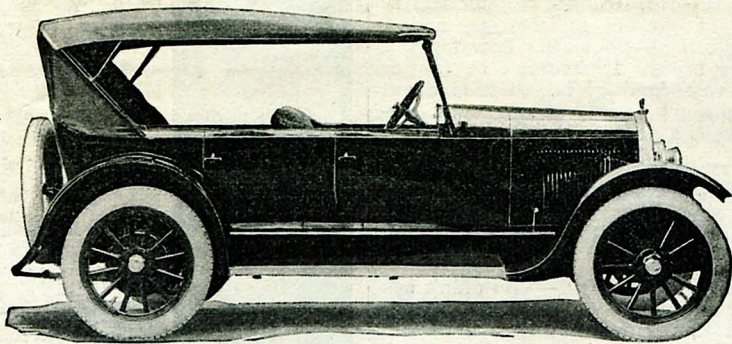
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| ..Colds | ..Increased Height | ..Gastritis |
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| ..Asthma | ..Short Wind | ..Poor Circulation |
| ..Hay Fever | ..Flat Feet | ..Skin Disorders |
| ..Obesity | ..Stomach Disorders | ..Despondency |
| ..Headache | ..Constipation | ..Round Shoulders |
| ..Thinness | ..Biliousness | ..Lung Troubles |
| ..Rupture | ..Torpid Liver | ..Stoop Shoulders |
| ..Lumbago | ..Indigestion | ..Muscular Development |
| ..Neuritis | ..Nervousness | ..Great Strength |
| ..Neuralgia | ..Poor Memory | |
| ..Flat Chest | ..Rheumatism | |
| ..Deformity (Describe) | ..Bad Habits | |
| ..Successful Marriage | ..Vital Depletion | |
| ..Pimples | ..Impotency | |
| ..Blackheads | ..Falling Hair | |
| | ..Weak Eyes | |

Name

Age..... Occupation.....

Street

City..... State.....



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ROSAMOND.—Natalie Talmadge appeared in a few pictures, but retired from the screen upon her marriage to Buster Keaton. Natalie doesn't care for an acting career—she would rather stay home and keep house for Buster. Edith Roberts appears in the Cecil De Mille production, "Saturday Night," and in the J. Parker Reid picture, "Pawned," in which she plays opposite Tom Moore. Write Constance Talmadge personally for a photograph, inclosing a quarter.

H. M. T.—Now that you've discovered PICTURE-PLAY, I hope you'll be as faithful as your promise. Anita Stewart was born in 1896. Your other questions have been answered.

THE DESERT DANCER.—Has "The Sheik" affected you so much? I hope Rodolph Valentino sends you his picture, but don't be disappointed if you don't get it by return mail. There are simply hundreds and hundreds of other fans who feel the same as you do about him and want his photograph, so you will have to wait your turn as patiently as anybody can where Rodolph is concerned. Agnes Ayres is five feet four and a half; Mildred Davis, five feet; Doris May, two inches taller than Mildred; Edith Roberts, one inch more than that; Colleen Moore, about three inches taller than Edith; May McAvoy, four feet eleven, and Gaston Glass, five feet ten and a half.

R. T. D.—Marguerite Clark hasn't made any pictures since "Scrambled Wives," but she says she hasn't retired. So perhaps you will see her in another production soon.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Dorothy Phillips, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Mme. Nazimova, and Jane Novak at the United Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Richard Barthelmess at Inspiration Pictures Corporation, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Mabel Ballin, Crauford Kent, Raymond Bloomer, and Norman Trevor at the Hugo Ballin Productions, 366 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Irene Castle and Ward Crane at the W. W. Hodkinson Corporation, 527 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Katherine MacDonald at the Ambassador Studio, Los Angeles, California.

Thomas Meighan and Antonio Moreno at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California.

Alice Lake, Viola Dana, Bert Lytell, Gareth Hughes, and Alice Terry at the Metro Studio, Hollywood, California.

Charles Ray at the Charles Ray Studios, Fleming Street, Los Angeles, California.

Carol Dempster at D. W. Griffith, Inc., Longacre Building, Times Square, New York City.

Juanita Hansen at Warner Brothers' Studio, Hollywood, California.

Marilyn Miller at New Amsterdam Theater, West Forty-second Street, New York City.

Hope Hampton and Miriam Cooper at First National Exhibitors' Circuit, 6 West Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Rodolph Valentino, Betty Compson, May McAvoy, Theodore Kosloff, Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, Leatrice Joy, Bebe Daniels, Wanda Hawley, Agnes Ayres, Lila Lee, Jack Mower, Dorothy Dalton, Wallace Reid, and Theodore Roberts at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Also Tom Moore.

Marshall Neilan, Wesley Barry, Claire Windsor, and Claude Gillingwater at the Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, California.

Jean Paige, Alice Calhoun, Earle Williams, William Duncan, Larry Semon, and Edith Johnson at the Vitagraph Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Eugene O'Brien, Elaine Hammerstein, Niles Welch, Diana Allen, Conway Tearle, and Nancy Deaver at Selznick Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Priscilla Dean, House Peters, Miss Dupont, Marie Prevost, Gladys Walton, Art Acord, Myrtle Lind, "Hoot" Gibson, George Hackathorne at Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Corinne Griffith, Rockcliffe Fellowes, Alice Joyce, and Webster Campbell at Vitagraph Company, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Madge Bellamy, Florence Vidor, Thomas H. Ince, Lloyd Hughes, Frank Keenan, Maurice Tourneur, and Douglas MacLean at the Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Joseph Schildkraut, Carol Dempster, Creighton Hale, and Monte Blue at the D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, New York.

Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis, Ruth Roland, Gaylord Lloyd, and Snub Pollard at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Shirley Mason, Tom Mix, Estelle Taylor, Buck Jones, Edna Murphy, Johnny Walker, Tom Douglas, and Maurice "Lefty" Flynn at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Charles Chaplin at the Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Jack Pickford at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, California.

Doris Kenyon and George Arliss at United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Pauline Frederick, Doris May, Sessue Hayakawa, Tsuru Aoki, and Bessie Love at the R-C Studios, Hollywood, California.

Anita Stewart and Rudolph Cameron at the Louis B. Mayer Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Richard Dix, Colleen Moore, Jacqueline Logan, Helen Ferguson, Cullen Landis, Helene Chadwick, and Ralph Graves at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Seena Owen, Marion Davies, Forrest Stanley, and Alma Rubens at International Studios, Second Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

Percy Marmont at the Lambs' Club, New York City.

William Farnum, Pearl White, Violet Mersereau, Mary Carr, and Peggy Shaw at Fox Film Corporation, West Fifty-fifth Street, New York City.

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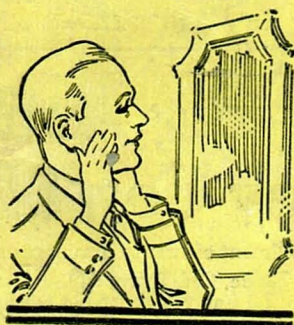
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(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

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Your trouble may be only a mild form of some simple skin eruption — no great suffering, but very, very, humiliating and uncomfortable. Your face is disfigured and you are ashamed to appear among your friends. You wish to clear away the blight that hangs like a drawn curtain between yourself and your companions.

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Or perhaps you are irritated with a burning affliction that covers your body. You know no sleep; your waking hours are hours of intense misery—you cry out for relief.

Times without number have you followed some hopeful advice and each time you have met only disappointment and despair. "Who knows?" you ask. "Whose advice may I follow?" Here is an answer given you honestly and frankly.

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